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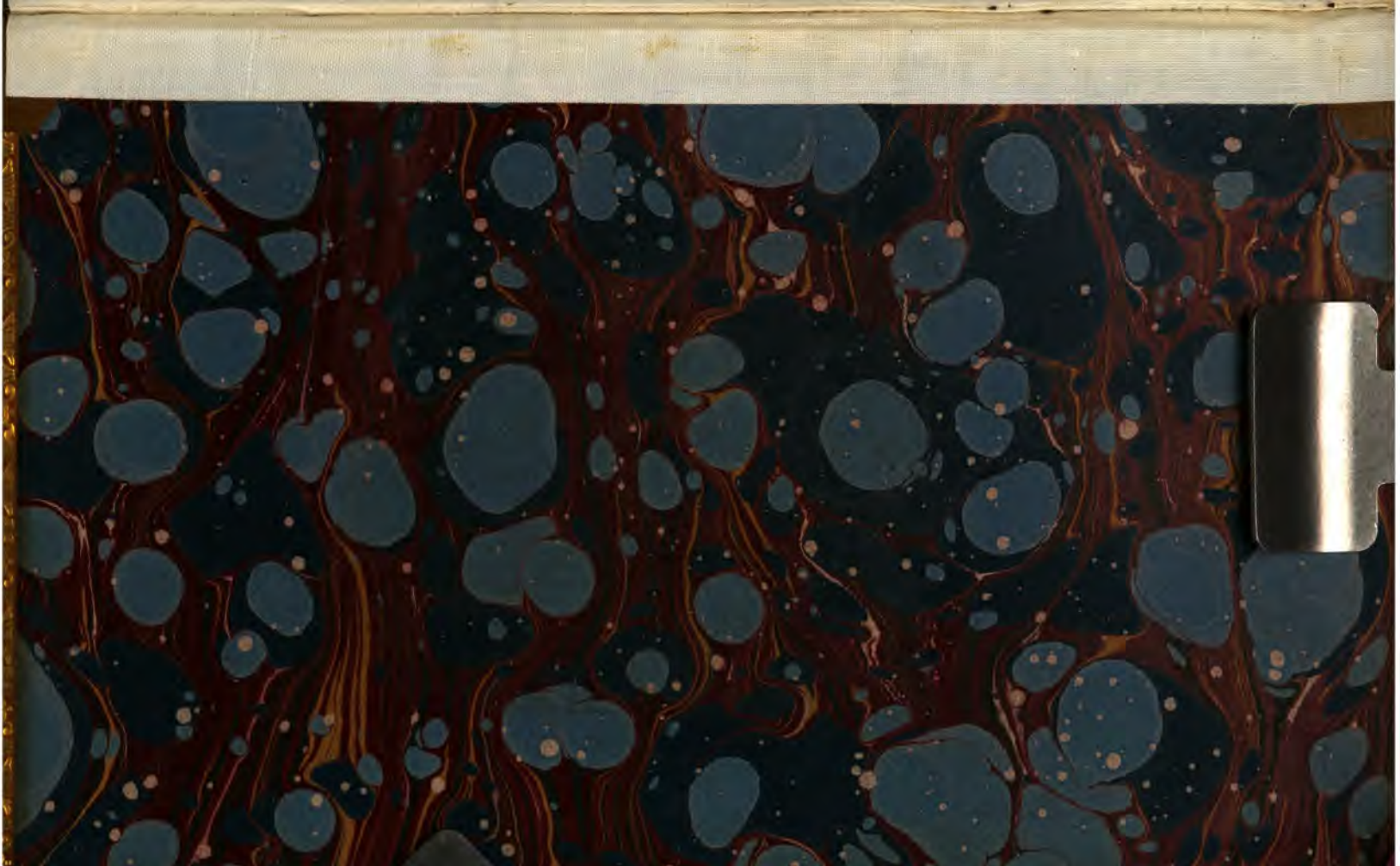

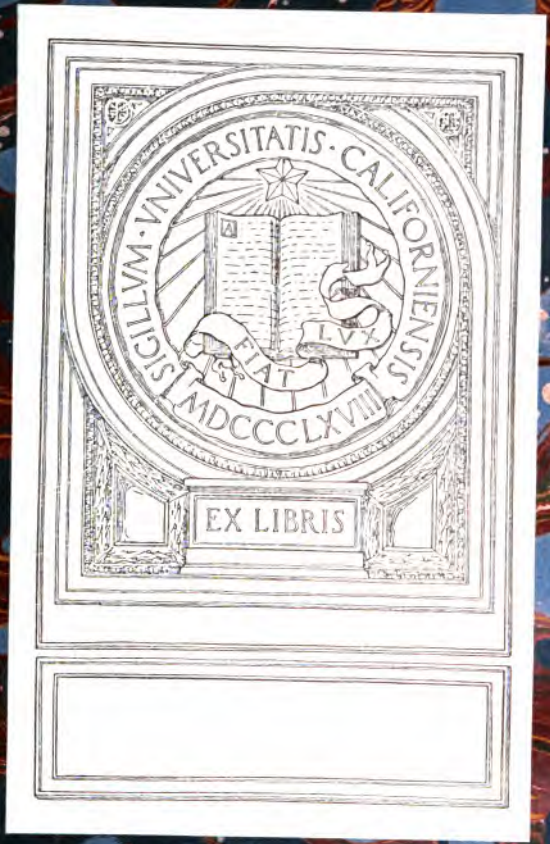
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UNTRODDEN SPAIN,

AND HER

BLACK COUNTRY;

BEING

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARD OF THE INTERIOR.

BY

HUGH JAMES ROSE,

M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford; Chaplain to the English, French, and German Mining Companies of Linares; and late Acting Chaplain to H.M. Forces at Dover Garrison.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:
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1875.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Dedication.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE FATHER,

WHOSE VOICE,

ONCE EVER TENDER, WISE, AND TRUE,

HE MISSES,

AND IN WHOSE ONWARD FOOTSTEPS

HE FAIN WOULD FOLLOW,

THESE PAGES ARE REVERENTLY

Dedicated,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

M78851

PREFACE.

It is related of a certain eminent lawyer, that when, being retained for an arduous and extraordinary case, the solicitor handed to him an unusually large amount of manuscript, explaining that the greater portion of the writing consisted of his own (the solicitor's) "observations," he asked,—"Where do your observations on the case commence?" and, on being shown, tore the bundle off at that spot, and committed them to the flames, with the remark, "Then there go your observations."

Mindful of the warning contained in the above oft-quoted anecdote, the writer of these pages has endeavoured rather to present to the reader a series of simple sketches from life, printed, as they were originally written, with the rough edge full upon them, than to offer many observations or reflections of his own upon the state of things he has attempted to depict. Like the solicitor above referred to, he has not been able to repress *all* his observations; but he has, he believes, given such a backbone of *facts*, that

if the reader chooses ruthlessly to tear the observations off he will still find plenty of simple narrative remaining to give him a fair idea of the condition of the Spanish interior.

These Sketches, some of which are reprinted from the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*, were, at first, merely a collection of letters, notes, and jottings made in the semi-tropical heat of the weary summer days of 1873. The writer strung them together at the suggestion of a friend, who believed them to be sufficiently interesting to merit publication, and offered them to the magazine in question. They were cordially received by the editor, and the first instalment appeared in November, 1873.

A passing tribute should here be paid to the generosity of the editor of the magazine in question, who, at great personal inconvenience, and in a season of much anxiety, himself corrected the proofs of the letters as they appeared—a task of no slight difficulty, considering the frequent necessary occurrence of *Spanish* words, and one the performance of which, owing to the distance and the irregularity of posts, by the author himself was impossible.

Two reasons have induced the writer of 'Untrodden Spain and her Black Country' to continue his Sketches, and offer them to the public in a collected form:—

First, the kindly and hearty way in which his Sketches were received, not only by many friends, and even strangers, to whom the authorship was accidentally known, but also by the public press, and noticeably by the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Illustrated London News*.

Secondly, the writer has so done because he believes that his pages, simple and unpretending as they are, chronicle a state of things which has not been before chronicled, and a state of things which is even now yielding steadily, if slowly, to the onward march of education and civilization. Already, in the peaceful valleys around him, the shrill scream of the railway engine mingles with the music of the mule-bells; already, there is a stir being made about compulsory education; already, in a *few* towns of the interior, may be seen (a welcome sight to a sun-dried and weary English wanderer!) the triangular red label that tells of Bass's bitter beer!

Such are the writer's reasons for thus publishing his Sketches. Simple, roughly written, without any pretensions to beauty of diction or style,—dashed off very often with a full, sometimes with an aching heart,—oftentimes seeming unconnected,—he claims for them no merit whatsoever save this, that they are *true*. He may here add, that many of them have

been submitted to the criticism of an Englishman for twenty years resident in the interior, and that his comment was, "They are certainly very true."

As to the *matter* of the following pages, it consists almost entirely of narrative of facts which either have happened to the writer or which have come under his immediate notice. The few "Novelettes" with which the pages are interspersed are studies from real life, and are introduced, not so much for their intrinsic interest, as because the necessary surroundings and groupings of a character or a tale give oftentimes a better general idea of the state of affairs and country where such a character lived, where such a tale had its reality, than do isolated statements of facts.

The Sketches of Life and Character—a life and character slowly passing away—have all been written within the last year. They are sketches made at various times and under varying circumstances; but always, in outline, jotted down on the spot, and at the moment of their occurrence. Hence they may possibly have a certain vividness which mere recollections would fail to convey on paper.

Sometimes when inspirited with his ride across the wild grey Campo; sometimes when sitting weary and dispirited in the lonely olive-lodge; sometimes

when wandering with fishing-rod or sketch-book by silent tarn or amidst the grandest scenery; sometimes in the crowded casino or the teeming street; sometimes on the surf-beaten shore; sometimes rocking idly in a pareja out upon the blue sun-lit sea; sometimes in the stillness of a sick chamber, with all the weariness of a sick man in a strange land; sometimes beneath the gorgeous orange-groves; sometimes on the treeless waste; in the heated atmosphere of the lead-mine, and the still more heated atmosphere of political or religious excitement and discussion,—have these Sketches been compiled; but chiefly, be it remembered, the writer's experience has been in the wilds of the interior, and chiefly among the lower orders, where the joke and the wine are both rough to the palate; but where the Spaniard, whether gentleman or peasant, is ever courteous, generous, and ready to help the stranger in his work.

And now, if pleasure shall be given, if interest shall be afforded, to some of his countrymen by his rude, unaffected Sketches,—if some few bright, and pure, and grateful thoughts shall be inspired in English breasts by his "Observations,"—the writer will be rejoiced. He will say no more, but will merely send his readers on their journey with the viaticum of the Spanish peasant, which he hopes they will reciprocate

as heartily as he offers it, "Vaya usted con Dios."

There may be trifling inaccuracies the writer of 'Untrodden Spain and her Black Country' knows—indeed, he fears there surely will be—in his work; but it should be borne in mind that in his lonely and distant home, where letters oftentimes come not once a week, he could not correct his own proofs. So, forgive!

December, 1874.

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UNTRODDEN SPAIN,

AND HER

BLACK COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

TO SPAIN IN A TRADER.

MANY were the reasons that induced me, at last, to make up my mind to accept a promising offer of employment in the interior of Spain, and to take a passage for the nearest port thereto in the good steam-ship "Lisbon."

One reason, among the many, was the desire to see other lands, other peoples. True, Spain was in a ferment; and each newspaper—(alas! until I came to sunny Spain, I never knew that a newspaper could rank among the greatest of earthly luxuries—luxuries rare, and few, and far between sometimes)—each newspaper told the story of its anarchy, and bloodshed, and disquietude. But, perhaps, that only added to the charm of seeing Spain—the land of the song and the dance,—the land of the vineyard and the olive-grove,—the land where, from A.D. 711 to A.D. 1492, Pagan and Christian, Moorish and Spanish architecture and manners, prevailed side by side, and have

left their relics,—the land of tropical heat, and wintry snows of the Guadalquivir and the Sierra Nevada. All these one's heart had long yearned to see, and now they might be seen. And another of the many reasons for leaving the shores and the friends of dear old England was, that England, in all her professions, is overstocked—her sons are elbowing one another. Go abroad, and, if it please God that your health stands the climate, you will, at least, get more work and more money, a fair field and no favour; and, above all, experience. So, to go I decided, and took a passage in the steamship "Lisbon" for Gibraltar, one of Messrs. John Hall's trading steamers, commanded by Captain John Russell, a very prince of good seamen and true friends.

The fare to Gibraltar in one of these steamers is so trifling (under £10), and the fare on board so good, that I would recommend any invalid, who is not really ill, but only worn out with parish work or city business—the hard-worked minister of a town-parish; the barrister; the merchant; the solicitor, who is suffering from that plague of this hurry-scurrying day of telegraphs, underground railways, and competition, 'yclept by doctors "nervous exhaustion"—to take a moderate purse with him, if he cannot obtain a cruise in a friend's yacht, and go to Lisbon and the Spanish ports in one of the largest of this line of steamers. He will enjoy himself; the bright sea-breeze, the freedom from care, the pleasure of scanning every passing sail—above all, the joy of thinking, as he lies down at night, "at any rate, no Penny Post can bother me in the morning,"—all these will refresh and strengthen the whole nervous system. Besides, there is plenty to be learnt at sea by a landsman,

and plenty to be seen at every port at which his ship may touch and stay for a day or two.

The steamer in which I had taken our passage was advertised to take passengers on board at Shadwell Basin at 8·30 on the morning of June 21st. At 7·30 we were in our last London cab, slowly rumbling along in the grey morning mist through streets where nothing appeared but the huge traffic vans (which, I suppose, never rest), and the early policeman or newsboy. One of these latter I hailed from the cab window, determined to carry on board the last news of "the Claimant." At last we got to the Docks; the cabman was at fault; but a kindly passer-by guided us down to Shadwell Basin. The baggage was soon piled up by a loquacious Irish porter on the brink of the Basin, and we sat down on one of our boxes to await the arrival of the "Lisbon." The grey steaming river, and the many fine vessels around, were a study in themselves. Above all, it was there that I caught my first (and, perhaps, last) glimpse of Wapping—land henceforth for ever classic —and pictured to myself the burly figure of the Claimant calling there for his first English glass of grog, and the last tidings of "Mary Ann."

At 10·30 the big figure-head of the "Lisbon" was seen slowly approaching; passengers there were none but ourselves and one poor Spanish girl, with her tiny baby at her breast, who, sitting close beside me, had been reading patiently page after page of 'Amor de la Madre,' her only book; but there was a crowd of sailors, porters, shouters, and loiterers on the quay as the ship slowly steamed up into the Basin.

We all flowed (about 100 of us) on to the tongue of

stone quay that rises above the black, dirty water of Shadwell Basin. Ropes were coiled here and thrown there, and under your legs in another place. The ship's side was within two or three feet of the quay, when suddenly three men (seamen belonging to the vessel, as I found afterwards) sprang on to her side, clutching at her bulwarks. I saw one miss his hold, and heard him plash down (some twenty feet, I suppose) into the black, stinking, stirred-up water between the quay and the side of the ship now being made fast alongside. "Man overboard—ahoy—yoh—ahoy!" and ropes were over our heads and under our legs, and men shouted, and women hid their faces, but—no one did anything. In a moment I saw a shirt-sleeve disappear over the vessel's side into the same dirty abyss, and in three minutes up alongside came a boat, with the shirt-sleeved hero—for hero he was—sitting in it, and the "man overboard," vomiting, on his knees. The nameless shirt-sleeves had saved his fellow-creature! There was no time to inquire, just then, who and what the gallant rescuer was. We bundled up the ladder, and were glad to find ourselves safe on deck. It was some time, amid the general confusion of finding and stowing away luggage, and "fixing ourselves" into a berth, before I could find time or opportunity to find out and shake hands with the sailor whose gallant conduct had been the admiration of us all. At last I found him, and we had a good hearty shake of the hand. British sailor-like, he was drying his clothes on the sunny fore-part of the ship, and going about his work as though nothing at all had happened. On my expressing my gratification at his promptness and pluck, he merely said,—"Well, sir, we ought to do all we can for one another;

it is our duty." A pity that all do not think with him! I inquired if he would not value some recognition of his service from the Royal Humane Society, to which Society I have twice applied, but, possibly, in the unsettled state of "El Correo" in Spain, the letters have miscarried. He assured me he should greatly prize any such notice. His name shall here be recorded: SAMUEL RICHARD CHIVERS, boatswain of the steam-ship "Lisbon." When I last heard of him he lived at 108, Stainsby Road, Poplar.*

The journey down the river has much to engage the attention: the confused labyrinth of masts and shipping, the various rigs of the countless vessels passing up or down the river, the huge ship-building yards, and the low-lying but sometimes green and pretty banks of the river, studded with houses, all bespeak the vastness, the variety of England's commerce, and give rise to many conflicting thoughts. Countless steamers washed past us: here was a screw collier from the North, bound up the river; here, far behind in the race, the labouring collier-brig, of that class against which Mr. Plimsoll was waging his philanthropic warfare (all success to his noble and well-directed efforts against the "floating coffins," wherever they exist!); here, with her huge bulk, was a vessel, all sails set and colours flying, crowded with emigrants for New Zealand, in tow of a fierce little Thames tug off Gravesend; here were countless barges, picturesque if not symmetrical, with their reddish-brown or yellow sails, and rough-looking

* I have great pleasure in adding that since writing the above account Samuel Chivers's courage has been *rewarded* by the Royal Humane Society with a bronze medal.

crews—the last I saw bore upon its sails *Lloyd's Weekly News*, in huge letters of tar,—a strange place for an advertisement! Brighter, because more philanthropic, objects were the two or three huge, dismantled training ships for boys, which caught my attention.

The getting out into the glorious expanse of open sea, with its fresh breeze, and its dancing blue waves, and flying sails—it was a bright June day, with a crisp breeze—was delightful. The first, and, to my mind, chief good of a sea voyage is the enforced freedom from care. A man lies down at night with the consciousness that, whether of weal or of woe, no letter and postman's knock can annoy him and spoil his breakfast in the morning; he is on the wide seas, and care, for awhile, is left behind him: good thoughts and a good appetite also attend one on the sea, and every day there is plenty of occupation—learning the names of the different ships that pass, studying, and sketching with rough paper and a few colours, the different objects of interest at sea, and on shore when near the coast—the varying tints of the sea, and the gorgeous sunsets—all these, with reading, writing one's journal, and a casual pipe, and chat with the sailors, will fill up the day, at any rate for a short voyage.

Off Shoeburyness we heard the guns from the fort booming away—the last English artillery we should hear for many a long day; and saw a shoal of porpoises gamboling by the side of the steamer. All these *little* sights and scenes, which *are* little when recounted, have a marvellous charm at the moment.

At about 5·30 we passed Deal, a place the mention

of whose very name suggests countless thoughts of English pluck, and countless tales of peril.

I should mention the Goodwins, that far-famed dread of seamen. To-day, it looked peaceful enough. It was high tide, and nothing or little of the sands could be seen: their existence was only marked by the different tints of the waters over its treacherous surface, and a long line of silver ripple along its boundary mark. The sand was kindly enough to-day—a Deal lugger was floating close to its edge; a small merchantman crept along, with all sails set, hard by, as though to triumph over its sleeping and harmless foe. One of the sailors told us of a fact connected with these Sands which was quite new to me. Speaking of the beacons, he mentioned the "provision beacon." It seems that on the edge of the Sands there is a beacon, with steps up it, and a cradle at the top, which from time to time is supplied with food, for the benefit of any shipwrecked men who may be able to use it.

At six o'clock a thick haze gradually crept on—the terrible sea-fog, so common in our pent-up Channel, and we had to anchor and lie-to for the night. On board my little fishing-lugger, off the South coast, I had often knocked about hungry, and drenched, and spiritless, from the sudden coming on of this seaman's enemy, so it was nothing new to me. The most striking part of a sea-fog is the spectral-like look of the vessels seen through it, and the utter deceitfulness of the appearance of distance. You see, with your glass, what looks a huge spectral ship coming to anchor a mile off you; suddenly the fog "lifts," and all is clear for a few minutes, and, lo! the distant-looking vessel proves to

be a steamer anchored 800 yards only from your stern!

Sunday, June 22nd, rose with the same thick fog, though sun and fog for hours fought a battle royal. The latter prevailed at last. One or two of us held a short service in the cabin, which on a following Sunday we followed by one, in which the captain and several of the men and boys joined, on deck.

While leaning over the bulwarks, chatting with the captain, suddenly we heard a gun, not very far distant, booming across the misty water—then another, and yet another. It came from the direction of the Goodwins, and was, doubtless, a sign of distress from some ill-fated vessel. In less than ten minutes a Deal lugger, which had been lying off the Sands waiting for a chance, had hoisted her sail, and was bearing down in the direction of the sound; and soon we saw a fierce little tug (the steam-tug "Endeavour") passing away towards the same place, boat in tow, full speed. She just slackened speed as she crossed our stern, to hail us, and ask in which direction the wreck was, and then she was off into the mist on her generous errand.

This little spectacle has left a very dear recollection of the English coast upon my mind. These fine fellows are cruising about in their tiny luggers in all weathers, ready to help where help is wanted. It may be (and often is) said, "They do it for money." So they do, in part. But there are few noble deeds into which some spark of selfishness does not enter. The man who saves life *not* for money, often has a little idea of being admired for his courage. Yet we must not surely cease to admire noble and unselfish ends because a grain of selfishness enters

into them. This is but human, after all; One alone was or could be perfectly unselfish. None of us would destroy a diamond because it had a little flaw. And I fancy the self-same readiness to brave peril and save life does *not* exist on the sea-coasts of other countries.

Throughout Sunday we heard nothing save the clang of our steamer's fog-bell and the fog-horns, or whistles of other vessels passing by, in defiance of the fog. One or two vessels were lying at anchor near us, as we could tell by the frequent tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of their fog-bells coming over the misty water. They were lying hard by us; but, except for a few moments the fog-lights, were invisible. This was my first Sunday "in the Downs."

At 7 the fog lifted for awhile; we started, but were well into it again, thicker than ever, as we got under the bluff cliffs of Dover. It seems to me that the fog is pent up and cannot escape in that narrow channel; at any rate, it hangs about there longer than elsewhere, the captain told us. Toward midnight, or rather earlier, we went on, and when I rose at six the next morning, the bluff white headland of Beachy Head, with its sloping hills on either side looking of the brightest purple, with a few bright yellow fields here and there, was full in sight, the morning sun making it intensely beautiful.

This day was very beautiful, but bitterly cold. Off the English coast, even in June, you never are free from the chance of drenching fog, or bright sun neutralized by pinching wind.

We passed Brighton, though a long way off. I could merely see, even with my glass, an indistinct line of coast, nothing more, of all the beauty

and multitudes of Brighton. Then Bognor and Worthing were passed, both wholly indistinct. But the sight of this dim coast-line brought to the mind of one who had for many years been a fisherman on that coast full many a thought of bygone days—of days when he had beaten far out to sea in his tiny lugger, with its crew of two men and "the master," and spent the long, dark, weary night in drifting with his nets into the flowing tide; and of the bright summer's early morning, when he had landed upon the beach, dirty, wet, and weary, to seek his early bath, while his comrades sold "the take" of fish by Dutch auction, in the early market, on the beach. All these thoughts, and many others,—thoughts of friendship snapped asunder, and kind hearts left behind, and faces seen ere starting, perhaps for the last time,—all these thoughts fill a man's heart, and sadden his soul, the while he is leaning, smoking his pipe, all unconcernedly over the vessel's side.

Strange people are we mortals; and strangest of mortals we English. If our heart is bursting, we smile; if it is *very* full, we smoke a pipe, and talk about the weather, and the state of politics. It is quite possible, among us, for two men to eat, sleep, live together, each sad at heart, yet either thinking the other the happiest of men. In noticing this, I have oftentimes felt the truth of those touching lines —Johnson's, I think, but am not sure,—

"If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would your pity share
Who raise your envy now.

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would show that only when concealed
His lot appeared the best."

The Isle of Wight, Niton, and St. Katherine's Lighthouse, all spots familiar to me in early youth, were passed in quick succession. Showers of rain came on, and we all turned down below.

At about twelve the captain summoned me on deck to see (as I had requested) the last light of Old England's shores; and then it was plain, and bright, and clear; even through the squally night could be seen the light in the "Start" Lighthouse, on the coast of Devon. We would see English land no more —so farewell to England!

All through the day of the 24th of June it was fog and "a clear" by turns; we went "slow" or "half-speed," and our fog-bell rang again—it was, too, bitterly cold and raw.

At last, about six, on the evening of the 24th, we sighted Cape Ushant; the fog cleared, and with try-sails and full steam we began to cross the far-famed Bay of Biscay. The Bay was gentle to-day, but it did not quite belie its name; it gave us, at least, a good "list" to one side, and a casual roll.

For awhile, now, no land; the only thing to be seen being many a good ship under full canvas, rejoicing in the stiff breeze; French *chasse-marées*, English brigs or schooners, foreign steamers, and a casual whale, poking his ugly black head out of the water—these were all we saw. One little episode of the Bay. Retiring to bed at night, very tired, very late, I left the port-holes of my berth open. This was an insult to the Bay, and the Bay wetted every stitch of bed-linen by breaking into it. But salt-water never gives cold, so it did not matter.

On the morning of the 26th we first saw, dimly through the haze, our new country. The long bluff

headlands about Cape Finisterre came into sight, looking peaceful and purple through the haze. Never shall I forget the Spanish headlands, for I bear the mark of them to this day. Whether Sir Roger Tichborne, or Arthur Orton, in sight of them I was tattooed, with heart (bleeding), anchor, and initials; and now, said the second mate, who performed the operation, "It's no good your setting up for a property, for I'll come and swear you are plain Mr. ——."

Many French *chasse-marées* were passed by us just there. They are splendid sea-boats, but far smaller than I had been led to expect: something, in pluck and weather-power, like our luggers, they seldom range beyond from 30 to 90 tons burden.

June 26th, at 8 P.M., we were ten miles off Oporto, and saw a lovely sunset. I never had beheld tints so surpassingly gorgeous. One could but stand and gaze at its beauty in blank admiration.

I stayed on deck, on the front part of the ship, smoking my pipe with "the watch." The watch on these vessels changes once in every two hours; and at last the new moon rose, beautifully nursed in the quiet sailless sea and cloudless sky. It was the crescent moon, "with the old moon in her arms," but the point of the crescent—one horn, rather—was pointing towards the sea. "Ah," said the seaman on watch, "it's a fair-weather moon, thank the Lord! for her point is towards the water—she stands upright." "Well," I said, "and what is a wet moon?" He answered, "When the new moon, with the old one in her arms, lies on the sea like a boat." I found out from this man that the saying among the sailors on this matter is as follows:—"When the new moon is

upright (*i. e.*, perpendicular), the Indian can hang his powder-flask upon it—*i. e.*, it will be dry weather. When the moon lies upon the water like a boat, the Indian can paddle his canoe—*i. e.*, there will be much rainy weather."

I should remark, that the change of temperature, sea-tints, and sunsets, immediately after passing Cape Finisterre, was very noticeable. Well, Lisbon was not far off now.

At 6·30, on the morning of the 27th, the steward came into my berth to summon me on deck. "The Berlings! the Berlings!" he called out. "Don't you want to see the Berlings?" I had never, alas! even heard the name before.

The Berlingas are a group of rocks, or, to speak of the largest of them, small rocky islands, about nine or ten miles off the coast of Portugal. If my remembrance and "log notes" serve me correctly, they are passed about two-and-a-half-hours' steam before you reach that well-known mark for mariners, Peniche Lighthouse. They look, at a distance, for the most part like huge naked rocks, standing up in a long drab-coloured line, in mid-ocean; some, however, are rounded at the summit, and on the largest of them there is a Portuguese fort, and quarters for a few soldiers. Their aspect, as you approach near to (or, as can be easily done on a clear day, steam between) them, is magnificent. They look like huge, wild, rugged rocks, with a fringe of white foam at their bases. Until a couple of tiny Portuguese fishing-boats passed under their shadow, I had no idea at all of their height and general size. Though, at a distance, they appear of a light stone colour, on a nearer view one can see that they are of red sand-

stone formation, and probably, at some distant time, were joined on to the mainland, which is rugged and broken here, and appears of the same colour. The Berlingas, I believe, are uninhabited, save by a few soldiers; but there is, of course, communication, when the weather permits, between these castaways and the mainland.

After passing Peniche Lighthouse, the coast of Portugal, if seen on a fine sunny day, is exceedingly beautiful. Slopes of green, purple, and drab colour relieve the general red sandstone-look of the cliffs and hills. The tints of the sky are simply gorgeous; and, on the day on which I passed it, the bright blue of the sea deepened as it neared the cliffs into a rich dark purple, fringed, as it washed the shores, with a snowy line of foam. Then there are the ships flying by, all of different shape, and rig, and colour. One vessel I noticed, bearing slowly down towards us, with her cargo piled on deck half-way up the masts. What could she be? How could she hope, so laden, to ride out even the faintest suspicion of a gale? Here, thought I, is a case for Mr. Plimsoll. Here is "deck-loading" with a vengeance! Long I scanned her with my glass. The breeze was light, but still she rode buoyantly over it. At last, a seaman explained the mystery in his blunt way: "Why sir, she's only a coaster, laden with cork!"

No wonder she stood her load so well, and carried herself so bravely. Her cargo, in the event of a gale, would probably have been her best friend.

Brightly the sea was glittering—brightly the white, brown, and drab sails flitted by. At last came a different group, namely, a little fleet of tiny Portuguese fishing-boats, with their graceful double or

single lateen-sails. The lateen, triangular sail, which is the only rig used by Spanish and Portuguese fishing-boats, is strikingly graceful. See it in a moderate breeze, when it hardly bends to the wave—see it in a stiff breeze, when its graceful curl bends and bends, and strains and strains, leaving the guardianship of the mast, until it absolutely seems to lie upon the sparkling wave, and then picks itself up and dips again, and kisses the wave again, and then returns to the mast—it is very graceful! The amount of sail carried by one tiny boat is quite amazing in the Spanish and Portuguese fishing-waters.

Then we passed the Palace of the Mathra. All that was visible of it was three stone towers peering out at a break in the rocky coast. All around it seemed to be woods. Just below it, on the coast, slept a tiny fishing village, from which post, no doubt, the little fleet just described hailed.

Lisbon Rock struck me as a grand and beautiful headland. Sheer cliffs, of no mean height, of red sandstone, with woods, and fields, and verdure spread all around the old castle—the famous Lisbon Castle —that crested its summit.

The exceeding blueness of the blue sea; the picturesqueness of the old castle, looking over its wooded slopes; the wildness of the sheer sandstone line of coast, till it faded away towards the south in a, first, verdant, then dim grey, then yellow line, blending with the sea, were more than beautiful—they were entrancing. One's only wish was, "Oh! that I could land, and wander, sketch-book in hand, along those wild, wooded slopes, or fossilize in those red sandstone cliffs."

At 2 p.m. (June 27th) we reached Casca's Bay Light-

house, at the mouth of the Tagus. It looked an old building, but whether or no it is so I cannot say—anyhow, it had a handsome, Moorish-looking tower. Just then the pilot came off from the shore. Our steamer stopped; in a moment the gaudy boat was alongside, the ladder from our vessel flung down, and no sooner flung down than taken up again, and our black pilot (for he was black) commenced giving his orders to guide us in our river course. He reminded me, by his voice and manner, of a weary night's journey down the Thames which I once took on board a traffic steamer bound for Ostend. It was a pitch-dark, drizzling night, but I could not sleep, and passed my night on deck listening to the ever-recurring words of the captain, who was piloting his vessel,—"Hard-a-po-o-ort," "Star-bo-o-bo-o-ord," "Stea-dey!"

Of the short run, from the entrance of the Tagus up to Lisbon, let us simply say it is surpassingly beautiful. The river is broad and its current rapid. Its waters, unlike our own Thames, or the Spanish Guadalquivir, are of a bright blue. Hills, one after another, crowned each with one, two, or three stone castles, enchant the artistic eye; every slope is of a different colour. Here, a whole field of bright yellow flowers, I know not their name; here, a corn-field reaped, but the corn not yet garnered in; there, bright little townships and villas, painted in brightest shades of every colour, red, blue, yellow, green, white; brightly-painted boats, with their various picturesque rigs; above all, the far-famed Belem (Bethlehem Castle), which cannot be described, so grand and old is it, by one who only saw it *en passant*. All these make the little journey up the Tagus one of exceeding beauty.

At 3·30 we were made fast to a buoy, amid a crowd of vessels of all nations; and at my first glance at Lisbon, standing up on its proud hills, and overlooking its rapid stream, in the bright evening sunlight, I could but believe in and echo the words of the brown Carbinero, who came on board from the Custom House, "Lisbon is *magnifica—magnifica.*"

And then we went on shore.

CHAPTER II.

LISBON TO MALAGA.

June 27th.—Eventide.—Until I put my first foot on dry land, and "trod the shore" at Lisbon, after the few days at sea, I never realized the feeling of freedom and joy generally attributed to "Jack on shore," and to the emigrant after his long and weary journey in the not too comfortable quarters of an emigrant ship.

Well do I recall to mind my wonderment when, standing on the quay of the Repairing Dock at Dover, whither a large Norwegian emigrant ship, damaged, was towed in for repairs, I beheld the simple glee and delight of those homely emigrants as they were helped down the ladder to where I stood, and sauntered up towards the town; they seemed too full of joy to do anything but laugh, and prove their freedom by stepping to this side and that, or walking down this street and up that. I wondered at this glee then; I do not wonder now. There is no describing the feeling of freedom that one entertains at such a moment.

The Norwegian emigrants of whom I spoke were all bound for Montreal. They were of the poorest class of labouring men, and with most of them were wives and families. I remember going on board the vessel, by permission, with two huge bags of biscuits, and "sugar-plums" for the children, who alone

numbered, babies included, about fifty, and I well remember the grace and courtesy of the poor mothers, with children in arms or at their side, in never pushing forward to get the little offerings for their darlings. I remember the grace with which each child—even the baby of a year old—when I had deposited the little handful of sweetmeats in its right hand, would instantly transfer it to its left, or to its mother's hand, and wave out its little right hand to be shaken with my own. I remember, too, that if this simple rite were not gone through, the father or mother would pursue me, child in arms, until it was. I remember, too, the dark, close-packed quarters, and the very savoury, but very rough cooking below decks, of which these poor unintelligible people always offered me a share. I remember, too, the fair flaxen hair, and the shapeless dresses, but girdled round the waist, and the ruddy cheeks of these poor women. All this I remember. But one thing I can never forget, namely, the joy with which, one and all, men, women, and children, they crowded down the steps of the vessel, and streamed up to the town, to the barracks, to the chief streets, to the sea-front, to the country around, only to look about; to feel free; to pluck a daisy; to throw a stone. This was joy to them—the joy so evidently expressed in their smiles and gestures, that one who saw could not forget it. And so, after my short seven days on board a steamer, I actually felt my own joy at putting foot on shore, and thought of and understood theirs!

Well, at the landing-place at Lisbon it was quite difficult to get to the landing-steps at all, such a crowd was there of boats, and such a screaming of boatmen. We were assailed, simply assailed, by would-be guides

to the strangers—the English; but we managed to beat them off, and wandered about in the beautiful squares and streets of the city alone. The cleanness of the streets, the glitter of the shops, and the height and whiteness of the buildings at Lisbon, strike one first. But another thing also strikes one, and that is, that one must have some dinner, if one has not dined—that is, if it be possible to have some! After dinner we were bound to return to our berths on board the steamer, for she might start at any hour.

At eight o'clock it was fast darkening, and we started out of the hotel. Outside waited one of the guides, one of the very men I had taken such pains to get rid of a few hours before. Instantly he recognized us, and offered his services to conduct us to the wharf. I thought to myself, it is not "quite the thing" to cast off a friend in fair weather, and take him on again in foul; so I refused. However, the poor fellow persisted in accompanying us; and as the night was now very dark, and I had not the slightest idea either of the Portuguese language or of the whereabouts of the wharf, the guide came with us.

We got to the steps; thank goodness, we had the guide, for there was much ado to get a permit to leave the landing-steps for our vessel. At last we got it, and our guide signalled a tiny boat, manned by one boy. I demurred, not thinking such an escort over safe. The guide insisted. "Well," I said, "if it's all so *couleur de rose*, you step into the boat first, and when we get to our ship I'll pay you." In he stepped in a moment, and we after him. I must say he spoke English fairly well, and understood it very well. To my surprise, though I saw the lights of our vessel lying at her old moorings, quite close to the steps, the

boatman pulled up a sort of backwater, as it seemed to me (remember, it was pitch dark), and pulled with all his might right away from the vessel. Understand it I could not. At last, I could bear it no longer. "Give me the oar," I said, "I can at least pull straighter than that for our vessel." The guide ejaculated the simple words, "The tide, the tide," and I waited awhile. At last, when we were fairly out of sight of the "Lisbon," the boatman calmly shipped his oars and lit a cigarette.

Then I understood his tactics. The current, in a moment, caught our tiny boat, and, broadside to it, down it we went, back towards our vessel. Now and then we nearly fouled a boat or vessel lying at anchor in the stream, but the ever-ready oar of the lad staved off the danger, and in three minutes, so swift and violent was the current, we were, broadside on, just off the "Lisbon."

On the following morning, when I recounted the matter to one of the officers of the ship, I was informed that so rapid and violent is the current of the Tagus, that a rowing-boat, merely drifting down with the current, has been known to capsize by merely coming, broadside on, across one of the buoys!

June 28th, Saturday.—We went on shore again, but we were to be off again at three; so you will imagine that our impressions of Lisbon are very scanty. Almost am I ashamed to jot them down. The day was heavenly; as Charles Kingsley beautifully calls it, a very "day of God." Bright sun, balmy breeze; but the time was too short! We gazed on the white, lofty quadrangle of Black Horse Square, the finest square in Lisbon; strolled down Gold Street and Silver Street, both, in their way, with their show

of jewellery, very handsome; wondered at the lack of beauty among the Portuguese women,—(the men are really a handsome set; the women, both high and low, exceedingly plain: I am told that this is the case throughout Portugal, and am quite unable to understand why that beautiful country should, in this respect, present such a contrast to her sister, Spain); and then went to prayer at the Church of San Roqua. Outside, this church has little to recommend it, but the interior is very striking and costly. The "dim religious light," the silent prostrate worshippers, struck me first; but the brass sculpture or carving of the several altars and the painting of the roof are exceedingly grand and costly.

Thence we strolled to the public gardens. These are very beautiful, and their shaded walks, frequent seats, and countless flowers, in pots or in the earth, were truly refreshing. By far the most beautiful among the trees is the Pepper Tree, which is common in all the squares or promenades or gardens of Portugal or Southern Spain. It is, perhaps, the most graceful tree I know of. Fairly tall, always seeming green; its long, drooping, but well-clothed branches, bending down in clusters to the ground; its fruit hanging in graceful strings of clustering berries, green, crimson, or black; this tree attracts one's attention the moment its thick, drooping, dark-green foliage is observed.

Thence we strolled to the Fruit Market, and, let me say, this struck me as the most beautiful sight in Lisbon. It is a wide open square, belted with trees, and on one side a stone wall and gates of entry. In it are fixed hundreds of umbrella tents—just like a large umbrella stuck into the ground is each of

them. Under these little tents sit the fruit-sellers, in every variety of gaudy costume; the dresses alone of the women would have made a gorgeous picture! The flowers, cut and tied up in bouquets, were superb, and *so* aromatic! There were heaps upon heaps of lavender, scented verbenas, carnations of every hue, geraniums, purple and grey cinerarias, and, simpler store, wall-flowers, pansies, white pinks—all tastefully arranged upon the little tables beneath the tents. As for the fruit, lying heaped up upon the ground, the enormous fleshy figs, the piles of yellow, crimson, and black cherries, pine-apples, pears without number, apples, plums of every hue, with hundreds of fruits and flowers wholly strange to English eyes, formed indeed, a beautiful sight.

But, like everything else in life that is bright, these sights and scenes of "the magnificent Lisbon" were all too short. My watch bade us hasten to the wharf to join once more our trusty vessel. My eye will, probably, never again see Lisbon *la Magnifica*, yet I shall ever think of her as the city of bright sun and balmy airs, and gold and silver, and fruit and flowers. "Lisbon is *magnifica!*" Lisbon *is* a magnificent city; but what can one see of London by walking up Thames Street?

The shores of the Tagus, as we steamed down on the lovely evening of the 28th, seemed to me more beauteous than ever, and the gradual passing out into the open sea is always striking. Until eleven or twelve at night I did not leave the deck. The night was very hot, and I devoted one part of it to smoking my customary pipe "before the mast," and learning from one of the sailors how to make an oilskin coat.

The morning of Sunday, June 29th, rose dull and

cloudy. I rose, half-dressed, and strolled on deck early, when a heavy "Scotch mist" was making everything look very dreary. At 7 A.M. we passed the Cape of St. Vincent, a large promontory of dark-red rock—I suppose sandstone. This promontory, like all the coast about here, shelves sheer down into the sea, and its dark-red and crimson rock—with black crevices, and the blue sea beating upon it—gives an idea of desolation and grandeur not often seen. On the promontory of St. Vincent stands an old and ruinous, or at least uninhabited, convent; and certainly, if isolation be an object in choosing a site for a convent, this point was well chosen.

It appears of great size; I counted with my glass as many as thirty windows in one row. It is built of grey stone, and in the middle of the long building rises up a circular tower, capped with a pointed turret.

It may be truth, it may be fiction,—judging from the honest-looking face of the speaker, I should judge the former,—but one of the sailors told me he had "often seen handkerchiefs waved to any passing vessel through the barred windows."

The barren grandeur of the red cliff, and the ancient and crumbling appearance of the building that crests it, are matter more for the pencil of the artist than for the pen of the writer. When one passes the lonely islands of the "Berlings," the wild and lonely country around the "Palace of the Matnra," or a spot like this, one cannot help wishing that life were longer, one's purse longer, and the claims of duty less peremptory, that one might simply land at each and all of them, and explore, and sketch, and annotate. How many curious facts would the

journal of such an explorer contain! But whenever such thoughts or wishes come into my mind, I have found it a good, if slightly stoical, practice, to repeat to myself the old French adage, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a."

At eleven we had service on deck under an awning, the rain still falling, though abating somewhat. The "desk" was formed of two water-casks—("We 'll soon rig up a bit of a desk," said the sailors)—covered by the Union Jack. All the men were invited to service by the excellent captain of our vessel, and the congregation was, if not large, very attentive. Is it not strange, I venture to ask, that there exists among our rude sailors, whether on board merchantman or fishing-lugger, so high a tone of morality in some things, (I do not say in all,) while, as a rule, they make no use of the common means of obtaining, as it is said, God's grace? The helping-hand to a neighbour, the sterling love of truth, the warm-heartedness, and the fearlessness, which in "religious people" men would call faith in God, of these men, have oftentimes struck and surprised me. And you cannot call these noble qualities, of which these men most certainly have their fair share, "natural goodness," for it is not natural to be, as they are, full of love to others, and truthful, and fearless. Is it that their religion descends upon them in their weary night watches, when wind and wave are high, and they are alone with God, and near Him, as any one in a storm at sea must not only be, but feel that he is? or, in the long, dark hours, when the ship lies still in, or goes "half-speed" or "slow" through, the thick and drizzling sea-fog, when nothing is heard but the minutely ring-ring-ring of the fog-bell, or the

wailing fog-horn of some hapless fisherman's barque more benighted than themselves? It may be so. Our God has strange ways, we know, of approaching the soul and heart of His creatures; and the scent of a spring flower, or the song of a spring bird, has oftentimes done more to awake and quicken the slumbering heart and conscience than the full and ornate service in the church, or the sermon of "the eloquent orator." Be it how it may, our seamen, our fishermen, as a rule, are a truthful, warm-hearted, self-sacrificing, and contented set; and they are men who, for the most part, "see the works of the Lord and His wonders" only "in the deep."

June 30th, 4 A.M.—Gibraltar at last! The night had been intensely beautiful; for a little while a slight haze had hung upon our track, but soon it was gone, and the soft, pale, mellow moon shone out and looked down upon the dark, quiet sea, as we passed along the coast of Africa. I waited up on deck all night to behold the first headland of Africa, and I was well repaid. The whole scene was so passing beautiful, so serene, so lovely, so tranquil—the dark far coast-line of Africa; the quiet, washing, rippling sea; the mellow moon; the balmy breezeless air.

Why are some seamen so careless, so reckless of their life, and the lives of others? A mist was hanging about, very slight, but still a mist. A dark object hove in sight, close to us. Was it a ship? It was. The breeze was with her; she had all her sails set, and just as she came near us, she ran up her lamp —not until then; and then the moment she had passed us down went the light again, and she went on her silent way in darkness. I asked a seaman on board our vessel why she acted so? "Only to save

the oil, of course." That was all his answer. I remember my own little fishing-lugger at Brighton, the master of which was a "pig-headed" Suffolk fisherman; he never, though I have been out with him in his bit of a 10-ton lugger on the most misty nights, would run up his light to the mast-head, and hour after hour have we drifted with our trawl-net in the blinding mist, hearing large vessels passing up and down hard by us,—yes, ourselves lying in their very track,—and yet he would not run up the light. But then there was method in his madness. "As long as I live, sir," has he said to me, "I'll never hoist a lamp for the Board of Trade, or any other Board." "And why not?" "Why, the first lugger as ever wore a light at her mast-head, off Brighton coast, was run down by a vessel that took her for a pilot—so I'll never run up a light!" But how captains of sailing brigs and the like, for the paltry saving of oil, can dispense with a light, does, I must say, surprise me.

And now we are at Gibraltar, and it is early morn. Already, however, I have seen the cloud that rests so frequently upon the head of the rock; already have I heard the joyous clarion of the bugles of the English soldiers sounding the *reveillé*, and my heart longs to be on shore.

Our time at Gibraltar was very limited, as the trading steamer in which we had taken passage was bound for Malaga. I inquired if we could return by a Spanish boat to Cadiz, and thence go up country, but landing at Cadiz was, in the then state of political affairs, said to be most unadvisable.

The enormous strength of the fortifications at Gibraltar is the most striking feature of "the Rock"

on first landing; the place would seem to be well-nigh impregnable. The heat was tremendous, the sun's rays seeming to be reflected, as from a furnace, from the white, glaring dusty road leading into the town; their power, however, is lessened by the rows of trees and the wooded hills rising to the right. The soldiers' dresses are very handsome, especially that of the sergeants, who, in addition to the snowy-white tunic and linen "puggery" encasing the cap and flowing over the nape of the neck, wear a crimson sash across the shoulder, the contrast between the whiteness of the tunic and the crimson of the sash being exceedingly chaste and handsome.

Walking down the streets, the sight was picturesque in the extreme. Here congregate men, absolutely, of all nations: the tall, well-built, haughty-looking Barbary Moor, with his sweeping beard, and clean-cut, aquiline features; the money-making Jew, dressed in his "Jewish gaberdine"; the Andaluz gitano, or water-carrier, in crimson faja, breeches open below the knee, and sandalled feet; the Mediterranean boatman, in his uncouth and varying costume; the Levantine, in full Oriental costume; negroes, Indians, Indian nurses, interspersed with the chaste uniforms of the British army—to say nothing of the "man-of-war's man," and the ordinary costumes of the English. All these give an exceedingly unusual and picturesque appearance to the crowded, car-rattling, jabbering, and noisy streets. Where many nations meet, many tongues must be spoken, and in some of the shops, German, Spanish, French, and English were freely circulating.

At 4 o'clock, on July 1st, we steamed out of harbour, and had another opportunity of admiring the

abrupt grandeur of "the Rock"; but ere we passed from sight a white fleecy cloud came down, and completely hid its summit from view, almost, as it seemed, in a moment: the effect was very striking. This is commonly called, "the Rock wearing its nightcap."

At 7 o'clock, along the coast, were passed the extreme westernmost mountains of the Sierra Nevada range—a noble, barren line of sierra, probably teeming with mineral wealth. At 10 P.M. "Malaga Light" was sung out by the watch. The heat of the day had given place to a refreshing coolness, and through the calm moonlit water — it seemed almost without a ripple—we steamed at midnight slowly into Malaga harbour, anchoring full in front of the twinkling lights and dark encircling hills of the city.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A SPANISH TOWN OF THE INTERIOR.

ENGLISH people, who glean their ideas of Spanish life and character from a sojourn at Madrid or Malaga, Gibraltar or Seville, know strangely little of the real state of education and social life in the less-visited towns of the interior.

When I arrived at Gibraltar on my way to the secluded town from which I write, I was warned not to attempt to return to Cadiz, as the line was cut, and that city "in a state of siege." Malaga was "in a condition very little better." However, I went on by sea to Malaga, hardly knowing—indeed, I should say, very doubtful—whether or no I should be able to take train into the interior. At Malaga, the first token of "La Republica Democratica Federal" was a string of red-capped Voluntarios, who had taken the place of the ordinary Customs officials. They boarded our steamer, headed by their captain, and with fixed bayonets marched up to the breakfast-table on deck to confer with our captain. They seemed but ill armed, and wore no uniform, save the scarlet flannel cap, peaked over the eyes, of which every shop window was full. Some had old fowling-pieces, some Enfield rifles, some the Snider. They seemed restless and haggard, and, indeed, one of them told me, as we smoked a cigarette together, that he was dissatisfied

with his Government, his faith—in a word, with everything. Our captain, a hearty Englishman, who did not like arms at his breakfast-table, good-humouredly asked them to "unfix bayonets." This the poor fellows did, after a moment's demur, with a hearty laugh. Afterwards, I met these same men at the Custom House, and they passed my luggage unopened, in remembrance of our cigar and chat together, and behaved most courteously. This was my first introduction to the Intransigentes. Next day, two thousand Malaguanese Voluntarios, who had been to proclaim the independence of Seville, entered the town, preceded by their band and four cannon. They, too, were ill armed, and only distinguished from civilians by the red cap; they promenaded the street in triumph for some time, and at a bugle call dispersed at once, each man going to his own home. In two hours Malaga was quiet as ever, and not an armed man seen in its streets. The only active measure taken on that day was the issuing of the order for every nun to leave her convent in twenty-four hours, which time of grace was readily extended, at the request of the English and American Consuls, to six days.

Starting up country, *vid* Cordoba, I was reminded only too sadly of the unhappy state of sunny, beautiful Spain. The corn, over-ripe, was ungathered in; at each small station stood, with fixed bayonets, a couple of Guardas Civiles. No words of mine can describe the alternate beauty and savage grandeur of the route from Malaga to Cordoba. From Malaga to Alora, the wild semi-cultivated slopes stretched out far as eye could see, reminding one, here and there, of the Wiltshire Downs on a grand scale; but at Alora, a

lovely town of some 8,000 people, the fertile plains of Andalucia Abaja (Andalucia the lower) suddenly spread around us in all their beauty, lit up by the beams of the morning sun—the orange, the vines crowning slope after slope, the full palm-tree, and the olive-patches dotting the landscape far and near; field after field separated by hedges of prickly pear, and groups of aloes here and there, completely enchained and fascinated heart and soul, and one forgot the sorrows of one's new country, and her strife and her bloodshed, in looking on her beauty and her grace.

Suddenly all was changed — vineyards, olives, trees, were all but as a dim mist of blue far behind, and we had entered on a scene of more savage grandeur than the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Tyrol. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the country after crossing the Guadalhorce near Bogantes Station. Far and wide there is nothing but naked rock; you look up, peak after peak of granite towers up above the line, and cuts its rugged way into the deep clear blue; while to your left, seen here and there through the holes of the rock, the Guadalhorce, increased and fed by one cascade after another, foams and dashes along over its huge granite boulders. The line goes through tunnel after tunnel in swift succession, until the far-famed viaduct at Bogantes is passed at a foot's pace.

The chief spot of interest is the "Hoyo," or gorge, with the river foaming at its side as just described. This magnificent scenery is but a short distance from Bogantes Station, and is called here "the pass of the Guadalhorce." It is hardly more than fifty miles from Malaga, and I can only wonder that the artist's

hand and pencil are not busy here year by year, where all is so intensely new and almost untrodden ground.

Let me pass on to the end of my journey. The road was treeless and barren, and, save for the beautiful ridge of some sierra, just tinged by the setting sun, and the silver Guadalquivir—winding among its here treeless hills—devoid of beauty. Late at night I arrived at my destination, and was only too glad to turn off to rest.

What struck me most, at first, was the wretched state of the streets, which is common to the towns of the interior: they have no pavement, but have, at some remote period, been "pitched" with huge stones, many of which have gone, leaving holes a foot deep. All travelling is accomplished on horse or donkey back, or in springless mule carts, which jolt one to pieces. These carts are covered with bamboo canes, with a sacking at each end; the bottom is simply a piece of ordinary matting stretched over the iron bars that join the wheels. But, to say truth, there *is* hardly any communication between town and town. Villages, country-houses, farm-houses, absolutely have no existence, owing to the unsafe state of the country. The farmers live in the towns, and gather their wheat and garvancos (a sort of pea) into the camera, or attic, at the top of the house.

Walking out the next morning, I heard in the distance the well-known strains of the 'Marseillaise,' played in the most lively way by a brass band, and presently a tiny coffin, swung between four boys, came round the corner—the coffin of a little fair-haired child of some seven summers, laid out in blue paper, with a glass lid to show its peaceful face. A crowd of

boys, cutting capers, singing and shouting, ran before it, while close behind, at a swinging pace, and playing their loudest and liveliest, came the band I had heard; behind them, four abreast, walked fifty or sixty young men, chiefly of the mining or artisan class. This ceremony is peculiar to this part of Spain, and has only existed since the Republic was formed. It is called a "civil funeral." The ceremony is simple enough; the band (of advanced Republicans) marches to the house whence the funeral is to come, and forms in a semicircle around the door, with all the followers; they then march to the cemetery, play one last lively Republican air, in token that the innocent has gone to a better country, and is safe "en los manos de Dios," leaving the little flimsy coffin on one of the stones until the grave-digger can find time to inter it. The law in other days was, that no funeral should take place without a priest, but this was repealed by the Republic, and permission given to all to bury with or without a religious ceremony. It is sad, I must confess, to witness such a spectacle; it is a defiance of the religion of their fathers, from men who absolutely have no faith at all to cling to in its place. Strangely enough, I have never seen a grown-up person buried with a civil funeral. The most striking part of a Spanish funeral is the number of those who follow. Every friend of the bereaved family, every distant relation, those in the same street, and all who knew the dead man, leave their work and follow him to his last resting-place. No women ever follow; no special mourning seems to be used.

A few days after my arrival, I was introduced to the Mayor of the town, himself an Intransigente, but not an ultra-red. Here is the blot of the Spanish Re-

public, that there "are Republicans *and* Republicans"; the moderates are divided, the ultras are divided, and they will not, even in face of the ruin of their country, unite. This man, Intransigente himself, saw the danger to our town from his advanced brethren of the same order—men who live in the mountains of the Morena, whose one idea is equality of property, and the dividing of their country into countless small "cantones," or states, and who descend on any town at will,—which is ungarrisoned,—and simply demand and receive from the frightened inhabitants any sum they choose to name. I should say that during the summer our town had absolutely no garrison at all. The Alcalde, to his honour be it spoken, equipped and armed, and kept at his own expense, some three hundred Voluntarios, to defend the property of his fellow townsmen, English and Spanish, from the descent of the insurgents. Nightly they walked the town, and guarded the threshing-floors from fire. One night the rumour was spread, "the Intransigentes from the sierra are in the town." Yes. They had descended to the number of fifteen or twenty, and were drinking in the very fonda I had occupied a few nights before. They had come to levy contributions, and to proclaim our town an independent canton. You, in England, would have taken them prisoners at once, with a force of three hundred men to support you. We, however,—that is, our authorities,—did no such thing. Let me tell you what befell them.

At midnight the Voluntarios marched down to the fonda—armed they were to the teeth; behind them followed a string of mules and donkeys. At one o'clock that morning some fifteen or twenty men on beasts of burden, guarded on each side by a string

of red-capped Voluntarios, marched out of the town, and were taken to a spot twelve miles off, and—shot? —no; but simply told to dismount, and not enter our city walls again! I asked one of the authorities *why* this was so. "Why," said he, gravely and sadly, "for aught I know, those very men's party may hold the reins of government to-morrow, and some of them being men of position, may themselves be liberated, and hold office."—"And then?" said I. —"Why, *then*, where would I be?"

This little visit of gentlemen from the Morena, however, bore fruit afterwards in a way we little expected. One night I passed at twelve o'clock up the dark and silent street in which the barracks of the Voluntarios stood. I had always been glad to see the gleam of their sentry's bayonet and the red tips of their cigarillos, as the guard sat waiting for any fire or other emergency, and smoked the night away. To-night the barrack-door was closed, the sentry absent, the barracks deserted. I could not think what it meant. Next morning the town was in a ferment. The main body of our trusty defenders, arms and all, had marched boldly through the streets the evening before, openly announcing their intention to join the Intransigentes in the sierra, and once more our town was undefended.

A strange picture then presented itself. Spanish families, in some cases, sent for their *employés*, from olive-farm and mine, to come in nightly to the casas, and act as body-guards. In the house next to my own, some twenty men, armed, sat throughout the night around and within the casa of their master, and drove away alarm with frequent cañas de vino, and the tinkle of guitar, as light feet danced the

fandango, until morning dawned. Arms were carried by hundreds in the streets and the Plaza; journeying outside the walls was at an end.

One morning, I was standing at the open window, looking out on the olive-groves and withered plains, waiting for breakfast, and enjoying the cool morning air; suddenly, the maid, who had gone for the fruit and bread for our early meal, entered the room with outspread hands. "What is the matter now?" I asked. "Mucha génte, mucha génte en la Plaza," was her excited answer, pointing out of the window towards the olive-groves. Scanning the avenues with my glass, I saw a little band of sixty or eighty men under arms. These were none other than our friends who had deserted a few nights before. Finding provisions run short in the sierra, they had made a descent at early morn on the Plaza (where the market is held), and taken ample stores of bread, fruit, and meat; and were now, almost within gun-shot of the town, calmly smoking their cigarillos and dividing the spoil.

Seven or eight hours after, a flying column of General Pavia's army, some 2,000 strong, bringing back peace to Andalucia, passed over the very spot where the deserters had stood, and entered the town, to restore order! They had come, flushed with victory, from the storming of Seville. Next day an edict went forth that all fire-arms should be delivered to the troops, under pain of punishment; the soldiers entered any disaffected house, and two mule-carts, piled with our townsmen's arms, went away with the troops.

I can hardly tell you how far behind the age, in civilization, are these towns of the interior. The streets unpaved and unlighted, save here and there

with an oil-lamp; children up to the age of nine and ten constantly running about the streets stark-naked, not, however, *girls;* in a town of 30,000 people not a single book-shop, the only books, chiefly of a religious order, being procurable *once a year* at the "feria," or annual fair. It may amuse you, however, to know that the first three books that met my eye were translations of Scott's 'Guy Mannering,' the Bible (in Spanish, of course), and a copy of 'Regula Cleri.' Again, people talk much of Spanish ladies; and certainly the higher classes are in some cases very beautiful, and in their graceful mantillas, trailing dresses, and stately walk, have no equal, but they are strangely uneducated, and their musical powers very slender; still, the Spanish women, as a rule, are good, really religious, very affectionate mothers, very generous friends. But there are no schools, and hardly any governesses, so how *can* they learn?

Let me here, as one who is neither Carlist nor Republican, nor a bigot in religion, but who simply wishes well to a country where he has received kindness from all parties, pay a passing tribute to the large-heartedness of the Spaniards. A few weeks since I was in a difficulty, and appealed to a passing stranger, a Spanish fondista (hotel-keeper) for help. The help required was readily and freely given, and, as I shook the hand of my generous friend at parting, I thanked him warmly for his help, and inquired who and what he was. "Never mind what I am," was the ready answer; "Protestant or Catholic, Republican or Carlist, you stood in need of help, and *we are brothers because we are Christians.*"

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE INTERIOR.

You cannot think how entirely different Spanish domestic life is from what it is in England, nor would you credit it were I to tell you how rough and rude is the life of the lower—how ephemeral and purposeless the pursuits of the higher—classes.

Let us take a glimpse of family life in the middle class. The Spanish houses are built chiefly of the hard but porous sand or iron stone, quarries of which abound in the interior; they have some ten or twelve rooms, all of which are paved with stone or large tiles, for in this country of dust and burning heat—the thermometer has varied from 87° to 104° throughout the summer in the shade—no carpets seem to be used, save just in one room, in the heart of the winter. The stable is at the back of the house, and horses, mules, and carriages all pass through the hall just as do the inmates of the house. I have often been taking a "refresco" with the señor and his señora in the hall, and we have had to move the little table to let the servant and his mules pass through! Every morning the "criada," or Spanish maid-servant, takes her watering-pot, and carefully lays the dust, and cools the room with an abundant sprinkling of aqua fresca. At early morn the master rises, and his little cup of chocolate, an egg, and a slice of melon, await him in the sala, or large sitting-room—to English eyes a

most comfortless place; very large, stone-flagged, with a few massive chairs, walls painted in the rudest way, and one large table in the midst. The rooms, owing to the heat, are always kept darkened by means of closed shutters throughout the day—some of the windows have glass, some not; but all are strongly protected, without exception, by a strong cage of massive ironwork outside. The señora has her chocolate in her bed-room, at the open window, enjoying the fresh morning breeze.

All the Spaniards rise as a rule at five or six in the summer, to enjoy the only enjoyable time of the summer day; at one o'clock they have dinner—the comida; and after that follows the two hours' siesta in a darkened room. Evening then draws on, the delicious night-breeze rises and blows freshly from the hills, and the ladies go out in groups to the alameda for the passeo, or walk. Such is the Spanish lady's day. She has, however, her criadas to look after, and, above all, her dresses to make or superintend, and her graceful mantilla to arrange. It is quite a striking sight to pass down the streets from six to eight at night, and see the graceful carriage of the head and the stately upright walk of the Spanish ladies, with their long white dresses trailing behind them in a cloud of dust. How they manage to walk over the rough, unpaved, uneven streets without a trip is a mystery. At about ten all retire to rest, to rise up refreshed for another uneventful day.

As regards the master of the house, he really seems to have but one interest in life, and that is, Politics. He may ride out to view his olive-farm or his mine; and you will certainly meet him in his shop, his casino, or his friend's casa, smoking the inevitable

cigarillo, and chatting, or making a bargain. But there is absolutely no reading of any sort—not even a book of the calibre of a three-volume novel. Politics, politics are everything to him, and of politics he seems never to tire. I was but yesterday talking with a friend here, a professional man, one who would give up all for the sake of "his cause," and during the whole weary evening we seemed to have nothing in common. At last I bethought myself of the unfailing subject, and said, "What is your opinion of Señor Castelar's enforcing the penalty of death again?" In a moment all was changed: his look of utter apathy had given place to the keenest enthusiasm, and knocking the cigarillo out of his mouth, he said, with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, "Castelar is a statesman, a poet, and an orator; he knows and says that, in desperate cases, desperate remedies must be applied; so he does right for awhile to enforce once more capital punishment in our army; for me, I am a Republican of Republicans, and I consider capital punishment opposed to the true spirit of Christianity. I desire nothing for my country but to see her sons free—free to serve their God as they like, as their unfettered conscience tells them; freedom in their families; freedom from slavery in their colonies: *that* is the wish of Heaven; that is my wish also."

You will say, what, then, are the pleasures of the Spaniards? I asked that question too, and received for answer, shooting in the "sierra"; a pic-nic in the "campo"; the annual "ferias" (fairs); and the "baño del rio" (river bath).

It was a piping hot evening in July last, and we were all in this house fairly exhausted with the long unbroken drought and heat, when my friend said,

"Let us join the ladies to-morrow, and get a bath in the river." The thought of any change to break the monotony of daily life, especially the coolness of a bathe in the Guadalquivir, was tempting, and I thankfully accepted the proposal. We had a long ride (three miles) across the "campo," or open country, to get to the river, so it was arranged that we should ride down thither at sunrise, four o'clock, the following morning, the señoras going in a springless covered cart before us.

Before the sun broke into view we were in the saddle, after swallowing a glass of aquadiente, a kind of cognac and aniseed, the spirit of the interior. I shall never forget the wildness of the ride. The morning was quite grey, and a chilly air blowing from the hills, as we passed outside the town walls, and entered upon the threshing-floors. These threshing-floors are simply strips of dusty land, where the corn is brought and threshed. Day by day, all round the town, the unmuzzled oxen are seen treading out the corn; and boys driving tiny little carriages, with wooden spikes, among the rich full ears, round and round the floor. As soon as all is threshed it is stored in sacks, and carried into the camera, or granary, at the top of each house; and the pája, or loose straw-chaff, piled up for the horses' and mules' provender, for Andalucian horses know no taste of hay. As we passed the floors, the guards, gun in hand, were slowly rising up, like ghosts, from their bed of straw, rubbing their eyes, and lighting their cigarillos. These men, who are generally old dependents of the owners, live all day and night on the floors, and one of them told me his health was better in the two months of that duty than all the year round. Huge

dogs, too, were sharing in the duties of the guards, barking at our early footsteps, but never presuming —so well were they trained—to cross over the boundary line of their own "floor."

The ride across the "campo," or open country, was not interesting. It consists here of far-stretching wastes upon wastes, treeless but not barren, for corn, and peas, and oats have been reaped therefrom in *our* months of May and June. There are no sign-posts; and the roads are mere tracks, which the fierce rains of winter obliterate. They are knee-deep in fine dust, and, unless careful, you step into a "crack" and sprain your ankle. The only objects of interest I saw were the enormously high thistles, often twelve or fourteen feet high, covering what were just now corn-fields; and a cloud of white vultures from the Sierra Morena alighting to breakfast on the carcase of an ox which had dropped dead. The only persons we passed were the men and women with their donkeys, laden with fruit for the early morning's market in the Plaza, who saluted us, one and all, with sleepy looks of wonder, and the inevitable Spanish salutation, "Vaya usted con Dios"—*Anglicè*, "God be with you on your journey."

At last the three weary miles of dust and thistles were passed, and the beautiful, silver Guadalquivir—here not far from its source—showed before and beneath us. Just as we came within sight of its silver windings the haze of grey and purple broke away from the sierra, and you saw in a moment the cloud turn into a jagged edge of dark-brown rugged hills, and the whole river and landscape become one mass of hot crimson light. Just as I was gazing at the barren magnificence of the prospect, my companion

called out, "Mind where you are riding to!" and as I looked sharply round, I saw that we had got on to a narrow sloping path, not five feet wide. On the right rose up great boulders of granite rock; far above, half shut out, was the sky of fast deepening blue; on my left was a tremendous chasm, the bed of a mountain torrent now dry, sixty to two hundred feet in sheer depth, running down to the "rio"!

At last we were at the river; and for the first time I stood on the banks of the far-famed Guadalquivir. Our bathing-place and our method were as follows:—First we unsaddled our horses, put a halter on them, and gladly they plunged into our bathing-place to enjoy the bath. I stood still to see the place. A magnificent view it was. A few miles in front, stretching farther than eye could reach, lay the serrated edges of the Sierra Morena. In the river bed all was fertile and green; and all along its peaceful banks, and overhanging its waters, were the beautiful rose-pink oleanders, the "lilies of the valley" of well-loved story. An old mill-house, with its clumsy wheel, and a couple of pomegranates, shaded one corner of this part of the river, and under their shade, sitting up to their shoulders in the water, on the huge round boulders of which the bottom of the river is composed, were groups of Spanish ladies! Truly it *was* a pretty sight. They sat, as though on chairs, clothed to the neck in bathing gowns of the gaudiest colours—red, grey, yellow, and blue; and, holding in one hand their umbrellas, and with the other hand fanning themselves, they formed a most picturesque group.

Just above them we were fain to undress and tumble in; and we, too, like them, sat down on the

boulder chairs (the river was not above four to five feet deep), and lazily allowed the fast-flowing yellow stream—it is *full* of iron and sulphur—to soothe our skin and nerves, and give us strength and coolness.

I thought the bathing promiscuously was enough; but suddenly I heard shouts on the further bank, and a crowd of muleteers and mules came down the rocky incline for *their* morning's bath. In a moment two of the men were undressed, and mules and men struggling about in the yellow water. I narrowly escaped being struck with the front hoof of one of the former. They, like ourselves, sat in the cool current for one hour, then slowly left the rio, and crawled up the bank. For ourselves—ladies and men—we spread our "mantas" (rugs) on the sandy bank, and slowly dressed.

"Will you not bathe once more this summer?" said I to a Spanish lady. "No, indeed not," was the answer. "I have had my baths up to the *odd number*." What her especial odd number was I know not; but all the Spaniards have a fixed number of baths, beyond which they think it wrong to go; and in all cases it must be, they believe, for health's sake, an odd number!

CHAPTER V.

CANTONAL SPAIN.

LET me recur for a moment to two points already mentioned.

Since giving the description of a ceremony which is common to a very few towns in the interior, and is called a "*civil funeral*," another, equally significant, has come under my notice. Like the before-mentioned, it is confined, I fancy, to the lower orders and those of very extreme opinions—it is a ceremony known as a "*civil christening*." The sympathizers march, as before, with their brass band to the house of the newly-born infant, and, after playing a succession of Republican tunes over it, the spokesman of the party names it by some expressive name, as "Liberty," or "Equality," and the like. With this the ceremony is complete. The significance of such a proceeding, as pointing out the march of things, is only too painfully obvious. The mockery of calling it a "christening" is almost calculated, were it not too sad a subject to joke upon, to provoke a smile. Speaking to a Spaniard on this subject, she said,—"Why, I said to these people, '*You can never make a child a Christian* by playing a tune over it,' and the listeners merely smiled."

The next point to which I recur is the Spanish love for politics. It may be interesting to give a short account, while on this subject, of some of the tiny

photographs, sold at two or three pence apiece, with which, during a horse-fair lately held at a town in the interior, the sides of the booths were studded. Here is one: A group of gentlemen, in full dress, are standing round a female figure with flaming torch in one hand and a sword in the other—"Liberty." Around her head is a halo of lustre, and above it the words "Españoles! el rey es impossible." On her breast is a shield, with the inscription—

"Gobierno del pueblo por el pueblo.
Hombre libre en la familia.
Familia libre en el municipio.
Municipio libre en la provincia.
Nacion libre en la humanidad.
Vivan los derechos del hombre."

Underneath the feet of Liberty lie a crown and sceptre shattered to pieces, and tied to her waist are two lion cubs, on their scarves being written "Down with capital punishment!" "Down with slavery!" Among the knot of gentlemen the well-known features of Emilio Castelar and Pi y Margall are easily distinguishable. Surely such little things as these, trivial as they may seem, show that the heart of this once great nation is panting and yearning for that freedom to which she has too long been a stranger, in religious as well as in civil affairs.

The other photographs are of a coarser nature. In one, Spain is represented as a starving gipsy-hag, shivering on the ground; at her back, the palace of Madrid in flames. A frame of nine-pins, each one having for its top the head of some Republican statesman, stands on her right hand, while Carlista and Intransigente are vieing with each other in knocking them over—"one, two, three, down!"

Some of the photographs publicly exhibited in the street, both of a political and of other character, were so grossly coarse and indecent that they would have been criminal in England. Notably so some of the late Queen Isabella.

And now let me come to *the lower classes* and to *the Spanish character*—two subjects closely allied; for nowhere so well-defined and marked are the outlines of Spanish character as in her wholly uneducated masses.

The dress of the lower classes is very varied and picturesque. The women wear a short skirt of some gaudy colour, especially gaudy on holidays; a red, yellow, or snowy-white handkerchief over the head, which forms their only protection (save their magnificently thick tresses of bound-up hair) against the burning, almost tropical sun. Generally they have small, well-formed feet and hands, on the latter of which one or two massive brass or silver rings are seen; on some of these I have noticed the simple word "Recibiado" ("Received"), on others, "No me olbides" ("Forget me not"); while others, again, wear a ring with the image of the saint on whose day they were born. These rings can be bought at the various "ferias," or annual fairs, for sums varying from twopence up to two shillings.

The dress of the men consists of a coloured shirt, a short jacket, and a pair of coarse woollen trousers. They do not wear boots as a rule, but sandals bound with string round the ankle: these sandals are of unbleached leather. Many of the women wear sandals of esparto grass, costing about fourpence; many, again, are barefoot.

There are, however, two articles of dress without

which no man's toilet is complete—the "manta," or rug, used at home to sleep in, and as a covering from rain, or a bed, when on a journey; and the "faja," or waist-belt, pronounced "facca." This last is wholly indispensable: a muleteer, gardener, miner, or bricklayer would gladly do his day's work without his "sombrero," or thick felt pork-pie hat, but without his "faja" it were useless to expect it. Let me describe this necessary article of clothing. It is a long piece of very thin cloth, in length about eight feet, in width about nine inches; in colour, always bright scarlet, black, or crimson. One end is tucked into the trousers just at the waist; it is then wound round and round the waist tightly, forming an elastic bandage about nine or ten inches wide; the remaining end is tucked in tightly, and then the "faja" is complete. The support of this to the back, loins, and abdomen is marvellous, and whether your calling force you to walk, ride, lift, sit upright, or dig, it is equally a comfort. Once get used to it, and you cannot dispense with it. The cheapest of these costs about four pesetas (a peseta is equal to tenpence), and a silk one about four dollars. These are worn in many cases by the better classes also.

Nor is this the only use of the "faja." It serves as the *belt* for the revolver and knife, which are carried by every Spaniard—("Why do you carry a knife?" I asked of a very intelligent Spaniard; and the answer was a very significant one, "I do not know whom I may meet")—and in its ample folds the little purse is kept concealed.

The poorer class of Spaniards carry the whole of their worldly goods about with them; the richer keep all their wealth concealed about their house. In the

towns of the interior no one makes use of a bank; if you ask the reason, and remind them that they lose interest, a Spanish gentleman will say, "Yes; but that is better than to lose the principal."

No Spanish labourer ever walks outside his door without his knife, and those who can afford it carry a revolver too. The knives are clasp-knives, opening with a spring, so as not to close without the spring being purposely loosened, when once opened; in shape they are exactly like the scimitar of old, but taper towards the point, and for about the two last inches are two-edged. Some of them, evidently made solely for the purpose of fighting, are a foot long in the handle and as much in the blade. Such a one was bought, out of curiosity, by an acquaintance of mine at a fair not long since. On reaching his house, he opened it in the presence of his criada, or maid-servant. Truly it was a hungry, hideous-looking weapon; it seemed to thirst for blood. The poor criada shook her head. "Ah," she said, "Señor, Señor; a few years back, in the good old times, you would have had five years at Cuba for being in possession of such a weapon."

This is true enough, and the law to which she referred is, I believe, still unrepealed; but in these days of (almost) utter licence and anarchy, these knives—generally with the motto on the blade, "Viva la Republica Democratica Federal"—are sold by the thousand, openly, in every street and market-place. An ordinary one, used either for stabbing or for eating, is from four to six inches long in the handle, and as much in the blade.

The Spaniards have regular duels with these knives; and a well-matched pair of duellists will cut

and thrust for ten minutes, each turning aside the thrusts of his adversary on his "sombrero," or thick felt hat. Some men are great adepts, and are known to have killed two and even three adversaries, though the crime may not have been brought home to them.

A short time ago a man was carried into the hospital badly hurt by a stab. One of the official guards of the town examined the wound, and shook his head sagely. "I know well enough," said he, "whose hand dealt *that* thrust." On being asked, he said he knew by the character and disposition of the stab, and the spot where it was aimed at, whose practised hand had been at work.

While on the subject of knives, I must be allowed to make a still further digression.

There is a wide-spread impression among Englishmen that the knife is a weapon used always by stealth, and one that needs no skill. This is far from being the truth, or, at least, the whole truth. The general run of things when the knife is used is this:— Two men have a quarrel; words wax higher and higher; they repair to a little road-side *venta*, and drink a *copa* or two of vile wine. This heats their passion still more: they repair outside the house, knives are drawn, sombreros taken off. Both receive several cuts, and at last one falls mortally wounded. As a rule, the Spanish use of the knife is not "a stab in the dark and run-away" affair. It is a quarrel between two men, both of whom are on the alert. In times of festivity, such as the annual fairs, it is no uncommon thing for as many as nine or ten men to be carried off to the hospital mortally wounded.

Once more I recur to some of the other habits of the lower classes.

Their fare is the very simplest. Bread and fruit, and fruit and bread, with now and then, for the men, a "caña" (wine-glass) of Val-de-Peñas (the rough red wine of the country), is the staple of their sustenance. The only thing about which the Spaniards, high and low, are really particular, is their water.

In a country where the women drink nothing whatever but agua (water) from year's end to year's end, and the men little else, it is quite necessary to have that little good; and good it is in all cases. Go into the poorest hut, only tenanted by a few wood-cutters or itinerant miners, and ask for a cup of water, and the little "jarro," or porous four-mouthed water-jar, will be unhooked from the peg where it hangs in the sun, and you will have a drink of the purest, coldest water, from the choicest spring—water perhaps brought from a distance of three miles by the water-carrier. Only be sure you hold the jarro up above your head with both hands, and pour the water down your throat in a refreshing stream, for your manners are voted simply indecent if you touch the brim with your lips.

As regards education, the lower classes have absolutely none. Seventy per cent. can neither read nor write. There are no schools to speak of in the interior: even for the higher classes there are no governesses, and it is no uncommon thing to find a well-born lady not *very* well up to writing a letter. The lower orders are, of course, grossly superstitious. Fortune-tellers abound. There is, however, a vast deal of natural courtesy, natural wit, natural intelligence. Uncultured and uneducated as he is, the Spanish poor man has the manners of a thorough gentleman. Go to the lowest road-side "venta"

(public-house), and elbow your way amid the throng who are drinking their *vino tinto*, and you will find a courtesy and a kindness to which an English road-side tavern is a stranger. The space you need will be cleared; your bad Spanish will be interpreted by some bystander for you; the "copa" of wine will be freely offered you (for your Spanish peasant is *very* generous), and the inevitable cigarillo will be offered you ere you leave. You will then be politely helped on to your horse, and receive, in a chorus, the usual viaticum, "Vaya usted con Dios," from one and all.

Again, the poor Spaniard is witty, though he *has* no education. From the time of Sancho no one enjoys a joke so thoroughly as he.

A Spanish boatman, of the lowest class, had picked up a smattering of broken English. As he rowed me across the ferry, he asked for a light for his cigarillo, and when I handed him one of my last Bryant & May's patent safety matches, looking at its colossal and substantial stem, he said, "*English* INDEED—*fine-growing timber—regular deals.*" I afterwards learnt that he had been unloading "deals" with some of my countrymen.

Another instance is this. A poor little cat the other day tumbled into my well, a depth of forty feet. With the assistance of the servant, I got her out. On telling the man-servant of all the trouble we had had, and how rejoiced I was at the skill of his fellow-servant, "La salvadora de los gatos" (the saviour of the cats), he said, "Yes, you could only have done *one thing better than get her out—leave her in.*"

Again, as to the *intelligence* of the lower classes, they have a theory, and they illustrate it in practice, that you can tell every person's character by his eye

and gait, and in their estimate of human character they rarely fail. Their perception partakes quite of the marvellous. Witness this instance.

Some little time ago two men were caught by the officials, and charged with a robbery upon a large scale. As is usually the case in Spain, they were interrogated first by the lowest of the officials; both men stoutly swore they knew nothing whatever of it. The official scanned with a keen, scrutinizing glance the bold, reckless faces of the two men before him, and then said, "Take *this* (pointing to one) outside for a few minutes till I come to speak to him; then," added he, aside, "I have a MEDICINE that will make *him* tell us all. As to the other, he is that sort of man that you can never get anything out of." He afterwards went out and administered to the one outside a good sound thrashing with a hazel-rod, and after a few strokes the hero confessed his own guilt—a fact the truth of which was abundantly proved afterwards by other and further evidence. The other man, who subsequently received a tremendous sentence, after being clearly proved guilty, refused to acknowledge his own guilt, and would not disclose the name of the receivers, though his half-pardon was made conditional upon his so doing.

CHAPTER VI.

SPANISH POOR.

THE position of the young unmarried women of the lower orders in Spain next claims our attention. Certainly the contrast between the perfect freedom of the daughter of the family in England, and the seclusion and strictness under which her Spanish sisters' days are passed, is a very striking feature in the domestic arrangements of the interior. In the lower walks of life the Spanish maiden is absolutely a prisoner—the prisoner of her madre, or her "tia," or aunt—until a kind Providence gives her a husband. No Spanish maiden, however poor, or however low her rank, can ever walk alone in the street, even for a few paces: if she do so her character is gone. She cannot go out to service unless her madre or tia be in the same service; and hence all the "criadas," or maid-servants, are widows who are allowed to have their children in their master's house, under their own eye, or unmarried over forty. The Spanish maiden has her choice of only two walks of life, until married life and a husband's protection become her own. Up to the time of her marriage she may either, if her father and mother be alive, go to a tailor's shop each day, returning at night, thus earning a few pence, and learning a trade. She is escorted thither and homewards by her mother, whose tottering steps and grey hair often contrast strangely with the

upright carriage and stately walk of the daughter by her side. While at work during the day she is under the care of the "maestro," or master tailor, who sits among his bevy of fair maidens at the open door, and superintends their work. All the "tailoring" is done in this way. You first of all buy the amount of cloth you need at a linen-draper's; it is then taken to the tailor's house, and he takes your measure, and reports upon the amount and fitness of the cloth, and sets his maidens to work. A good Spanish servant, if you get a tailor to cut the cloth, will thus, at odd hours, make a capital suit of clothes. If the Spanish maidens, however, have a mother who is a widow, or who has no settled home with her husband, and is for this cause obliged to go out to service to earn her bread, the maiden will probably be with her mother, and, receiving little or no wages, take an idle share in the household duties, and receive each evening—of course, in her madre's presence—the visits of her lover. Most of these girls have their lover, who, after his day's work is over, saunters idly, cigarillo in hand, into the kitchen which contains his Isidra, Maria, or Isabel—for these girls have very fine names—and perform his courting. The mother's watchful eye and ear are ever open, and the mother herself ever at hand. As to saying a single word, or, at least, having a walk or a good English "chat" *alone*, the young couple never even dream of such a thing. To so great an extent is this system of motherly surveillance carried, that should you call the mother away for a few minutes, she will not leave the young couple alone, but will order the young man to go out for some trifling article, or call the daughter to her side, that they may not have a private talk.

This seems strange, unnatural, and unneeded. The mother, during this period, treats her daughter quite like a child. If she does wrong—no matter though she be on the very eve of marriage—the mother administers a sound beating with her fists, and sometimes even a sound kicking. "Upon my word," said a pretty Spanish maiden thus situated, to me, "I really begin to think my mother is a bad old woman for beating me so." The Spanish mother has *no idea* of *trusting* her daughters; nor do they ever attempt the least religious or moral culture. Their system is to prevent any impropriety simply by external precautions. And I must say that the majority of poor girls, when led to the altar, would present a marked contrast in *purity* to an equal number of our English agricultural labourers' daughters. In Spain the daughter's purity is the mother's highest pride. Mother and daughter, though constantly quarrelling, and even coming to blows, are very fond of each other; and the old woman, when they go out shopping together, will carry the heavy basket, or cesta, under the burning sun, that she may not spoil her daughter's queenly walk; her dull eye, too, will grow moist with a tear, and her worn face will kindle with absolute softness and sweetness, if an English señor express his admiration of her child's magnificent hair or flashing black eyes. The poor old mother, too, will save and save, she will deny herself her morsel of "carne" or meat, and her little "caña"* of wine, on feast-days (and these poor creatures' luxuries are few indeed at best), that she may buy a ring or ear-rings of gold, to grace her daughter at the "Feria," and shame her rivals.

* Caña is the LOW Spanish phrase for half a tumbler of wine.

The moment, however, that the daughter is married all this is at an end. The mother, to use a vulgar, but very expressive phrase, "washes her hands of" her care. From the moment of the completion of the marriage ceremony, the mother declines all responsibility, seldom goes to her daughter's house, and treats her almost as a stranger.

Among the higher classes, although different in kind, the treatment of the young unmarried maiden is almost as strict. She, too, like her humbler sister, can never have the privilege of seeing her lover in private, and very rarely indeed, if ever, is he admitted into the sala where she is sitting. He may contrive to get a few minutes' chat with her through the barred windows of her sala; but when a Spaniard leads his wife from the altar, he knows no more of her character, attainments, and disposition, than does the priest who marries them, and, perhaps, not so much. Happiness under such circumstances can hardly be expected as a rule, and yet the married life of the Spaniard, if not brilliantly happy, seems, at least, calmly peaceful. The pleasures of husband and wife lie in different directions, and each leaves the other free to follow out and enjoy them as he or she best can. They are not much together again, and in sunny Spain there is no fireside gathering—indeed, there are no fire-places, only "braseros" of charcoal —to bring husband and wife together in sustained intercourse. There is a very striking law in Spain, the very existence of which proves, better than any words of mine, the strictness with which the Spanish maiden is guarded, and the absolute authority of her parents. Its provisoes are these: Should a Spanish lad and lassie become attached to one another, and

the parents absolutely forbid the match, and refuse their daughter liberty and permission to marry, the lover has his remedy at law. He has but to make a statement of the facts on paper, and deposit it, signed and attested, with the alcalde, or mayor, of the township in which the lady's parents dwell. The alcalde then makes an order, giving the young man the right of free entry into the house in question within a certain number of days, for the purpose of wooing and carrying off his idol. The parents dare not interfere with the office of the alcalde, and the lady is taken to her lover's arms. From that moment he, and he alone, is bound to provide for her: by his own act and deed she has become his property. Cases have happened where the parents' judgment has been proved, by the bitter experience of their unhappy child, to have been the best, the would-be husband having turned out to be a seducer. But the law comes upon him with all its force, and he is bound to maintain her, in every way, as a wife, under pain of punishment. The whole Spanish law on the question of bastardy is very stringent, and bears severely—and deservedly so—on the man.

CHAPTER VII.

SPANISH CHARACTER.

In seeking to present a general and impartial outline of Spanish life in the interior, I promised to give some estimate of the Spanish character. The first thing you will notice as a leading characteristic is its *exceeding passionateness*. Whether this may be due in any measure to the fiery sun of their climate or no, I cannot say. Many thoughtful men with whom I have conversed upon this subject believe that such is the case. But the fact remains: no race is so fiery as this. The rule with the Spaniards of the lower order is a word and a blow. It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that the uneducated Spaniard is *vindictive* in nature—quite the reverse. His anger, soon up, is soon down again, and the insult under which he smarted forgotten, whether it has been avenged or no. The only safe way to deal with these men when angry is never to thwart, answer, argue with, or irritate them at the moment when their passion is boiling over. "Speak an angry Spaniard fair," and very soon his anger will calm down, and he will become a rational being again. More than this—he will be willing and glad to acknowledge his fault, and shake hands and be on friendly terms again.

A case in point here occurs to my mind. A friend of mine, while out riding, came suddenly, at a bend in the road, on two angry men, who were just in the

act of drawing the knife upon one another. Contrary to the advice and entreaty of his companions, he sprang instantly from his horse, rushed in between them, separated, and expostulated with the combatants. The men, maddened with passion, deemed his arguments and entreaties worthless and an interference. At last one of them let fall the fact that they (the duellists) were brothers. Instantly my friend made use, and good use, of this point. "Sirs," said he, "would you, who sucked the same mother's breast, go down to the grave, one of you with a brother's blood on your soul!" For a moment the men's better feelings were aroused; the younger brother drew back, and sheathed his knife. "Right you are, señor," he said; "badly, shamefully, as my elder brother has treated me, I have no right to draw upon him; he is my brother, after all—my *elder* brother." My friend took the young fellow's arm, and walking beside his horse led him slowly away from the scene of temptation. Homeward they went, talking about indifferent matters, until at last they reached the "casa" of my friend. On entering it, this man (the younger combatant) said, while the tears streamed down his brown wooden face, "You are *my friend.* Thanks to God, I lie down to-night with hands not wet with my brother's blood." The men were miners, and of the lowest class of itinerant Spaniards.

Again—and possibly as a natural consequence of these frequent and deadly crimes, committed with the ever-ready knife — the Spaniard's utter disregard, utter recklessness about shedding man's blood, comes in here as another marked feature of Spanish character. The Spaniard thinks nothing at all of the higher and deeper aspects of his crime; he thinks

nothing, perhaps because he has *been taught nothing*, of the responsibility of sending his own soul or his neighbour's, without one moment's warning, to its last account. True, he feels a certain remorse, and a certain terror of the law may cause him to tremble. But, if his crime be not found out, with the morning sun his remorse has passed away. The brother's blood has dried upon the knife, and he can cut and eat his melon with the self-same blade without a pang, perhaps without a thought. And this disregard of human life does not entirely confine itself to the utterly ignorant classes. Like a vile infection, it spreads to those around. Two men, fighting in our streets, with revolver and knife, a few weeks since, both fell mortally wounded. Of course not one of the ring of bystanders had lifted a hand to prevent so ghastly a termination of what, in its commencement, had been but a trivial quarrel. The bystanders, I grieve to say, never do interfere. The two men were carried to the hospital; and on speaking to one of the chief officers of justice about the affair, "Yes," said he, lighting his cigarillo, "one is dead, and the other, I fancy, is *just walking on the border-land.*" With these words he quietly dismissed the subject. Another case, illustrating what I have said, here occurs to me. I went into a wayside venta with a friend, a Spanish gentleman, for a glass of the common rough red wine of the country, the Val-de-Peñas. Two men, words running high between them, entered soon afterwards: one drew his knife, with an oath. The hostess did not cease filling the copas of her customers. My friend, a really humane and good man, merely uttered the single word "Knife!" and, drawing my arm through his own, dragged me out.

Noticeably in warfare long continued—if we are to believe what has been written—the mind gets used to deeds of violence when so constantly presented to its view; and so, I suppose, it is in the case I allude to. But it is absolutely shocking to see how callous the lower classes have become to these swift, fierce deeds of blood.

"I wonder," said an educated man to me the other day, "how many men will be stabbed at the Feria *this* year."

I think any comment of mine upon this speech would be wholly superfluous. There is one reflection that I cannot help making here—one question that constantly presents itself to my mind, when I see the fearfully low state of religious and moral culture to which the masses in this country have been suffered to become a prey—it is this, *Who is to blame for these things?* Here is a country with undreamed-of mineral wealth; with vast resources of timber uncut, and of land uncultivated; with vineyards to the full as rich as those of sunny France, and with a glowing climate; yet her poor have no education, and nothing but huts to live in; her roads are mere tracts, all trace of which the winter storms carry away; and, above all, not only mental, but religious culture is a stranger to the masses; and who is to blame for these things?

The Spaniard, again, is a man *full of courage.* But it is courage of a certain and peculiar kind, and his courage is made up of paradoxes. He is reckless of his own life, and will fight with an adversary far his superior in skill. He is a daring horseman, and a still more daring driver. In the bull-ring or personal combat he shines for courage and adroitness; and yet in some things he is strangely timid.

As a soldier in the ranks, he has been proved not to be always very plucky, by the experience of past warfare. But I account for this upon this theory, that, being only semi-civilized, the Spaniard, like all semi-barbarians, cannot rely upon his comrades. These men do *not*, in trading or in fighting, loyally and fully *trust* one another. Then, again, the "presence" of a brave and yet unarmed man—his mere voice and presence—will awe two or three armed Spaniards. Again, in illness he is very timid: once the foe has fairly got him in its grip, the Spaniard gives up hope, and gives himself up to, as he calls it, "his fate."

So, then, his courage is made up of paradoxes, and I account for the fact in this way, that the nation is really only semi-civilized, and shares the characteristics of other semi-civilized peoples. Like them, the Spaniard knows no reliance on his comrades *en masse;* like them, he knows nothing of combination as a secret of strength; like them, he has not the full and free and absolute trust in God as the Defender of the right.

Yet, as a soldier, the Spaniard's patience under privations is of no common order, and his exceeding endurance of hunger, thirst, and nakedness would put to shame the endurance of an English infantry man.

I pass on to two bright spots in Spanish character —sobriety, and the politeness of all classes. The Spaniard, however ignorant, has naturally the manners and the refined feeling of a gentleman. A rude speech, a laugh at a foreigner's expense, would be voted simply indecent by him. Should an Englishman so far forget himself as to become

"drunk and incapable" in a Spanish town, I believe he would be politely carried home and his purse restored to his pocket. The Spaniard, again, is *no drunkard;* as he himself says, "I know when I have had enough." Rare as may be his opportunities of getting stimulants, he would not pass the bounds of moderation when the opportunity of drinking at another's expense is offered him.

Then the Spaniard, again, is *very contented.* Ask him why he does not ask more wages, and he would often say, "It is too much trouble," but oftener still, "I have enough." He is not, certainly, a "saving man"; on the contrary, *most* improvident. He reads the motto, "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," in its *wrong* sense, and he acts upon it.

In some other relations of life the Spaniard of the lower class does not shine. In a country where the very bread, the very existence of two out of every three men depends solely on "his beast," one would expect to find many merciful men. But such is not the rule. The Spaniard never calls his mule or donkey by any pet name; he calls the one "Mulo" (mule), pronounced "Moo-----lo!" and the other "Borrico"* (donkey), pronounced "Bo----reeko!" You hear the ominous sound "Moolo," and, instantly following it, a shower of blows and kicks, too often wholly undeserved. A bad-tempered mule or donkey driver will actually, if his beast be obstinate, seize its ear and bite until the blood streams down. This disregard of the sufferings of the rest of the creation seems to be sucked in with their mothers' milk, for

* The exact meaning of *borrico* is "*little* donkey," it being the diminutive.

boys of seven and eight years old will stand at the corner of a street, where some poor donkey is tethered, and beat it mercilessly with an ashen staff, wielded with both hands, the passers-by never dreaming of interfering the while! So with the dog: he is beaten, not to correct and amend his faults, but simply to avenge the fault he has been guilty of.

The one pleasure, amounting to a passion, of all classes in this country is *gambling* of every sort. In the street, the cottage, the casino, the fair, are lotteries, pitch-farthing, cards, roulette-tables, and every sort of gaming, to be found.

So let me end. Passionate, but rarely revengeful; careless of others' lives, yet equally so of his own; more enduring and contented than courageous as a soldier; very generous of what he has; sober, but not very chaste; polite and kind, but not very truthful; cruel, and yet withal warm-hearted; not patriotic, yet very fond of his country; proud, and yet ready to serve and help,—the Spaniard has many noble qualities. But he needs education of heart and mind, moral as well as mental culture. That given him in greater abundance, he would be a noble friend and a by no means contemptible foe.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME SORROWS OF THE POOR.

I MUST endeavour to bring to a close my chapter on the general view of Spanish life and character in the interior. I have sought to bring out vividly and impartially a true picture of Spanish life and manners, and to describe the state of some of these townships of the interior as it really is. I have taken you from the poor to the well-to-do; from the town to the country; from troubles to peacefulness. Let me gather up some details that still remain to make my picture as clear as I can.

Let me premise that it is almost with a feeling of sadness—at any rate, of depression—that I begin these chapters; for in them, to be truthful, I must give rather a gloomy background to the many bright traits in the character of these people, the reproduction of which has given me sincere pleasure. It may be that, like the Spaniard himself, one is too prone, under these bright and cloudless skies—where day after day reproduces itself only more bright and yet more bright than the last—to dwell upon the bright side, and forget what is equally true, yet far from bright or encouraging.

But, as our home poet has said, with touching simplicity,—

> "Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn;"

and one must walk at times through the shadow, and be content to grasp the thorn.

I have not sufficiently dwelt upon the low, the very low, state of morals among the higher classes; and the ignorance, the rudeness, the semi-civilized state of the masses. Let me speak of the latter first, for with *them* I am most at home. Ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-taught, or rather *untaught*, and uncared-for—a hopeless, objectless being, feeling no responsibility for the present or the future. Such is the peasant of the interior, be he farm labourer, blacksmith, fruit-seller, water-carrier, gipsy, horse-dealer, or what he may. He seems to be unable to read, or write, or think, or love, or hope, or pray, or plan. With him there is no light. Into darkness, social, moral, religious, and intellectual, he is born as his heritage; in that darkness he spends, and in that darkness he is content to end his days. Come with me for a stroll—although *unarmed* a stroll is by no means a secure pleasure—into the campo, or wild country, and visit the hut of a friend of mine, a poor fruit-seller, and we will pass a few hours of one day with him. His little shanty stands alone near his dry, half-tilled garden; and you look in vain for a smiling village or a substantial farm or country house. His hut—let us call it "shanty"—stands alone amid the thistles, its poverty its best protection. It is formed of three walls of rude, unfashioned, unhewn stone, bound together with no mortar. You must stoop low to enter it; it is roofed with reeds from the Guadalquivir, or with brushwood from the steepes of the sierra; its door is a hurdle, laced with green brushwood and rushes, from the neighbouring bosque (coppice). There is one rough settle in the dark room, and on it lie the two "mantas," the use of which I explained in a former chapter. The floor is the earth and dust. Here

is the mistress, a knife stuck in her girdle. You must not look for beauty or tidiness in her wooden, mahogany-coloured face; and you wonder at her stride, like a man's, and her muscled arms, and rough voice. Yet, remember, she has to work very hard; and the Spanish old woman (madre) of the lower class is always a masculine-looking hag. She has no chair, but courteously apologizes for its absence, and throws down a "manta" on the floor for you to sit on. Suddenly, you hear at your ear the cackling of hens, the crowing of a cock; she sees, with ready Spanish perception, that you are puzzled, and pushes aside, not the bed linen, but the brushwood, and there, under the settle, is the "roost" full of poultry! There, too, is her little jarra of water, "agua clara," and the provisions for the scanty "comìa" (we drop the *d* in "comida" in the interior), the flat cake of coarse bread, and the melon, or the white grapes. She will tell you, with a woman's tact (though it is not, perhaps, strictly true), "We are all in the rough, for the winter rains are coming, and then we go to take a house" (*she means a quarter of a room*) "in the town." The little vineyard, or melon, or vegetable ground of this man is close to his house, and daily he takes his produce to the Plaza (market-square) of the adjoining towns. Just now he is taking his siesta, rolled in his manta in this room, too indolent to move. At sundown he trots behind his donkey, with its panniered sides well galled with "melones" or grapes; and we will follow him along the dusty track—we boast no roads—with his baggy canvas trousers, esparto-grass sandals, and huge knife stuck in his faja. About ten o'clock he arrives in the street, which, running out of the market, serves for stables for the beasts and

bed-room for the owners of these panniers of fruit. He loosens his pannier from his donkey's back, and lets the air get to the inside of the packet of fruit; then tethers his donkey to the side of the street, rolls himself up in his manta, lights his cigarillo, and falls fast asleep by his fruit. It is a strange sight to pass about midnight along these streets adjoining the fruit-market,—the rows of donkeys, the hundreds of sleeping forms, undistinguishable from the fruit and sacking, the fresh sickly damp smell of fruit hanging heavy on the air; and just beyond the Plaza, with its every tent now lying on the ground covering the fruit, and a tiny oil lamp burning faintly to show where the stall and the stall-keeper and the fruit are, all lying under the rough tent like a lot of half-empty sacks.

At 3·30 the market opens, and at four to five it is, in truth, a lively sight. From every house in the town comes a representative; and from every rich house a criada, her basket on her arm, to buy fruit, bread, and game (for there is little beef or mutton killed in the summer months) for the day's consumption. The little tents of the fruit vendors are of the most primitive and varied shapes, dirty canvas stuck in fantastic shapes upon one or more sticks; underneath their shade lie the heaps of glowing fruit, the red flame-coloured tomato, the red and yellow pomegranate, the purple fig, the yellow, or dark-green melon, the plum, the apple, and the grape, all in profuse abundance, all sold at the uniform rate of five farthings the pound!

The rich colours of the fruit, the chattering of those that buy and sell, the gaudy colours of dress of the people, with the tinkling of hundreds of mule and donkey bells, and the shouts of the muleteers, who can hardly pick their way through the eager throng,

—all these together make up a scene for an artist's pencil. I strolled down one day at five o'clock, when a column, 2,000 strong, of General Pavia's army had entered the town on the night preceding, and the Plaza was thronged, and stripped of all its luscious stores; but I shall never forget the sight: the uniforms of the soldiery, their shoeless sandalled feet, the bright fruit, and the fierce competition for it, in the early morning sunlight, formed a scene at once busy and beautiful.

Sunday, alas! though the "Domingo" (Lord's day), is the busiest day of all. Sunday, which brings rest to the tired millions in our own land, brings none to these. True, the bells are clashing and clanging all the day, but, save a few pious or frightened women, in many of these towns there is no congregation at all. On Sunday, bricklayers build, carpenters rend, and shops drive a roaring trade. To a certain, but *very small* extent, the "feast days" make up for the Sunday's rest. Thus, a devout man will say to his employers, "To-day is the festival of the saint after whom I was christened," and his holiday will at once be granted to him, and to some of his chief friends. Then, he can pray or confess in the morning, and have a feast in the afternoon.

Now for the closing scene in the life of the Spanish poor. Ill health and old age must come at last, and bread cannot be won any longer. He has no work-house or "parish pay" to look to, and so he must either beg his bread from door to door, as do many, or live on the grudging charity of relatives; or, as is often the case, he must be content, for the term that remains to him, to be a "dependent" of the master for whom he once worked, or of some charitable rich man. These masters, in the larger houses and

"palacios" of the towns, are very kind to their old servants. At eight or nine o'clock you will be surprised by observing crowds of these poor, worn, ragged creatures sitting inside the courtyard, and round the outer doors of some of the great ones, waiting for alms and food. Often I have been thus most forcibly reminded of the Parable of the Great Teacher, framed on this spectacle. Like the certain poor man, of whom He spoke, they are laid at the rich man's gate; like him, too, they desire only to eat of the crumbs which fall from his abundant table. There, too, you may often see the dogs—great, rough hounds kept for guards—passing up and down the string of sitting suppliants, and greeting with a lick or a kiss some old acquaintance!

Such, to its end, is the Spanish peasant's life. And is not the picture all too dull? No joys of education while away his time. I have never yet seen above three books read in the market, and they were hardly decent! No cottage home or peaceful village is his, where his weakening eyes may see his sons and daughters growing up around him. Hard, coarse fare, with hard lodging—this, without one ray of religious hope and light to lighten his darkness—is his hard and bitter lot.

Would you follow him one step further? There is a little, walled-in spot of sandy, rocky ground, some two miles outside the town from which I write—it is the cimenterio, where at last his bones are laid in peace, waiting for the touch of that Magic Wand which one day is to make all things new. I entered that sacred ground, a few nights since, for the first time. Much as I had heard of the beauty of burial-yards abroad, I looked at least for decency and clean-

liness. The first thing that struck me, as I opened the gate and took off my hat, was the sickly, putrid smell, that well-nigh caused me to vomit. Close before me, on a rough-hewn and unlettered stone, stood two tiny coffins; the lids (always of glass) were not screwed down. I pushed one aside, and there, beautiful even in death, were the rich tresses and pink cheeks of a child of some eight summers. The other was the coffin of an infant. Both bodies were wrapped, as is customary here, in coloured silver-paper—for the clothes are *burnt* invariably, as they might be a temptation to some dishonest person to exhume the coffin from its shallow grave. Just then I looked down, and lo! the whole place was covered with human bones, lying on the surface. The evening breeze rose and fell, coming from the distant Sierra Morena, and wafted to my feet—it *clung around* my feet—a light, loose mass of long and tangled hair. Stooping down to look, I saw that there was plenty of it about; on the gravestones, and around the dry thistles, which grew in abundance, it twined and clung. There was no grass, no turf—only sand, and rocks peeping out. This, then, was the end of life's brief drama here: the rude end of a still ruder life! I saw no tombstones worthy of the name. I asked the old gravedigger, when he would bury the two little coffins? "Mañana" (to-morrow), he answered; "but the place is so full, I hardly know where to scrape a hole."

Just then I heard the strains of martial music coming near. A civil funeral came, heralded by its band; and as the shades of evening fell, one more coffin was deposited on the rude blocks of stone, to wait until the morrow's dawn.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE SORROWS OF THE POOR.

THE lot of the Spanish poor is not an enviable one. Nor will Spain be happy, or her masses religious, or ripe for that liberty for which, while as yet immature for it, they yearn so ardently, until education is made a compulsory matter throughout the length and breadth of the land. In Germany every parent is bound to send his child to school, for so many years, from the age of seven, unless he hand in a medical certificate to the effect that the child's health will not allow of his so doing. In England, the very land of National Schools, the same restriction, I believe, has lately been deemed advisable. Here, of all lands, it is absolutely indispensable. But, first, good schools must be formed. "Why," asked I of a parent, some few days since, "do not you send your three niños (young ones) to school?"—"So I did, for a time," was the answer, "until I discovered that they learned everything that they should not, and nothing that they should learn."

Another sad feature in Spanish life in the interior is the utter *absence of patriotism*. There seems to be spread abroad a general feeling of distrust and of questioning—"For what are we to fight?" "Why should we die?" There is no patriotic feeling among the lower, very little, properly so called, among the higher classes. With the lower classes, their whole object now seems to be to escape the "Quinta," or

conscription, held annually in every town. Let me give you a telling instance, which came to my own notice. A large town near to my present residence was required, at its country's urgent need, to furnish at once a levy of 150 men out of a population numbering more than 30,000—no very great tax, one would think, when a country is in the very throes of dissolution and dismemberment. Of those who were drawn, not more than fifty were found ready and willing to answer to the final call. Some escaped to the sierra; some, who had it in their power, escaped service by bribery, securing to themselves from the officials immunity from this threatened hardship on the ground of bad health and unfitness for military service.

The reason of all this dereliction of duty is possibly to be traced to the following facts:—First, that the people absolutely do not know whether the cause for which they are to fight is a righteous one; next, they do not know for what they are to fight, for to-morrow —so rapid are the "crises" here—may witness a complete change of policy, or a new Government; and, again, the country is in so wretched a state, that the majority of those who think at all decide that their present position is one barely worth the sacrifice of taking up arms in its behalf; and, lastly, the Spanish soldier has "a hard time of it." Badly fed, badly clothed, badly paid, he yet endures much with cheerfulness and patience, often marching, with his sandalled or bare feet, twenty-five miles under the tropical sun; yet when brought up to the scratch he fights well. Of what avail, however, is his valour or his endurance? If the sun of the morrow should bring defeat or change of Government, all his chance

of promotion or reward falls to the ground, and some beardless puppy may take the reward which a veteran has gained by many noble deeds, and fought for, or at least deserved, on many fields.

Some such causes as these, it seems to me, must be held to account for the present absence of patriotic feeling, for, in minor cases, the spirit of patriotism is seen to be present and alive. Some weeks since, in the fiery heat of summer, when the sierras offered a cool retreat for hundreds of the Intransigentes of the interior, a body of the more violent of the latter threatened to strike a blow at the existence—by sacking the strong-box—of a large English firm. No sooner did the unlettered Spanish *employés* of that company hear of the situation than a guard of some hundreds of them volunteered, without reward, to patrol night and day around the offices of the company. In this case, they had high wages and generous employers to fight for!

Then, as to the patriotic feeling of the higher classes in the interior, it is certainly at a very low ebb indeed. Bribes go about very freely; and, a few weeks since, were as freely received, to evade service!

As to *religion*, again, it is at a fearfully low ebb in the interior; and one naturally asks the question,—Why so? Is the fault to be found in the especial phase of Christianity grafted upon this people? Certainly no religious faith has ever been nursed more, and brought up, as it were, by hand, than that branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain. Up to a few short years ago, the clergy, as self-ordained teachers of this vast nation, had it (to use a trite saying) "all their own way." They were protected, during the sovereignty of Queen Isabella, more strictly

than any of her subjects; their rights, revenues, doctrines, were guarded with a jealousy that knew not where to stop.

An Englishman who, ignorantly, merely took off his hat, and did not dismount also from his horse, as the "Host" passed him in the street, was in this town dragged from his horse by order of the priests, and fined or imprisoned for the offence. And what work have the clergy done? What revolution have they brought about, fighting, as it were, under cover? What blessing have they brought about for their country? Simply nothing. True, the material they have had to work upon has been of the rudest kind, but *something* might have been done, if but little. Had the clergy merely exerted themselves to get a law passed making education compulsory, the good springing from such an act would have been boundless. But it was not so. Feeling all in their own hands, they were well content to rest on their oars, and think, fondly enough, that "to-morrow would be as this day, and still more abundant." The clergy of the State Church in England certainly, in their zeal for education, present a marked contrast to their brethren here, for they did buckle to work and educate their flocks by means of National and Sunday Schools. The clergy of the State Church in England, again, especially in our large towns, are now, in this their day, endeavouring to meet and satisfy, and not stifle, the inquiring spirit of the age in which their lot is cast. The clergy of the interior of Spain, though kind and good to their poor, have been content to stifle, or not acknowledge the existence of, such a spirit in their land. They, in the zenith of their power, simply sat still. And what has been the

result? Simple irreligion, or blank superstition. The "civil funeral" and the "civil christening," the empty churches, the covered heads of the men as the religious processions pass by, the cynical profession of many of the educated men, "I am a Protestant," which means, "*I belong to no Church at all;* I am a Doubter, or a Materialista,"—all these little things are evidences that the clergy knew not the days of their visitation, or that the faith they had to preach had not within it salt enough. Now, the position of the clergy in the interior is cruel indeed; their influence is on the wane, their incomes are cut down to nominal sums; many have been driven to lay aside their robes and seek their bread by other means; the poor — whom once they were glad generously to feed—are suffering from hunger, cold, and wretchedness.

A few nights since I stood with raised hat as the "Host" passed by, heralded by its many lamps of many colours; the viaticum was being carried to some dying Christian. Suddenly a drove of pigs came squeaking down a street close by; women in mute adoration were on their knees on the pavement, sightly and devoutly enough; men were divided into hats-on and hats-off, but the majority was of the latter class. The pigs charged the procession, and, to my horror, a loud and audible titter ran through the lantern-bearers, which became a horse-laugh in the mouths of the pig-drivers.

The picture, slight as it is, here drawn of religion is depressing indeed, you will say. But with the virtuous and the educated, the oft-repeated dictum of Señor Castelar has increasing force—"I turn from the uncertainty, the vanity of what is of human

invention in religion. to the example of Him who suffered to set me an example: that, I know, is true: it is abnegation of self: I strive, I pray, and looking at Him, feel that grace will be given to follow His example."

As regards the *Laws and the Administration of Justice*, let me say a word. No laws are better adapted for her people in her present state than the laws of Spain, were they well administered. But, from judge down to constable, bribery and corruption prevail. "Why," said a friend of mine to a Spaniard who had been greatly wronged, "why do you not seek redress?"—"Because I have not got £40 to give to the judge."

There is this excuse, however, for the poor Spanish official. His Government gives him no remuneration, and expects everything of him; and so, the temptation being strong, and public feeling not at all sensitive, the official pockets his bribe and then administers "justice." Where bribery, absence of definite faith, and absence of education and patriotism, are found, one is not surprised to find a very lax state of domestic morals. All or most of these seem to me to proceed from the same cause, viz., that the doctrine of personal responsibility for words and actions—a doctrine so needful to insure a right line of conduct—has not been sufficiently inculcated.

After an expression of dissatisfaction at the state of religious and political feeling around, I heard with profound interest the following remark, lately made:—"From this chaos of doubt and haziness, and pulling down of religious faith, will come a Reformation for our country; a wave of simpler faith will break upon this land, and spread over its length and breadth."

This would not be contrary to historical precedent. And it would be a joyful sound—a Renaissance, a Reformation for the land! For now, men are going about seeking rest and light, and there is none; looking for a master spirit, and none appears to guide.

To finish with the topic from which I digressed—the laxity of domestic morals. The subject is painful, and one hard to speak upon. But it would seem that, as is the case too, I fear, in England, taken *en masse*, the standard of morality among the highest and wealthiest classes in the interior may be set down as very low; among the middle classes, respectable; among the lowest, low again. In the highest classes, their wealth and ease are their temptations; in the lowest, their want of education, bad accommodation, and poverty, lead them to sin. True was the saying of the wise—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." Among the two extremes alluded to, the marriage tie is too often but little thought of, and society does not bring its influence generally—as in England still is the case—to bear *against* the offender. There is no definite line drawn here.

Up to marriage, chastity is strictly observed; but afterwards, licence of conversation and deed reign and prevail very widely. Domestic life as in England is unknown; the husband seeks his own, the wife her own pleasure.

This state of society is doubtless very corrupt. But why dwell further on the dark side of the picture—a picture we shall find repeated in other lands than Spain? Rather let me speak of the cordiality, the kindness, the courtesy of the Spanish lady and gentleman to the stranger; of their generosity to their

dependents; of the thousands upon thousands of women, high and low, whose sweetness of disposition, nobleness of tone, purity, and devotion to duty can only spring from their true, simple, unpretending faith in their Maker and His love.

What will be the future of this country—a country whose climate is enjoyable beyond measure, whose artificers yield in skill to those of few foreign countries, whose mineral wealth is undreamed of, whose people, uneducated as they are, are full of noble qualities—it is impossible to say.

But "Resurgam" is the motto hidden in every heart; and with the spread of religion and education, and with that alone, under God's blessing, Spain will cease to be the anomaly she is, and once more resume her place among the nations.

CHAPTER X.

SPANISH RECKLESSNESS.

BEFORE leaving the subject of the character of the Spaniard of the interior, it may be interesting to string together, without any attempt at *lucidus ordo*, a few incidents which either happened to myself, or to which I was a witness—I say interesting, because facts simply told cannot be gainsaid, and those who read can draw their own inferences as to the state of the country and people where those facts are acted out.

The carelessness of the Spaniard of the interior about human life and property is well-nigh incredible, and shows a state of civilization terribly low indeed. As regards human life, I was unhappily close to the spot where two of the most barbarous murders that can be conceived took place in the summer of this fiery year. In the first case, a poor itinerant tailor was returning from his rounds in the cool of the evening, with his two asses laden with his whole earthly wealth of cloth and handkerchiefs, and with him, as servants, two men, with one of whom he had previously been on ill terms. What occurred between the three will never be known, but at twelve o'clock at night the younger of his two companions, a lad of three-and-twenty, came in haste to the barracks of the Civil Guards in the nearest town, and said to the sentry, "I have come in great trepidation to inform you that my master has just been shot, and I have run

here for fright. I don't know if he is killed or no, but several men came out of the olives and shot at us, and I made off." The Civil Guards, who are the very flower of Spain for their exertions in suppressing robberies and every sort of iniquity, and who hold an unequalled place for acumen, courage, and sobriety, are never off their guard, and rarely are deceived. Holding a middle place between the civil and the military, acting in masses with the regular army, or, as civil police, in couples; they are the terror of all evil-doers. The sentry collared his informant, and pulled him in to the light. Looking at his faja, he said, "*You* were not very far off when your master was shot. Why, *I see specks of fresh blood upon you!*" Two civil guards now accompanied the fellow to the spot, and there, in a pool of blood, lay his master, his head severed from his body, and a deep stab—not a gunshot wound—in his chest. He had been stabbed, and then barbarously decapitated. They took the body into a little venta hard by, and wrapped it up for transit to the town. Meanwhile the young murderer had calmly lit his cigarillo; in a few minutes he was *dozing peacefully as a child close by the chairs where the body, dripping blood, was stretched out!*

By 12 o'clock next morning this fellow and his accomplice were in prison, and *one* had confessed his guilt. I walked down to the prison, hearing that both were confined in the outer portion, and went up to the iron gate, whose wide, open bars admit air and light. The two men were there awaiting their trial: the one lay, wrapped in his heavy manta, fast asleep on the stone flags; the other, leaning unconcernedly against the gateway, had just received a cigarillo from the woman who loved him.

I will say no more of murders: this is but one of many. The amount of blood shed in some of the towns of the interior is something fearful. The old law, that none should carry knives or fire-arms, will have to be brought into force again, until these men are humanized; for it is not reasonable to put the weapons of civilization into the hands of a savage totally without self-control or regard for human life.

Nor does the Spaniard of the interior respect property. During every summer, when the very trees are like tinder, fires are constant. Not a night passes without a fire in the stubbles or—terrible loss, for an olive grove is not fruitful for twenty years after setting—the olives. The church-bells at once clash out, the rule being that all who are in the street at the moment can be "pressed" to aid in putting the flames out. However, all take care to get under shelter, and avoid being pressed!

So with a murder in the open streets. The moment the report of a revolver is heard, bang goes every door, feet hurry in all directions; and the poor fellow who is shot lies bleeding on the stones until the Municipal Guard comes up. I asked a Spaniard why he did not stay by the dying man? "Because if I did I should be taken up as his murderer," was the prompt reply.

In the interior, too, where some of the over-crowded cemeteries are in a deplorable condition, the irreverence for the dead is shocking. Such things are seen as men's bodies being slung across a mule, and so carried, perhaps two together, to their last resting-place. It happened to be the lot of a friend of the writer's to be standing by when such a load was being unslung. One of the bodies was that of a fine young

fellow, who had evidently been, till his death-stroke, robust and strong. "What business had he to die? he's fat enough!" was the brutal and only comment of the muleteer.

Spanish laws, in theory, are exceedingly good, and stringent, were they carried out. But one of the blots is, that no protection is afforded to the brute creation, and the S.P.C.A. would find here a prolific field for its noble labours.

The Spanish peasant seems absolutely to think that his beast has no feeling, and smiles incredulously if you endeavour to convince him that this is not the case. Accordingly, dogs, cats, mules, and horses come in for a heavy share of stones and blows. A few weeks ago, the writer was standing in his courtyard, while two servants (criadas) were about to draw water from the well. A poor cat, or rather kitten, was clinging round the well-rope and having a game of play. Something startled poor puss; she slipped, the rope ran down a few coils, and she fell some thirty feet into the well, into ten feet of water. Both mother and daughter gave a scream of delight, held their hands above their heads, shouting "Pobre gato! O pobre, pobre gato!" I told them that poor pussy's life was at stake, and urged them to help me rescue it. This the younger one did, suddenly becoming as serious as she had been trifling before, and with great skill she sank the pitcher under the struggling cat and brought her safely to the brink. Puss looked like a mad creature, her eyes starting out of her head, the picture of wretchedness, and both servants joined in commiseration. Suddenly, shaking the wet off her, like a housewife trundling her mop, puss rushed into the best sala, and dashed about from side to side of

the newly-cleaned room. In a moment pity was forgotten, and, with loud screams of "Malo gato! malo gato!" ("Good-for-nothing puss!"), they swept the terrified little animal into the street, up which she rushed, the pair sitting down shaking with laughter!

With the mules it is far worse. They work them when lame or sick, and beat them cruelly if they are stupid.

As to chastising their pet dogs, their idea is peculiar. The dog commits an offence—*Anglicè*, nuisance—and an hour afterwards (when the dinner is cooked and served up, perhaps,) the criada takes hold of it by the tail, and belabours it soundly, calling out "Malo pecho! malo pecho!" This is correction without any attempt at reformation; and I endeavoured to explain how the punishment might be made *reformatory*. But I could not get the idea into the criada's head. "No," she said, "I beat him for his wickedness; when he ceases to give me trouble, I cease to beat." There was no getting any further, and I gave the matter up.

Taking a criada into your house is a serious matter: they are generally middle-aged women, or young widows with one child or more. In the interior you never ask for, or receive, a character from their late mistress. The business is done thus: you give out that you want a servant, and three or four at once apply at the door; you select the most respectable-looking, and she comes in two hours' time, bringing her child or children, and her bed, clothes, &c. She is then fairly installed, and receives six dollars (£1 4*s.*) per month, finding her own food. Well for the master and mistress if their criada has no "followers," for, if so, she is at perfect liberty to have one

or more in the kitchen, smoking their cigarillos, until quite late at night. Occasionally, if the lover be given to drink, he will come at the small hours of the night, and half batter down the door, shouting his lady's name.

Some of these women, however, are true-hearted, cleanly servants, and good in everything except nursing. To the Spaniard of the interior, nursing is one of the occult sciences, and almost confined to the *Hermanas de la Caridad.* The Spanish midwife is peculiar too, her whole object being to spare the doctor's labours, and help nature before the proper time. Much mischief is caused by this premature assistance, which is supposed by them to "spare the mother pain."

It may not be inappropriate to subjoin two poems, of very different character, popular in many parts of Spain, of which I have attempted a version:—

"EL CHALAN."

(The Fish-Hawker.)

A Song sung on the Quay at Malaga.

I.

Yes, this hawking business, mother,
Suits your José very well;
On the streets and shore to loiter,
And his silver shoals to sell!
Live anchovies, all a-glowing!
Sweet anchovies, who 'll buy more?
Quick about it, for I 'm going
To Francisca, on the shore.
And I can't keep any longer
From her bright eyes on the shore!

II.

Poor I am, without possession,
Save this basket at my feet;
But I 'm prouder far than any
Dandy sauntering down the street!
Live anchovies, &c.

III.

Girls all love the winsome hawker,
Casting on him passion's eyes:
Owning it 's a great temptation,
José turns away and cries—
Live anchovies, &c.

IV.

Every day I take Francisca
Lots of money; but to-day
Not a single fin I 've sold, and
Won't Francisca faint away!
Live anchovies, &c.

ALL SAINTS' EVE: A BALLAD.

(*From the 'Ecos Nacionales' of V. R. Aguilera.*)

I.

Hark from yonder tower the grief-bell
Wakes the hamlet from its sleep,
Bidding, for their loved and lost ones,
Prayerful watch true mourners keep.
Come, my child, and with your mother
Plead in prayer on bended knee,
For the soul of thy dear brother
Yielded up for Liberty.
Can it be my son, my pride,
For sweet Liberty hath died?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

II.

When, o'er yonder dark'ning Sierra,
Peers the funeral moon's dim light,
Go we seek in these still valleys
Flowers all wet with dews of night,
Which, for love of him, to-morrow
Fragrance sad yet sweet shall yield,
While deep voices hymn his glory,
Haply, on some far-off field.
Can it be o'er him, so young,
That the funeral chant is sung?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

III.

Tenderly, poor lad, and often,
When beneath his tent he lay,
Penned he words my grief to soften,
And his mother's care to allay.

Wrote he once, "The Cross of Valour
On the field this day I won:
In the front, beneath the colours,
Rough hands pinned it on thy son."
'Mid the stalwart and the brave
Stood my boy where colours wave!—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

IV.

And full many a time he told me—
In a merry way he told—
Foes there are far worse than armies,
Scorching heat, and thirst, and cold:
Told me how, half-naked, hungry,
Springing up at bugle-call,
He would march (poor boy!) contented
For his Fatherland to fall.
For his land and Liberty,
Was my boy content to die?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed.

V.

Never will he come: I *know* it.
Mother-like, I still hope on:
Though I know th' accursèd bullet
Long ago struck down my son.
Yes! but he hath won rich guerdon,
Crown which saint and martyr wear:
Children, All Saints' morn is breaking,
Let it find us still in prayer!
For *his* soul? Son, can it be
Among the *dead* I pray for *thee*?—
So—I know it!—o'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed.

CHAPTER XI.

A WORK OF MERCY AT MADRID.

No one who has not tried it can have any idea of the intense scorching tropical heat of the Spanish towns of the interior during the summer months. The fierce sun smiting down on the untidy, and often unpaved, streets; the blinding clouds of dust, so dense and hot that horse and rider, if caught on the open, sandy plains, are forced to stop and turn their backs to the wind, that, rising in a moment and stopping as suddenly, whirls it along; the scarcity of good and tender animal food,—all these try an English constitution, however strong it be, terribly; and both man and beast rejoice when autumn sets in, and the first cloud appears in the rainy quarter, not "bigger than a man's hand," foretelling, in a few days or hours, the downpour of the autumnal rains. Spain for many years has known no summer so hot as that of 1873. The thermometer, in shaded rooms (alas! that we have no punkahs), varied from 87 to 93 and even 97 degrees of heat; man and beast, and the cracking, gasping earth, without one blade of green, alike cried out for water and for a cooler air, and at last, though late, it came.

The transition, however, was almost instantaneous: in one single night the thermometer sank ten degrees; the following nights it continued sinking, and for some three or four weeks before the rain a bitter east

wind blew, which seemed to pierce one through and through.

Among others whose lot it was to suffer from this, I had a place; the *Calentura*, or low fever of the country, prostrated me, and after vainly struggling against the foe, I was thankful enough that sufficient strength and funds were left me to make my escape to the south.

The bright white township, the blue Atlantic, and the thought of a ship with all sails set for England,—all of which I had long coupled with the name of Cadiz,—rose before my eyes as in a pleasing vision, and to Cadiz I took my way. To a sick man few railway journeys are interesting, and there seemed but little to arouse attention; the old Moorish towers rising here and there, with their little cluster of Spanish townships surrounding them; the wind-swept wastes after wastes; the empty gullies, showing where the fierce torrents had swept down; these, with the orange groves around Seville—unknown in the treeless wastes of the interior—and the bright sight of a Spanish cavalry regiment in their snowy epaulettes, flashing helmets, and crimson trousers, alighting and forming four-deep on the platform of one of the larger stations, were all the points that struck me in a weary journey of eighteen hours. Thankfully enough I threw down the window, and inhaled the fresh sea-breeze of Cadiz.

The beauty of the deep-blue sea, studded with shipping, the brightness of the snow-white houses, and lovely alamedas and sea-walks, to a stranger from the interior, cannot be imagined or described: it is like coming from darkness into light—from death into life. The air, too, is exactly the same, although,

perhaps, a trifle milder, as the air of Brighton on a sunny October day, mild and yet bracing, and exhilarates the sick man at every step.

But there was one sight in Cadiz that I had long yearned to see—a sight that, once seen, will never be by me forgotten, and one that should make the name of Cadiz dear to every true and loving English heart. I mean the Casa de Misericordia; or, as it is now called, El Hospicio de Cadiz. Thither, on the first day possible to me, I turned my steps. The exterior of this institution, one of the most benevolent in the world, has nothing to recommend it. It is simply, as "Murray" says, a huge yellow Doric pile (built by Torquato Cayon), fronting the sea.

A knock at the battered door soon brought the porter to us, and we were standing within a wide paved quadrangle. High up, written in huge capitals along the wall, the inscription (in Latin) met my eye—

> "This shall be my rest: Here will I dwell:
> I will satisfy her poor with bread."—Ps. cxxxi.

I could not but remark the touching significance, to a religious mind, of the omission of the words "for ever," which occur in the original. It certainly was a bright sermon on immortality. "This Casa," as the sweet-looking Lady Superior said, "*is* the home of the poor—*but not for ever.*"

The Hospicio, perhaps, may be best described as an English workhouse stripped of its bitterness, or, at least, of much of it, and invested, if I may use the expression, with many privileges. It is a real rest, a real home for the poor who are "decentes" (respectable); a refuge for the young women who are homeless or out of place; a school and home for children;

and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The prison look, the prison restrictions, the refractory ward, and the tramps' ward—all these are unknown at the Hospicio for the "decent poor" of Cadiz. Accordingly, it is looked upon as a home by the hundreds of both sexes who flock to its shelter.

The first thing that struck me, as I waited for a moment while the porter went to ask the Rectora to show us over, were the bright faces and the ringing laughter of some fifty children, who were playing in the capacious quadrangle and the beautifully-kept garden within the walls, where the heliotrope, dahlia, geranium, and many tropical flowers were even now in full bloom. Air, light, and cleanliness seemed characteristics of the place at a first glance. In a few moments the Rectora herself appeared, with her bunch of keys—the lady who superintends the *whole* of this large institution, and who bears the appropriate name of Angel Garcia. I told her the object of my visit, and she seemed pleased at the thought of her labours being known to an Englishman, and at once took us over the whole place, kindly explaining the working of the Home down to the minutest particulars.

The Home is supported by a yearly voluntary grant from the Town Government (Diputacion Nacional) of Cadiz, the nearest estimate that I could obtain of the actual cost of keeping it up being £5,000 per annum. The actual number of inmates at the time was 170 old men, 92 old women, 444 boys, and 136 girls, from six years to twenty or thirty, making a total of 842. The place is generally much fuller, the number of beds made up, or capable of being made up, being close upon a thousand.

The place is open to all who need assistance, on their presenting at the door an order from the Town Government testifying that they are *decentes*.

The aged poor come in, and live and die here, surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of: if they like, they can go out for a while to visit their friends, and return to their home again. On all the feast-days (and their name in Spain is legion) their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sundays. The friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food or wine, or if they have money they can send out and buy it for themselves. The men can have their smoke as at their own house—a luxury denied, and how needlessly! in some English workhouses. So much for the *Departimento de Ancianos*.

As regards the *Children's Department*. Any child is qualified to enter the Home, until it can obtain its own living, who is either an orphan or one of a large and poor family. They are all divided into classes: the first, from six years to eight; next, eight to ten, none being received under six years; the next from ten to twelve; the next from twelve to fifteen; and the last from fifteen upwards. Any parent can come to the Home and obtain leave of the Rectora to take her child home for the day, from nine o'clock until the set of sun. The children are first taught to read, write, cipher, and sing; they are then taught any trade that they or their parents desire. So the master tailor applies here for an apprentice, the mistress for a servant-maid; the band-master of a regiment, too, finds musicians ready to hand, who can play clarinet, hautboy, fife, or drum. The inmates wear no regular dress, but the children of each class are distinguished

by a red, white, yellow, or blue stripe round the collar of the coat and round their little caps.

Many of the girls were servant-maids out of place. They had been brought up at the Home, fallen out of place for no misconduct of their own,—for all here are *decentes*,—and came back as to a real true home and shelter until another opening offered itself. All, young and old ("old" means forty-five and upwards in the Home), seemed bright and smiling; their glossy hair braided as their tastes inclined, their little simple ornaments, all had a place. Plenty of exercise was to be had in the courtyards, gymnasium, and walks-out on all feast-days and Sundays; and all seemed clean, contented, and well fed and cared for. While standing near the door, a mother came to take away her child, who certainly was *not* a consenting party. She clasped the hand of the master and of the Superior, and a most touching parting was to be witnessed, which spoke volumes for the treatment the poor receive at the Home.

Having spoken of the *ancianos* and the *niños*, a word must be said as to outdoor relief. This is very simple, and merely an adjunct of the plan carried out. Each day from sixty to a hundred poor collect around the Hospice door, and the broken victuals are distributed among them, as far as they hold out. Some few have a standing order for a daily portion; but this is the exception, and not the rule.

The staff of attendants wore no particular dress. The Rectora was dressed simply as a Spanish lady, and in mourning. The governesses, nurses, and servants are, many of them, paid attendants, but much of the work of the Home is done by the inmates. In an office within the walls three gentlemen were busily

writing, and settling the accounts and affairs of the Home.

The whole management of the domestic arrangements, however, is under the care of the Señora Angel Garcia, who seems the very model of a Lady Superior —gentle, dignified, cheerful, and full of bright and sparkling conversation. It was indeed a privilege to be in the company of one whose every word and look was full of benevolence. There are two doctors attached to the Home, of whom the one devotes himself exclusively to the patients within the walls, the other attending daily for consultations. Until a few months ago two clergy lived within the walls, to minister to the sick, and offer prayers, and give religious instruction; but in the Revolution of the summer they were dismissed and the chapel laid in ruins.* At present only the girls receive religious instruction, and for the rest prayers are optional. The inmates who desire it now, I have been informed, attend one of the neighbouring churches.

A short time ago this Home was to have been greatly enlarged, but the good work, alas! languishes from lack of funds. Let us hope that the Government will take it up, and carry out an idea so benevolent.

The Commissariat Department is capital, beautifully

* Among the other acts of the summer Revolution, visitors to Cadiz should know that the three undoubted Murillos—among them that great artist's *last work* (for he fell from the ladder just as it was completed, and received the injuries which caused his death), the 'Marriage of Santa Catalina'—pictures which have always been preserved in the convent De los Capuchinos, were taken away by force, and placed in the Museum, where they now hang; thus, I suppose, being converted from ecclesiastical to civil property. Such, at least, was the intention.

managed, and the food excellently cooked. About this latter point I may be allowed to speak, as I not only saw but tasted the provend, which commended itself even to the capricious appetite of a sick man. Each department has a separate corridor or dining-room, and a separate kitchen, while for the whole place there is one huge store-room. For all who are well there are three meals a day, at the hours of eight, two, and six. The grown-up inmates have meat, roasted or boiled, once every day, and soup, bread, fruit, and vegetables. The children have their soup, and, instead of "carne," the favourite Spanish dish called "cocida," which may briefly be described as mutton boiled to rags, with peas and onions; it is, in fact, the meat from which soup has been taken, and is a staple dish at all tables in Spain. They, too, have their bread and vegetables. All except the sick drink water; for in Spain, both with high and low, water is the chief drink, and they are far more particular here about the spring from which their water comes than an English squire is about the quality of his port. The soup is excellent: rice and tomatoes and onions formed the ingredients of the huge cauldron into which I dipped, while curry, cutlets, and other delicacies were being carried off as portions for the sick. On feast-days all the inmates have wine.

So much for the cooking department. It would have gladdened an English housewife's heart to see the ample and good fare, or to enter the Dispensa, or store-room, and see the huge vats of Val-de-Peñas (the rough, red, wholesome wine of the interior), the strings of garlic round the wall, the sacks of garvancos (a kind of pea, for soup), and the shelves of clean massive crockery, each cup or plate bearing

the inscription, "*Caritas. Casa de Misericordia de Cadiz.*"

As to the sleeping arrangements. These are specially attended to. All sleep in separate iron beds, on the upper storys. All sleep according to age, or, as it is called, their different classes. With those from six to eight nurses sleep, or sit up nightly. All the rooms are lit by oil lamps; all have from thirty to a hundred and fifty beds in them, with soft mattrasses and blankets, snowy sheets, and coloured coverlets. The rooms are all ventilated at the bottom of the walls; nor did I trace, even in the Infirmaries, a suspicion even of disagreeable or polluted air. The windows are all on one side of the dormitories, and are high and broad. The walls, as usual in Spanish houses, are white-washed, with a row of enamelled blue tiles along the bottom. The inmates of the Home all rise at six, and repair to bed at seven.

There are several *Infirmary Wards.* One, which I noticed especially, was entirely devoted to those suffering from skin diseases. The number of bed-ridden men and women (the two sexes live on different sides of the quadrangle) seemed to me about ninety in all; these were eating curry, working with coarse materials, or sipping their wine or chocolate, or chatting to the comely nurse; all seemed cheerful and contented, and every face brightened as the Rectora drew near.

The School-rooms, the Gymnasium, the Music-rooms —of which last there seemed many—were in beautiful order, although there was no lack of noisy children about them. So "free and easy" did the children seem in the presence of their superiors, that in one room, where some fifty were learning the military drill,

in shirt-sleeves and bare legs, some half-dozen ran up to me, and fairly dragged the "Ingleesi" by his hands across the drill-room.

Music is taught twice a day; every sort of brass instrument, as well as singing, and this is very popular with the young folk. Might not the same plan be adopted in our own workhouses with good effect?

We were just about taking leave, having looked at the long, clean lavatories, the cabinets of work sewn for the Home by the girls, and the bright garden, and the lovely stretch of blue sea from the dormitories, when the Rectora said, "You have not yet seen the workshops." In two minutes we were in a new world. One workshop opened into another; the blacksmith's anvil rang, the carpenter's hammer thudded, the tailor and cloth-maker were hard at work, the shoe-maker's shop seemed decked out for the streets. In each little workshop was one skilled master-worker, and working away, as apprentices, were the boys of the Home, each learning, with a smiling face, his several trade. "We work only for the Home," said one maestro to me, "and everything for the Home is done on the premises."

If any one thinks this a highly-coloured sketch, let him, if he can, see the Casa de Misericordia for himself, and spend three hours within its walls with Angel Garcia. It can be visited on any day, by any one presenting a card and asking for the Rectora, and he can make himself acquainted with all its workings. It is called usually now, "El Hospicio de Cadiz."

As I took leave of the Rectora, and thanked her for devoting so many hours to instruct a stranger, she

said, "I deserve no thanks; this place is my sphere of duty and of pleasure, and you also seem interested in works of charity. Farewell."

Once more; ere I passed through the spacious doorway, the inscription above quoted caught my eye, and I felt that had my lot been a less blissful one—had it been my lot to be one of the Spanish homeless poor—I, too, should thankfully echo the psalmist's words, and say, "Hic requies mea: hic habitabo."

CHAPTER XII.

MINOR CHARITIES OF CADIZ.

One of the most cheerful sights in this great city is that the street corners and the church steps are in great measure free from the shoals of beggars who stand or sit at every street corner, and under every scrap of shade, in the towns of the interior. It is a very sad sight to see there the fearful amount of utter helpless, shiftless misery, which one has not the power to relieve; and to hear every five minutes the pitiful appeal made by the widowed, the maimed, the lame, and the blind: "Por el amor de Dios—muy poquito"—("For the love of God, I beseech you, give me a *very* little").

In the interior, so great is the press of poverty, that the rich and benevolent in many of the towns give out that on a certain day in every week, between the hours of nine and ten, bread and copper money and scraps will be given away; and on the set morning the gateway is lined with suppliants, quietly waiting for the expected portion. Here, however, the Casas de Misericordia and the associations of the charitable —coupled with the benevolence of the Church, which has more in her power here than in the interior—do much to diminish this wholesale begging.

Let me give you a short sketch of some of the smaller works of mercy here.

Overlooking the bright expanse of sea near the Fish-

market stands a cleanly, whitewashed, but unpretending house, bearing over the door the inscription—

"Casa de Hermanos de la Caridad"

("House of the Brothers of Charity"). Entering in, I found the hall or courtyard—for the houses here are all built in a square round the hall, which is open to the blue sky, and usually full of tropical shrubs in huge wooden vessels—most tastefully laid out, with flowers, palm-trees, and aromatic flowering shrubs growing in profusion, quite unlike the bare walls which one unhappily associates with Houses of Mercy. One of the Sisters of Mercy, attired in the dress of her Order (S. Vicente de P.), kindly offered to take me over her hospital, for such the Casa was. It is a large house, taken by an association of benevolent private individuals—the Hermanos de la Caridad—and devoted entirely to the care of the sick, who cannot, from poverty, or the number of their family, or scarcity of work, receive the medical skill and the diet and nursing they require at their own homes.

The Hospital makes up one hundred beds, of which fifty-eight were occupied at the time of my visit. It is entirely for sufferers of the male sex, there being a sister institution devoted to suffering women. The plan on which it is carried out is a striking one, and one, I think, unknown in England. It is as follows: Forty benevolent persons, men of some affluence, seeing how many of their poorer brothers were unable, when sick, to command at their comfortless homes, or on board their ships lying in harbour, the comforts, quiet, and medical skill which they needed, bought this large house, and fitted it up as a hospital for the accommodation of such cases. It was intended to

take in, not especially the very poor, for whom (such as they are) there are hospitals, but to provide also for two distinct classes; first, all who could not afford to pay for a good doctor's visits, and skilful nursing and luxuries, and yet could afford to contribute a little to their expenses when sick, that little being fixed at two shillings and a penny per diem; in Spanish money, two pesetas and a half. Secondly, the institution was to provide a refuge in sickness for all the "decentes" (or respectable poor) whose friends or relations would become responsible for the payment of that sum. In many cases these very Brothers of Charity themselves pay the sum to admit one of their *protégés;* in other cases, the clergy pay, or masters for their servants

The sum of twenty-five pence per diem may seem, to some readers, large for a House of Mercy, yet, be it remembered, there is here no "parish doctor," and no union-house, though there is a Poor Law in existence, and the visits of the *commonest* doctor in Spain are each reckoned at two pesetas, *i. e.*, twenty out of the twenty-five pence charged in the hospital.

The arrangements of this miniature hospital are simply exquisite. Some twenty beds or so are in one room, but privacy is secured by white dimity curtains, on iron bars about five feet high, being drawn around the patient's bed at his will, making a light and little airy room, open to the ceiling. The nearest approach I have seen to this was in school-days at St. Peter's College, Radley, where each boy had a separate "cubicle" of the same kind.

The whole appearance of the place betokened peace, comfort, and kindliness—nay, more, cheerfulness.

The men were, some of them, sitting up in bed, drinking their soup or eating their curry, with a good copa of red wine by their side. Others were sauntering about, reading, or chatting.

Next, we visited the surgeon's room, and most beautifully and perfectly was it fitted up. I noticed several glass cases full of instruments, medicine, &c., and a couch for operating, of the shape, or nearly so, that I have observed at some of the London hospitals. The kitchen was beautifully clean, with a capital range. It was full of bustle, for at least ten or twelve different sorts of dinners, to suit the various tastes of the poor sick fellows, were being carried away.

"Take which you like," said the smiling Sister of Mercy, who was my companion; and I can answer for the excellence of the fare. Among the favourites were curried rice and mutton, cutlets, boiled beef and fried potatoes, and tomato soup and rice soup—the favourite "sopa de arroz" of this country.

Thence, to see the convalescents dining. In a long, cheerful room, there they were, looking over the bright blue sea, and eating heartily, and trying to talk. For they could only *try*. They were men from every clime and of many tongues, for this institution takes in all alike; an English sailor, who had fallen from the mast, and whose captain paid for him; one or two Finlanders, in the same case; an American, from "Philadelphy," as he said; one or two Moors, and several Spaniards, made up this strange but cheerful dinner-party. The American told me "they were very comfortable quarters," with a genuine new-country twang.

The tiny chapel is a real gem in its way—very, very small, but very costly, the whole ceiling and

walls being of carved brass. A Roman Catholic clergyman performs divine service every morning.

The whole work is done by seven superintending Sisters of Mercy of the Order above mentioned, whose smiling faces are a medicine in themselves. They wear a simple black dress, plain black cross, and white starched cape or collar; and if they have any pride, it seems to me it is to do good. They have, I believe, four or five men-servants for the work of the Casa.

Are not institutions on this system needed in England, where, for a small sum, even gentlemen and ladies with slender means, living, perhaps, in lodgings or the like, might find a home, and not forfeit their self-respect by being dependent wholly on charity?

This hospital is in the Plaza de S. Juan de Dios, close to the fruit and fish markets. The stranger who seeks to see it will be courteously shown over it, and allowed to leave an offering for the benefit of its inmates.

The next institution of charity (Casa de Caridad) to which I bent my steps was of a sadder character, as the inscription over its heavy portals showed. It was the "Casa de Dementes," or, as these smaller asylums are called by the common people in this country, the "Casa de Locos," the word "loco" being equivalent to the English phrase "cracked." I presented my order of admittance, which is a necessary document, and may be obtained, by any English gentleman who desires to see it for higher motives than those of idle curiosity, of the courteous director of El Hospicio de Cadiz, the two being sister institutions, and situated not far from each other. The spectacle in the little hall was a sad one. In the door

opening into the ample courtyard, where the lunatics take their exercise, is a tiny grating, with a sliding panel, on which a porter keeps guard. Through this the friends of the unhappy inmates are always allowed to see them and speak with them, admittance to a closer interview being only admissible by an order from the doctor, certifying that it will produce no ill effects. As a rule, I was told by those who have the supervision of the Casa, the visits of their friends or relations have a tendency to excite and unsettle the patients.

In the little vestibule a sorrowing group was sitting, each awaiting his or her turn to look in and speak a word to some loved one through the narrow grating. One was a poor and careworn mother, who, so my guide told me, came every day, rain or shine, sick or well, to bring the little luxuries she could spare from her scanty table to the son who had once worked for her and could work no more. The next was a father, who made a weekly visit also to his son. One or two others, a youth, and two young Spanish girls, were there; they, too, came constantly, at stated times, to bring "alimentos" (provision) to their "loco." The head-porter, who is a kind of master of the Casa, soon appeared, and with him a buxom and smiling elderly "Hermana de Caridad" (Sister of Mercy), dressed in black, with white hood and cape, and rosary. The "maestro" was a fine, handsome young Spaniard, of some five-and-thirty summers, with a bright, gentle smile, a keen eye, that looked one through and through. He seemed firm and confident enough, and all the inmates seemed very fond of him.

The asylum was formerly a convent; it has ample premises, and garden, and a sea-view on one side. It

is, however, only a small asylum, making up about one hundred and sixty or seventy beds. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered ninety-seven men and fifty-three women. Of these inmates, some are idiots, some raving mad, some monomaniacs. The asylum is *for rich and poor alike*, although their privileges and indulgences vary according to their rates of payment. Thus, sixteen of the men and seven of the women were of gentle birth, and paid for liberally by their friends. These have each a separate bed-room, with arm-chair, table, books, and any little luxury of the kind, such as wine, better food, and the like. In some cases, where the relatives of these "particulares," as they are called, live on the spot, they send the dinners, &c., from their own table; in other cases, they pay some one to supply them with what is needful, and suited to their former position.

The majority of the inmates are poor, and are paid for by the Government of the Provinica at a fixed rate per head. *Their* friends also can supply or pay for little extra luxuries, as tobacco, wine, and the like. This system of allowing the relatives of any one under confinement to bring them nourishment is also, I am assured, allowed in many of the prisons of Spain. The payment for rooms and attendance, without food, is at the rate of 10*d.* per diem, which includes medical advice.

The law in Spain forbids, under severe penalties, any private person to keep an insane person in his or her house; and it also decrees that the Provincia of an insane person shall maintain him, if his friends are unable to do so. Thus, one little chamber, with arm-chair and writing-table, was inhabited by a captain in the army, seized with madness at Manilla; another,

by the wife of a man of good position; and the like.

Many—a great many—of the men get better, and leave the asylum, the Sister told me, perfectly sane; but, she added, to my surprise, very few of the women recover perfectly. I cannot account for this to my own satisfaction; but I fully believe it to be true, as the women seemed far worse than the men.

It is almost needless to say that the sexes occupy each a separate wing of the Casa. The rooms for the "particulares," and for those who need a separate bed-room for safety's sake, are about four-and-a-half yards square, with windows (barred) of fair size, as it seemed to me. It struck me that there was no glass in these windows; but in Spain, among the houses of the common people, in the interior, at least, glass in the windows is by no means considered a necessary. The writer of this, when taking his own house in the interior, had to add glass himself to his windows. The fare of the inmates who come under the usual rules of the asylum seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale, viz., at eight, soup (of meat) and a small loaf; at 12·30, rice or vermicelli soup, and bread and meat, with a little wine on certain days, as feast-days, or under medical advice; and coffee or soup at seven. Their exercise is taken in the ample open courtyard or quadrangle of the building, whither the men are all turned in, as soon as they like, after breakfast. They are allowed, for amusements, newspapers, cards, and cigarillos. Nearly all the women take to smoking, and enjoy it, after a few months in the asylum. "It tranquillizes them," said one of my conductors.

Two doctors, one for each sex, live within the

walls of the Casa; a clergyman also is in constant residence. The rest of the staff consists of nine Sisters of Mercy, five men, and the same number of women, servants.

The corridor, or dining-room, in both wings of the Casa, was bright and clean, the inmates (save the "particulares" and the "furiosos," who dine in their own rooms) dining all together, the only thing noticeable being that fingers and spoons alone are allowable in eating. The dormitories, with iron bedsteads and comfortable bedclothes, were airy and bright, and, be it remarked, *forty-five* of these men sleep without any partition in one dormitory together; others in rooms holding fifteen or ten beds; and the same seemed the case with the women, though not in such numbers. This struck me much at the time of visiting. Of course one or two attendants are in the rooms. It certainly pointed to the fact that the majority were in no sense violent lunatics.

The infirmaries were clean, warm, and, to all appearance, comfortable.

Thence to the large room, where the female lunatics assemble. Here, I confess, I was greatly shocked: the wretchedly low—I was going to write villanous—type of face, old and young, herding together, doing nothing; the inarticulate sounds, chattering and screaming like parrots or monkeys; the eagerness with which they ran at me, and clutched hold of my hands and coat,—all were very awful—beyond description, awful. There were thirty-five girls and women in this room. The gentle voice and presence of La Hermana Sorpilad soothed them a little; they all clustered round her like bees. One was weeping hysterically in a separate room, but the

sound filled the sala. They followed us to the door, one clinging tight to my arm, until the "maestro" gently disengaged her grasp. I could hardly bring myself to see the last sad spectacle, the rooms of the "furiosos," or violent. Only two were tenanted: the unhappy inmate of one was shouting like a wild beast, shaking his hands in the air in his frenzy, and stamping up and down the narrow room. Seeing us, he rushed at the grating, and the fearful sight of his face I pray God I may never again behold. He had killed a man some two years ago. He was a "religious monomaniac," the gentle-faced Sister said. "Ah, señor," she added, "this is *muy triste, muy triste!*" ("very, very bitter"). I could but thank God that I had not to look on such a sight every day. Yet one more thought arose. How noble, how devoted, how Christian-like is the life of these Sisters, some of them of tender age and gentle birth, who spend their whole lives among these, the unhappiest, the most afflicted, the most hopeless of all the human race, and that without reward!

The faults of this Casa struck me as twofold—(1) the insufficient amusement, and not nearly sufficient work—such as gardening—for the afflicted inmates; (2) the absence of padded rooms for the "furiosos."

The merits seemed to me to be also twofold—(1) the inestimably humanizing effect which the ministrations and mere presence of these Sisters must have, especially on the men; (2) the advantage of the relations being allowed to bring little luxuries for these their afflicted brethren and sisters.

A few words, before I close, on the Hospital for Women—the sister institution to that for men. The "Hospital de Mugeres" is situated in the street bear-

ing its name, and is a large and handsome building. Its wide courtyard is filled, as at the "Hospital de los Hombres," with exotic shrubs and flowers: the graceful white bell-shaped flowers of the trompeta, the platanos of Havannah, the camellia francessa, with adelfas and aureolas, made a bright and rich show. The priest was at the gateway, and, with true Spanish courtesy, bade us welcome.

This Casa de Misericordia is under the care of the Carmelitas de la Caridad (Carmelite Sisters), of whom there are ten in residence, who do nearly all the work of the institution with their own hands. One of them, in her brown stuff dress, blue serge apron, white hood, and black cross, showed us over the building.

Very noticeable in these lofty white-washed dormitories and salas was the effect of the introduction of colour. At regular intervals, paintings on encaustic tiles were let into the walls, all representing religious subjects. In one sala were the fourteen "Stations of the Cross," in blue and buff. The bed-heads were painted dark green, with little yellow crosses at the head. The coverlets were buff, with the escudo of the Virgin stamped upon them in white. Small oil paintings also were hung round the walls, and many other trifling and inexpensive ornaments. The effect was exceedingly pretty. This Casa contains seventy beds, thirty-five of which are in one lofty room. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered about fifty.

The classes who come here are threefold: first, the very poor, who are received for nothing; the funds, however, are so deficient that very few can be received. It was a sad thing to know that, some few years back, Government and Church could give, and did give liberally, and these institutions were filled, and now

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CHAPTER XIII.

ALL SAINTS' DAY IN SPAIN.

When the last fruits of autumn have been garnered in, and the last red leaf is whirling to the ground, when—

"Change and decay in all around I see,"—

very aptly does the Catholic Church bring before her faithful the bright hope of immortality and reunion in her festival of All Saints; or, as it is called in Spain, "Tosants," the abbreviation of Todos los Santos.

Little as that day is generally observed in England, one yet sees on the Continent how strikingly, and yet simply, its lessons may be brought home to the simplest and most careless mind; how even the passer-by may be led to stop a moment and consider his ways.

It so happened that a severe illness led to the writer's passing the Feast of Tosants in the city of Cadiz. The first notice of the day was given to him by the waiter at the hotel saying on the eve,—"Of course you will go to-morrow to the Misa Mayor at the cathedral, and visit the Cemeterio? *It is our great day.*"

The morning of Todos los Santos rose bright and clear; the air was balmy and soft as of an autumn day in England—the very day for such a festival. The first thing that struck me, as I strolled out at eight o'clock

to catch a breath of the crisp sea air, was the number of ladies and gentlemen returning from or going to early celebration, as the Prayer-books in their hands plainly showed. Nearly every group one passed was in mourning, yet there was no air of sadness about them; they were laughing and chatting gaily enough. Many of the shops were half-closed, some entirely.

At ten o'clock the Misa Mayor was to be chanted at the new cathedral. When I entered, the sermon was being delivered to an exceedingly attentive, though, as it struck me, very small, audience. There were apparently not more than sixty or seventy women, most of whom were sitting upon the floor of the cathedral, or kneeling; the number of men, nearly all of whom seemed of the higher class, from their dress, appeared to be about one hundred. These were seated on benches, and listened most attentively to what I conceive to have been a very striking sermon. Generally, in the churches of Spain, the number of women worshipping greatly exceeds that of the men. The preaching was very animated. At one moment the Father, who was dressed in a plain black gown, with the usual white linen vestment above it, raised his voice to a shout; at another, he spoke in an audible whisper, all that he said being enforced by much and rapid gesticulation. The object of the sermon seemed to be that, however wide and many in number the political differences which separate men in the present unhappy state of the country, they should all be united in religion, and hold the faith. We may be mistaken, he seemed to say, in our individual political creed—*that* will be forgiven; we *cannot* be mistaken in clinging to Him who changes not, and in striving to lead a holier life. So only can we hope to be

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"Change and decay in all around I see,"—

very aptly does the Catholic Church bring before her faithful the bright hope of immortality and reunion in her festival of All Saints; or, as it is called in Spain, "Tosants," the abbreviation of Todos los Santos.

Little as that day is generally observed in England, one yet sees on the Continent how strikingly, and yet simply, its lessons may be brought home to the simplest and most careless mind; how even the passer-by may be led to stop a moment and consider his ways.

It so happened that a severe illness led to the writer's passing the Feast of Tosants in the city of Cadiz. The first notice of the day was given to him by the waiter at the hotel saying on the eve,—"Of course you will go to-morrow to the Misa Mayor at the cathedral, and visit the Cemeterio? *It is our great day.*"

The morning of Todos los Santos rose bright and clear; the air was balmy and soft as of an autumn day in England—the very day for such a festival. The first thing that struck me, as I strolled out at eight o'clock

to catch a breath of the crisp sea air, was the number of ladies and gentlemen returning from or going to early celebration, as the Prayer-books in their hands plainly showed. Nearly every group one passed was in mourning, yet there was no air of sadness about them; they were laughing and chatting gaily enough. Many of the shops were half-closed, some entirely.

At ten o'clock the Misa Mayor was to be chanted at the new cathedral. When I entered, the sermon was being delivered to an exceedingly attentive, though, as it struck me, very small, audience. There were apparently not more than sixty or seventy women, most of whom were sitting upon the floor of the cathedral, or kneeling; the number of men, nearly all of whom seemed of the higher class, from their dress, appeared to be about one hundred. These were seated on benches, and listened most attentively to what I conceive to have been a very striking sermon. Generally, in the churches of Spain, the number of women worshipping greatly exceeds that of the men. The preaching was very animated. At one moment the Father, who was dressed in a plain black gown, with the usual white linen vestment above it, raised his voice to a shout; at another, he spoke in an audible whisper, all that he said being enforced by much and rapid gesticulation. The object of the sermon seemed to be that, however wide and many in number the political differences which separate men in the present unhappy state of the country, they should all be united in religion, and hold the faith. We may be mistaken, he seemed to say, in our individual political creed—*that* will be forgiven; we *cannot* be mistaken in clinging to Him who changes not, and in striving to lead a holier life. So only can we hope to be

numbered among all the saints. The sermon was extempore, and was delivered without any hesitation.

I will not attempt to describe the grand effect of chanting the Misa Mayor, the full choir of loud, ringing voices, the swelling notes of the organ, the ever-ascending smoke of the incense, and the bright array of lighted candles—all these have a strange effect on a mind unaccustomed to such display.

The Cemeterio, where within four walls sleep the dead of the whole of this huge city, is about a mile outside the town, and thither I slowly wended my way, wondering what there could be to be seen there.

The walk is very beautiful, and, to a stranger, striking. First is passed the fruit market, in itself a gorgeous sight. Pile after pile of pomegranates, with their red and yellow hues; the bright pink arbutus berries, the dark green melon, the brown chestnuts heaped up in piles four feet high; with heaps of oranges, green melons, sweet batatas, quinces, pears, tomatoes—all being gracefully wreathed with evergreens and *immortelles* in honour of the day: these, with the bright, picturesque dresses of the men and women who bought and sold, formed an exceedingly pretty sight. We passed through the Land-gate, and along the fortifications, the sea, studded with ships at anchor of all nations, stretching along both sides of the narrow tongue of land which leads to the cemetery. All who were not employed were dressed out in holiday costume, and in mourning or "half-mourning." We passed group after group walking slowly the same way, many with flowers in their hands. Presently two men passed by with a huge basket full of lamps, of brass, partly painted black; then one man, in each hand a most costly lamp, which seemed one mass of

brass and crystal, until the whole road was filled with servants carrying these lamps to the last resting-place of their employers.

The walk is very beautiful: on either side the sea was sparkling; the avenue of silver poplars and acacias was just shedding its fruit and its leaf; the hedges on either side were of prickly aloe, or some native creeper, tinged with its autumnal hues of red and yellow, and reminding one almost of an English hedgerow in its autumn dress.

The Cemeterio has no beauty or grace to recommend it, save its little garden of flowers and shrubs—a small square garden, which you enter, and through which you walk before you come to the whitewashed quadrangles of the dead. The plot of garden, however, is beautifully kept, and English geraniums, and dahlias, and masses of sweet heliotrope, show their bright heads amid the semi-tropical shrubs and flowers of Spain.

The cemetery itself consists of seven squares or quadrangles, of which all but one were full, opening into each other: the ground in these quadrangles is simply dust and sand, without a shrub or flower growing. Each of the four walls of the quadrangle is built of whitewashed brick, with tiers of long narrow holes, into which the coffins are pushed, the walls being of sufficient height to allow of six coffins resting one above the other, and of sufficient depth for two coffins to lie lengthways across them. When the coffin is put in, the narrow hole is covered up with masonry, and a small marble tablet, *with no inscription* but the name, age, date of death, and the relationship to the dead of those who caused it to be placed there, at the head; thus, "Jose Perez. Fallecio el dia 19 de Febrero de

1872: sus padres y hermanos." In the next quadrangle, of which the same thick wall forms one side, another coffin has its place opposite to the first, so the two bodies lie foot to foot. The whole looks like a thick whitewashed wall, with small marble inscribed slabs, of semicircular shape, inserted in regular tiers. Each of the several quadrangles I calculated would contain about a thousand bodies—to say nothing of the "bodies of the second and third class," which lie in crowded heaps beneath the sandy soil of the quadrangles, and over which we walked, without even knowing that the dead lay beneath our feet. Dull, naked, and unsightly (with all its whitewash and neatness) as the Cemeterio was, yet this day it was bright in honour of Todos los Santos, and its glittering array of lamps and *immortelles* told forth to the humblest labourer employed the hope of immortality. For, in front of every little marble slab, some working on the ground, some on ladders, busy hands were at work, fixing on the lamps, some of which were very tasteful and costly, some cumbersome and funereal in appearance.

Though it was but midday, these little lamps were showing their sickly but steadfast light all about the quadrangle, and nimble fingers were twining around them their wreaths of *immortelles*.

Every square, too, was dotted with mourners, single or in groups, many habited in deep mourning, standing in prayer before the last home of their loved one, or walking up and down wrapped in thought.

"What do they all here?" I inquired of my guide—a poor boatman from the wharf. "They come to think about those that have gone," he said, "and to say their prayers."

I could not help thinking to myself, as I turned my steps away, that this observance of the day was really impresssive for good: to many surely among those who thronged that sandy walk it must have brought back many slumbering thoughts of the loved and lost; many unheard prayers must have been breathed to follow their good examples.

This festival is observed for three days, and while I write (November 3rd) many of the shops are still closed, and the streets are filled with holiday makers. Yet none of these forget to walk down to the home of their dead, and gaze on it with respect. And the little lamps have been lighted for the third time to-day. And there is no drunkenness in the streets, although this is a three days' holiday: all is orderly, cheerful, and decent, for so, with all his faults, the Spaniard likes to keep his feast day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WIDOWS' HOME AT CADIZ.

THERE are three elements in the Spanish Houses of Mercy which, I believe, are absent from institutions of (partly) the same nature in England. First, there is a complete and beautiful blending of freedom with restraint, the union of the two making an harmonious system, never, to my knowledge, attained to in England; next, there is in the system of the Spaniards the recognition of the fact that well-born persons may have a little money, which, if some help be added from a charitable source, will serve to keep them in decency, and not let them lose their self-respect by feeling that they are wholly dependent on charity; and this fact also is recognized, that many a poor man or woman can get by work a little money, who cannot yet obtain work enough at all times by which to live all the year round; and, thirdly, the great fact is recognized, and acted upon in Spanish houses of benevolence, that there is no reason why persons well-born, fallen in fortune, should not live under the same roof with, and yet not be compelled necessarily to associate with, the respectable poor of the same city.

Let us call these three elements—(1) the union of freedom and restraint, (2) the union of help and self-help, (3) the union of different classes; and let us see

how these three elements are brought into some of the Casas de Benevolentia in Spain.

Cadiz is very rich in Casas de Misericordia. Be it remembered, these institutions are wholly distinct from the Government hospitals and Government relief to poor, whether *decentes* or otherwise, about which latter I shall have a few words to say hereafter. The former are for the *decentes*, and are the care of and privilege of towns, or provincial boards; the latter are for all.

Nowhere is the union of the three principles above alluded to carried out more beautifully or harmoniously than in a small but useful institution in Cadiz, called "The Widows' Home"; or, to preserve its Spanish name, "La Casa de Viudas."

I trust my English readers will not tire of visiting Spanish houses of charity with me—they will soon be introduced to far different scenes; and let me say, that England, with all her wealth, all her boasting, and (as an Englishman still I will say it) all her charity, has many things to learn from Spanish charities. I speak entirely of institutions of charity founded and supported by individual benevolence, and not of the Government hospitals, &c. Thus, I am merely comparing a Spanish almshouse or home of any sort with an English institution of the kind; the comparison between the Spanish and English *public* hospitals, and the like, remains to be drawn at a future time, and, perhaps, with a different result. As regards the working and system of the Homes founded by the benevolent in either of the two countries, I must unhesitatingly, simply because I wish to be just, yield the palm to Spain.

La Casa de Viudas, like many of the Homes and

private houses in Spain, consists of one large quadrangle. It is exactly like the quadrangle of an Oxford or Cambridge College, save that the "quad" is filled with tropical shrubs, in huge buckets, and gaudy aromatic flowers, and that it is paved. In most cases, as in the one here spoken of, there is a covered walk around the square, but too open and too modern to be called "the cloisters."

Entering the unpretending doorway, over which no inscription is written, you step into this aromatic and bright quadrangle. There are two storys, each of which contains, to recur to Oxford words, twenty-four "sets of rooms." These sets each consist of two (or three) well-furnished and picture-hung rooms, set aside by piety for poor and respectable widows of Cadiz some one hundred and twenty years ago. To each widow the room secured is a sitting-room about 8 yards by 7; bed-room, 6 by 5; with a covered walk and a kitchen common to all members of the Home; and also a chapel open for private and public prayer.

Each widow who enters must be certified to be (1) respectable, (2) in need of aid, but not necessarily destitute, and (3) born in Cadiz; though this latter rule has been deviated from, to my knowledge. There is no restriction as to the age at which they enter, and a widow with children is eligible for election. If her child or children be of her own sex, they may live with her there as long as she likes; but no boy child may sleep in the Home who is over eight years old. He may, however, be with, and dine with, his mother in the day time.

There was a quiet humour in the buxom señora who kindly led me over the place, which amused me much. In answer to my question, "Why do you

turn the boys out so young?" she said, with a quaint smile, "Because our rule is, that not a male is to be on the premises after set of sun."—"How about the priest who is attached, and whose room is here?" I rejoined. "Well, being a man, he has to go too."

Each widow has these privileges—her rooms, good rooms, free of rent (they are very light and lofty), and in money, six cuartos per diem, a cuarto being equivalent to one farthing. She has also a doctor, and, if long ill, a nurse, provided for her gratis. You will say,—"What is the good of three halfpence a day, and a doctor and rooms, to keep a mother and her child?" The answer is simple, but, I think, very instructive. The inmates are not necessarily destitute; many have a tiny income of their own, others have sons and daughters who bring their dinner, and sit down and chat with them while they eat it; then many generous daughters of Spain come and visit and relieve their old favourites located here; then, again, mark this, every inmate is perfectly free to go out from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M. every day, and earn what she can for herself. Some go out as daily servants, some go out to work at a trade, some take in needlework at home, or go to it outside. No inquiry whatever is made of them as to the use they make of their time.

I confess, I think this union of help and self-help is, indeed, very suggestive. Why should there be no institution in England based upon this system? We in England ignore the fact that many of our brothers and sisters need a little help, but do not need to be kept wholly by charity; the thought is hateful to them, and it lowers self-respect and stifles self-help. In England we are either rich or beggars—either

knaves or entirely honest; we never, downright nation, allow that in all these things there are "midways," as they say here! Is it not a mistake to do as we do? Might we not take a lesson from the Spaniards in these matters?

The inmates here are allowed to have their friends with them from seven to set of sun; if ill, and desired, they may pay their own nurse, or have a relation with them. They buy their own "comia" (we are Andalucians here, and drop our *d*'s in dinner), and may join in every act of friendship except messing together, that is against the rules. The endowment of the place comes from houses in Madrid left by the founder, and rich men dying often leave a legacy for the Widows' Home.

Most of them, my kind companion said, live and die here. The chimney-corner, in a son's or daughter's house, is associated in English ideas with the old age of the decent poor; and it is well. But in Spain we are not domestic. The poor man often lies down to sleep among the olives, in the long, hot summer months; his wife is quite content to find her bed among the tents of the Plaza de Fruta of her township. We men find for ourselves a home at the club, or in the shaded squares, for many of the hours of the night, during the heats of summer. And so these women are happy enough in this Home!

Those born to poverty and those who have fallen from a high estate, both find shelter within these walls: there they live, there receive their friends, there find their home, their church, and there die in peace.

A Spanish priest superintends the Home. Each inmate does herself her own cooking, &c., or pays

some one to do it for her. Three señoras (not Sisters of Charity, in the technical sense) manage domestic affairs, to each of whom I had the pleasure of being introduced. They are styled "La Precedenta," "La Sacristana," and "La Portera."

It has often surprised me to see the simplicity, the triviality of the things in which Spanish women of the lower and middle classes delight. Of the two criadas whom I knew and liked best in the interior, the whole pleasure of the one was to cut her little dog's hair in different shapes, queer patterns; sometimes he was a poodle, then a short-haired dog, then his hair was suffered to grow, and he had daily washings, poor little beast, and was brought into my sitting-room after each operation by his heels, dripping wet. An image of "San Juan," (and *such* an image!) her patron saint, formed the whole delight of the other poor servant. She would undress and dress San Juan, feel her saint's legs, and make me feel them as I walked up to bed wearied out after a hard day's ride, all the while calling San Juan "Pobre! pobre!" the equivalent to which I can only give properly in English by our peasant's phrase in the Midland Counties, "Poor dear! poor dear!" San Juan (St. John) was this poor thing's patron saint!

And so again here the same love for the simplest hobby came before me again. My companion said, "Come up to the top of the house to see my darling—my hobby." The "darling," to my surprise, was a huge reservoir of water, the water draining into it from the flat, walled-round roof. The poor thing pointed to this with such joy, that I inquired the reason. "We sell that tank of water to the city," she said, "keeping one for the use of our Casa; and the

city pays us sixty-five dollars a year for it, which helps to endow our Home." That was the poor thing's hobby—her pet!

The chapel, where on Sundays there is service, is neat and pretty. In it, and in the galleries, are many old oil paintings. The walls are whitewashed, and prettily ornamented.

The founder's picture hangs over the chapel-door. It is old, and badly framed; but I think the inscription on it is as follows:—

"Verdadera effige (? efigie) de Don Juan Frajela fundador de esta casa pia, vecino de esta ciudad de Cadiz . . . nat . . . Damasco . . . murio el dia 27 Marzo de l año de 1756, de edad 104 años y 10 dias."

The pious founder was, I believe, a Damascene by birth, though of Spanish parentage. He is cited in Spain as one of their centenarians.

The last House of Charity to which I bent my steps—with real joy of heart at seeing, while the horizon, religious and political, is so black with clouds, so many active works of love going on—was the Foundling Hospital, the "Casa de los Niños Espositos," as it is called in Spain.

This building is only distinguished from those around it by a mysterious little door in the wall, just big enough to admit the baby for whose admittance it is formed. Opening this tiny door, there is a small bed upon a pivot. The mother who deposits her foundling upon this cushion gives it a turn, and the baby and cushion are in the room, where, nightly, a Sister of Charity sits to receive the little foundling.

In this Home are thirty-five tiny children, in little curtained beds, ranged round each room. There are fifteen wet-nurses, and six Hermanas de Caridad, of

the Order of S. Vicente de Paul, an Order which is an inestimable blessing to this country. Wherever the sob of sorrow is heard, in Hospital or Foundling, there will be seen by its side the well-known black dress and white head-dress of the Sister of S. Vicente.

The children are kept here until the age of seven; they are then sent to an institution before described, El Hospicio de Cadiz.

This Home for Foundlings is supported by the Deputacion Provincial. It is supported on the same grounds that men supported our Contagious Diseases Act in England, not because it is high, lofty, or desirable, but because it is expedient. Child-murder, I believe, would simply be rife in Spain without these Homes.

The mother and father who want to emigrate leave here their youngest child; the poor fallen girl gets here a kindly home for her babe. Nor is this all. Help and self-help are joined here, and any mother who finds her hands too full of children can pay for her baby's sustenance here, visit and take an interest in it while pursuing her own work, and take it to her home at the age of seven.

Every child who entered used to receive the Christian rite of baptism. Since the summer revolution here that rite is not administered!

CHAPTER XV.

TWO GOVERNMENT INSTITUTIONS AT CADIZ—LA FABRICA DE TABACOS, EL HOSPITAL DEL REY.

AMONG the many things that strike the wanderer in Spain is the number of institutions, if one may use the name, that are "under Government."

Curious to know something about the real state and working of these, I went one day to visit two of them in the same town of Cadiz—the one, the Government Cigar Manufactory; the other, the Government Hospital.

We will, first of all, take a survey of the Fabrica de Tabacos, or Cigar Manufactory of Cadiz.

The consumption of tobacco in Spain is something enormous. Every man (and many boys!) smokes, not the genuine English pipe, which one simply never sees in the streets, and which is only sold as a curiosity, and smoked by just a few who have come in contact with the English, but in the shape of the paper cigarettes or cigarillos, which are never out of the pocket, and very seldom out of the mouth, of men of all classes. Their proper name is cigarros de papel. What his cup of tea or his glass of beer is to an Englishman, that his cigarillo is to the Spaniard. Every beggar has his little packet of cigarette papers (papel de hilo), bought for about a farthing, and his loose pouch of tobacco, not at all like English tobacco, but the leaf of which the cigar is made, cut into small

shreds, and sold at a very cheap rate; much of it is mere dust, but it smokes well.

With the Spaniards the cigarillo covers all difficulties. Are you dull and sad? Well, no one, say they, ever committed suicide with a cigarette in his mouth; take out your "papel," fill it with tobacco, rubbed to powder in the palm of the left hand, light it, and smoke; the odds are you will forget to commit the crime in question! Does conversation flag?—the little cigarillo is instantly had recourse to. Is an argument getting too hot?—light the cigarillo, both of you, and you are friends at once!

The cigarillo, or paper cigarette, in Spain is, where "a dish of tea" is all but unknown, "the cup which cheers (and soothes!) but not inebriates."

And to the cigar manufactory, in many of the larger towns of Spain, a very high place is given. At Valencia, Malaga, and Seville, the buildings allotted by Government for the making of cigars are almost palatial. At Seville alone some four thousand women are employed at the Government manufactory!

Suffer me to hazard a remark here; it may be true, or it may be untrue, but I may make it because I believe it. Every Spaniard, whatever his station or means, smokes; most of them smoke to excess. A Spaniard, if very poor, must choose between bread and tobacco, buy both he cannot. Let him tell you himself which of the two he will buy, and he will say, "My tobacco, of course"; and add the words, "An empty stomach is a good medicine sometimes, and brings about good appetite; but tobacco is necessary." In England we should just reverse this saying! Now, I find that the characteristic failing of Spaniards of all classes is laziness—simple, sheer laziness. We know

well that the inhabitants of a hot climate are naturally less energetic than those braced up by cold; but that fact alone will not account for all. I venture, then, to hazard this suggestion—that the reason why the Spaniard is so lazy, so disinclined for active mental or bodily exertion, is simply this, that he smokes too much.

The Spaniards certainly have degenerated. They are not what they were in the olden days of their maritime glory; and I put it down to their habit of intense smoking, which is very much the same, only in a smaller degree, as the opium-eating of the Chinese. The Spaniards, in physique, are very strong: they can march far better than English soldiers, and can carry weights far better than any English porter, yet they do nothing either in the naval or military line. People in England say they are a cowardly race. I do not think it myself. I think they are a singularly reckless and hazardous race.

Another cause of their degeneracy is, I must say, in my belief, their religion. You cannot enslave a man's mind and reasoning faculties without making the man himself a slave.

Tobacco used in excess, submission (enforced) to an unreasoning system of religion, a hot, tropical, and enervating climate, these three I conceive to be great and leading causes of the degeneracy of the Spaniard of to-day from his lofty ancestors. I dare say philosophers will say I am confounding "cause and effect." It may be so. I am not a philosopher, but a compiler of facts; and if sometimes, in the course of these pages, I hazard a theory, or even two, I hope the great theorists will not be very hard upon me. Just now, as I write, a little dog made a great

noise, and a ring of great dogs collected round him. I thought they were going to punish him for making a noise, but they only looked at him—he was beneath their notice! So may it be unto me!

To return to tobacco. A short time since, the experiment of growing tobacco was tried in Spain; and, in the warm climate around Malaga, as Ronda, and the valleys near, the tobacco raised was very good. The attempt, however, was stopped by Government; and now all the tobacco of Spain comes from Cuba (called "Habana" tobacco), from Manilla, *i. e.*, Philippine tobacco; and from Virginia. The Cuban, or Habana tobacco is, of course, the best.

Courteously and kindly, as you enter the large manufactory, and ask for a "permit" to see over the "Fabrica de Tabaco" of Cadiz, the Governor gives you one, and summons one of his head men to conduct you over the place. On this manufactory no less than one thousand girls and women are employed; some of the children are but six or seven, while many of the women look at least seventy years old!

The first room into which we enter is devoted to the making of tiny paper-bags to hold the cigarettes. At each table were about eight or nine women hard at work. Never have I seen such nimble fingers. I have often wondered at the sight of the Bedfordshire lace-maker twirling her bobbins—

> "Yon cottager, who sits at her own door,
> Pillow and bobbins all her little store,"—

but never have I witnessed such adroitness as this. The stamped pieces of paper are ready at hand; the woman working takes one up, gives it a dab or two of paste, (in a second this is done, not more!) puts it on

a little frame of wood, like a small shoemaker's last, joins it, and throws it over her side into the basket on the floor. The quickness, the marvellous rapidity with which it is done, defies all description. I timed one of the worst makers of these paper-bags, and she made, *in one minute*, twenty-two of these bags! Poor things, they may well work hard. They only get five reals, that is, one shilling of English money, for 10,000 of these little bags!

All these poor women and children—the children are taken from six years and upwards—are very poor: the widow with her child or children, the girl whose husband is out of work, the single and penniless woman, and many aged poor, get their living entirely by making cigars, paper-bags for cigars, or picking the bundles of tobacco to pieces. They come to work at half-past seven in the winter, at six in the summer, and are dismissed at six in the evening. They (most of them) bring their breakfast and dinner with them, but there is a cooking-place, and a room for those who prefer it to buy, for two or three pence, a hot dinner.

The lowest wages are made in the "picking-room," as this is unskilled labour. It consists in untying the bundles of dried tobacco leaf, and drawing out the fibre. Those who do this get from five pence to seven pence per diem.

The highest wages are made, of course, by those who make the cigars (that is, the majority). Some of these have been known to make as much as eight and nine reals a day, a real being equivalent to twopence-halfpenny. But the amount of money made by the average worker would be about five or six reals per diem.

Of course they are paid by the number of bundles

made in the week, and, as nearly as I could calculate, about twopence is allowed for each bundle, a bundle consisting of twenty full-sized cigars.

What is seen in walking through the manufactory is this:—One long, lofty room after another, containing one hundred or more women and children of all ages, sitting in order, six around each table. On the floor, at their side, are great rush-baskets of tobacco-leaf, some much bruised and triturated; some, for the outside of the cigars, in perfect leaves. The nimbleness of their poor thin fingers is wonderful indeed. One rolls out, damps, and cuts into two the large leaf of tobacco; another, to whom it is then passed on like lightning, has prepared the inside of smaller pieces; and she, in her turn, passes the two together to a third, who rolls up the cigar tightly, and throws it to another, who sits, knife in hand, to cut off the two ends. But no one can describe the lightning speed with which this is done; in less time than it takes me to write these two or three lines the cigar would be made. The fingers work like lightning; I know of only one parallel, that of the Bedfordshire lace-maker twirling her bobbins.

Were I asked to describe the poor women who were at work, I should say I never saw a collection of women and children so plain; I did not notice more than two or three really pretty. Most of them seemed very roughly dressed, though, I must say, very tastily; for, were a Spanish woman asked to put on a piece of sacking, I am sure she would put it on gracefully! Particularly, I noticed that the children, and many of the women also, looked ill and sickly; and I remarked it, saying to one of them that I thought it must be an unhealthy atmosphere to work in. The whole air is

rich with the aromatic fragrance of tobacco; you see in a gleam of sun the motes of it floating about! The poor woman to whom I spoke, contented with her lot, said,—"It is a very healthy air; it is a preventive of cholera."

Then we went below, to the dark vaulted chambers, two in number, where sit the semi-blind, the awkward, the infirm, and the aged poor, rending out the bundles of tobacco-leaf, and pulling out the fibre. Poor things! the rooms are very dark, hardly lighted at all; the work is very rough, but they must do it to live. "No one in this room makes above three reals a day," said my informant; "most of them two-and-a-half." It does right to be dark, then, thought I, this chamber of the aged poor.

The piles of bales of tobacco-leaf just come over from Cuba, the piles of boxes of ready-made cigars, packed up for the various towns in this province (for there is only this one Government manufactory for this province), all combined to give one some idea of the enormous consumption of tobacco in Spain.

These cigars are moderately good; they each cost about one penny, rather less, and are sold at all the stamp offices. Wherever a traveller sees "Etanco Nacional" over the door, he can be sure of obtaining stamps for his letters, and can get a dozen decent cigars for about eleven pence of English money.*

Seeing me jot down a few notes in my pocket-book, a buxom, middle-aged señora, who had accompanied

* Small cigars (Government) can be bought at the low rate of five for one penny; they are ill-made and ill-flavoured, but have a large sale among the poor. The best Habana cigars are bought at the ordinary cigar-shops, but the duty, as in England, being heavy, they cost five pence a piece.

our little party, said,—"If you think of setting up a Fabrica in Inglaterra, I will come with you, and superintend."

Generally, I keep my eyes and ears open to see or hear of improvements. And here is one. In one room was a kind of sofa, of mahogany wood, cane-bottomed, long enough for a woman to lie in at full length, and with light wooden sides. It was the "invalid chair," light enough to be carried by two men, who are always in readiness to carry any poor thing to her home who may suddenly be taken ill.

On the whole, my impression of the place was favourable, except as regarded the dark, stone-vaulted chambers where the rougher work is done. I do not think it can be right for three hundred women to be working in this dim and gloomy light, which is hardly to be called light at all. The plan of giving a hot dinner on the premises struck me as a very good one, and I was assured that the fare and the cookery were good.

And now let us seek *El Hospital del Rey*, or Government Hospital, where civilians from the town, or any part of the province, are side by side with sick soldiers of the garrison or province.

Let me break off, for a moment, before we enter these guarded portals, and recount a little instance of Spanish wit and impudence. I was remarking upon the absence of mosquito curtains, which I did not see round the beds; "But," I added, "I have not found them attack me very lately." A roguish Spanish girl, whom I slightly knew as being a servant, retaliated,—"No wonder; they have tried you, and found you are not nice enough."

The wide doors of the Civil Hospital, or hospital

for the civil and military of the whole province, are well guarded by some half-dozen Republican soldiers.

If you will walk with me through the rooms, our survey shall be brief, and limited to a few leading facts. This hospital is neither so inviting nor so suggestive in its arrangements as the two hospitals I have before described to you, where help and self-help are combined.

Firstly, there is no need of any ticket of admission to this hospital; he who rings at the bell, and says he is ill, is admitted without question. The patients are all paid for by the Deputacion Provinciale, who pay three-and-a-half reals per diem for each man and woman, that is, about tenpence-halfpenny. Just now, there are seventy women only and two hundred men in the hospital, of which latter about one-half are soldiers, many of them suffering from those diseases to which, alas! soldiers here, as elsewhere, subject themselves.

Tenpence-halfpenny a day is not much; but then the doctors can order, where needful, wine and other luxuries. All classes can come here.

Two priests, before the summer Revolution of 1873, lived and ministered here to the sick and dying—they minister no more! I asked to see the chapel. "I don't know where on earth the key is," said the porter; "but you can peep through this hole in the door." It looked pretty and bright, but dusty.

There are three doctors, thirteen "sisters" of San Vicente de Paul, three women, and thirteen men-servants. Each "sister" has six reals a day.

Three meals daily are allowed to the patients, 7 A.M., 12, and 7 P.M. Those who have a little money

may, if allowed by the doctor, purchase little luxuries; but, it is needless to add, very few can do so, for hither, from the whole province, come the poorest of the poor.

The friends of the sick are allowed to come in when they like to the bedsides; but I saw very few, probably because the majority of these poor sufferers had come from afar.

There is no Sunday service in church, no prayers, no religious instruction. The patients may talk to each other as much as they like, and surely they need conversation, or some pastime. I never saw sadder or sicklier rows of faces. I did not see above two books and as many newspapers in the whole establishment. "Why have they no books to wile away the time?" said I.—"They can, if they choose; very few *can* read, and very few care to read." *That* was my answer.

Spaniards are very fond of attempting to speak English, and it is always best to humour them in the attempt, though it sometimes leads to an exhibition of the whimsical, not to say of the awkward. We passed one ward, and I said, "To what is that ward devoted?"—"Oh, we'll go in presently, and see; that's the ward when any lady's full, and gets babies." I involuntarily glanced round to see the effect on my companion, who was an English lady, and found that it was having much the same effect on her self-control as it was upon my own.

One thing here puzzled me, namely, a whole ward, of some forty, or, to say the least, thirty men, all suffering from bronchitis, asthma, or consumption. Why this number in this climate?

Let me now give the Hospital del Rey its fair

meed of praise. The wards are, some of them, of noble dimensions. Here are the dimensions of one. Fifty-eight yards long, twenty yards broad; down the centre a row of stone pillars. I will estimate the height (which I could not, of course, measure) at from thirty to forty feet. Anyhow, it was very lofty. It turned round a corner, and opened into another of the same dimensions within a yard or two.

The ventilation of Spanish houses and hospitals is very well arranged as a rule; lofty ceilings, windows large, and often opening to the ground, give air, light, and a cheerfulness of appearance which is a stranger to a darker room.

There are a number of small "quartitos," little square rooms, walled off with deal partitions from one another, in a separate ward of their own. They are devoted to two different classes—(1) the poor patient who has undergone an operation in the neighbouring ampiteatro; and (2) any one who chooses to pay or can pay for the quiet and privacy of one.

In conclusion, I venture to sum up what, in my mind, are the defects and the excellencies of this Government hospital over some of those I have visited in England.

Among the *defects*, I mention these points: that tenpence a day does not strike me as enough to keep a man in food, although I must say the soup and other comestibles I tasted were good; that there are no books, no religious services, no newspapers; and if it be bad for a strong man's mind to brood upon itself, must it not be worse for the mind of a sufferer; that there is no separate fever-ward, though there is one for small-pox.

Among the *excellencies* of this hospital, let me mention the presence of the devoted and gentle Sisters of Mercy; the liberty of buying such luxuries as the patient can afford; the splendid size of some of the wards, insuring good ventilation.

All the bedsteads are of iron; they stand in single rows, but rather close to each other; the bedding seemed soft and clean.

Is it well or no to have a common hospital for civilian and soldier?

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FISH-MARKET AT CADIZ.

LIFE at the water-side is, as we all know well, very different from life in the better streets, and it is always, to me, most interesting to take even a superficial glance at the ways and life of the fisherman. One can see but little, but that little is, at least, interesting, and better than nothing at all.

One morning I asked a Spanish boatman, the part-owner of two small boats used to take passengers or cargo to and from the steamers or sailing vessels in harbour, to walk with me down the length of the wharf of the town where I was staying. Early he presented himself at our Fonda, just as we were going to kneel down for family prayers. I offered him a chair, and told him what we were about doing; he listened attentively to the Psalms for the day as I read them, and when we knelt, to my surprise he also fell on his knees, and, with his hands clasped, reverently joined us in our devotions. I found afterwards that he had made two voyages to the United States, and understood and could speak a little English.

As we drew near to the wharf, we passed through a broad, and, at this early hour, busy square or Plaza, before we passed through the Puerta de la Mar (Sea-Gate) to the sea. This Plaza was a singularly bright and interesting scene of work and life. It was dotted all over with little knots of two or three Spanish

soldiers, in their long, blue great-coats and brick-coloured baggy trousers. There had been, lately, a "trastorno" (riot) in this quarter of the town, and so a temporary barrack had been established here to maintain order. As if these brightly-dressed preservers of order were not sufficient, there were, sitting here and there, the representatives of no less than four different orders of Spanish police: the bronzed, stalwart Guardia Civil, in his linen-covered cocked-hat, blue frock-coat, faced with red, and blue trousers; the Vigilante, in his short, dark-blue coat, with flat-peaked cap, bound round with a band of violet, red, and yellow, his long sword draggling behind him; the Guardia Municipal, with blue great-coat and kepi, like the French soldiery, with scarlet band; and several individuals, with keen observant eyes, belonging to the Policia Secreta, or Detective Department.

Of all these classes, Spain owes most to the Guardia Civiles. These men are, in physique alone, superior to all the other police or military of the country, between whom they hold a position midway. They are all men who have served in the regular army, and of good character; they are obliged to pass an examination in reading and writing before entering the force, and, I believe, must be up to a certain size. They are used as soldiers, use military arms, and learn drill, and are made up of companies one hundred strong, with captain and lieutenant. During the last summer they, always allying themselves to the cause of order, and being clever, powerful, middle-aged men, were invaluable to their country; they fight as regular troops (but only within the country), or are billeted in disaffected towns, in small bodies, or dwell in twos throughout the villages and at the railway

stations of the interior. Every one, except an evil-doer, respects and likes the presence of a body of these men. It is wholly owing to them that Spain is at present fairly free from highwaymen in her lonely "campos" and mountain passes. In the country, where a horse is necessary, they are allowed by Government seven reals (about 15*d.*) per diem for its keep. These men, when sent on duty, always go in couples.

The Vigilante is a civilian policeman. He does duty simply as a policeman in the towns, getting every other night in bed; he is in the pay of the Civil Governor of the town where he acts.

The Municipal Guards only do duty by day. They are employed and paid by the Provincial Government. In the day-time they act as policemen, distribute tax-papers, Government circulars, and the like.

All these various classes carry sword and revolver, the bayonet of the Guardia Civil acting as his sword. They each receive half-a-dollar per diem, which is about 2*s.* 1*d.* of English money.

In many of the towns of the interior the strength of the police is very slender, and they constantly have to call in the aid of the Civil Guards from the nearest barrack-town. But the better class of towns are well provided; thus, in Cadiz, with a population of about 72,000, there are eighty Municipal and one hundred Civil Guards, besides sixty Vigilantes, and forty detectives in plain clothes, making a total of two hundred and eighty preservers of the peace.

Besides these men, every Spanish town has its staff of Serenos, or night-watchmen. These are, as a rule, a capital set of fellows. They wear a long overcoat and peaked cap, but not coloured uniform. Each one

has his "beat," like a London policeman; they carry a small lamp, a sword and revolver, and a spear six or seven feet long, called a "chuzo." It is like an ancient battle-pike. These men may be heard calling or singing the time of night every half-hour. Some sing very well. "Han dado las dos y media—y sereno!" —that is, "It has struck half-past two; here is the night-watchman." Sometimes they add to their cry, "Stormy night," or "Fair the night," or "Viva la—Republica." They keep the streets very quiet, and are courteous and helpful if you need aid at night.

Like all Spanish officials, the Sereno is very jealous of his authority. One night, in a wild town in the interior, my house was assailed; I fired a shot over the assailant's head, and he fled. The Sereno on that beat heard of it, and came and thundered at my door the following night, to "challenge," as he called it, "my shot on his beat."

The method pursued by the Sereno, when he takes a man into custody, and wants to get him to the lock-up, is very clever. He takes the man half way to the next Sereno in the direction of the lock-up, and blows his whistle; his fellow comes up, and the prisoner is handed over to him; he does likewise, until at last, without any of them leaving their beat for more than a few minutes, the prisoner is delivered into the hands of the Sereno in whose beat stands the lock-up! These men are on duty every night, from twelve to daylight, yet some of them actually, for part of their day, work at some trade! In a city of 70,000 the number of Serenos would be about seventy.

The Plaza, as I have said, was dotted all over with soldiers and civil police. The dresses, too, of the buyers and sellers of fruit, water, acorns, &c., were

very gaudy; there were Portuguese sailors, who had just come into harbour with fish, in their bright yellow flannel trousers and blue blouses; watermen in every sort of uncouth and gaudy dress; and hundreds of neat, comely-looking criadas, with coloured handkerchiefs bound over their thick dark hair.

The poor, too, were here: some come to buy the coarser sorts of fish for their humble meal; some for fruit, bread, or nuts, for the Spanish poor live very hardly. The shops round the Plaza were all of a lowly sort, but bright and pretty; many were stores of sailors' clothes, right prettily decked out, but, on a close inspection, with very coarse articles. Everything gave evidence that we were in the "quarter of the poor." The little stores of fruit were very bright, but the fruit was of the humblest kind. No very grand fruit was here! There were the pink arbutus-berries, in heaps on the ground or strung upon straws; the sleep-giving berries which the poor Spanish mother gives her child, as an English gudewife gives it a decoction of poppies; there were heaps of bellotas, a kind of edible acorn; algarrobas, a sort of Moorish bean, imported into Spain by the Moors; heaps of genuine British cabbages, and stalks in thousands of the cardillo, or wild golden-thistle; these, with a few shady-looking quinces and buck-nuts, and a few strings of starlings (a great food of the Spaniards), made up the poor man's simple Fruit-Market. (I should say it was a December day, so fruit was not plentiful as in summer.)

Dotted all over the square were the graceful little movable water-sellers' stalls, called in common Spanish "aguaduchos," with their bright-painted boards, and trim shelves, and spotless counter, behind

which sit the master and his sposa; on their shelves were little jars and bottles of every size and shape, full of water, aguardiente, Catalan wine, liqueurs of different flavours, rose, vanille, aniseed, &c., and large phials full of "orchataz," a kind of milk crushed from almonds and sarsaparilla. Both these last are great drinks (mixed in water) with the Spanish poor. Sarsaparilla and water, and this other milky fluid with water, are greatly drunk by the Spanish women and children; the working-men, especially the seafaring portion of them, keep to aguardiente and black wine. In the interior, on every road leading to mines or any scene of work, you will, if you walk down with the stream who wend their way to their work at break of day, find, at intervals along the road, women with nothing but a basket-full of glasses, and a bottle or two of this aguardiente, on a stone or broken fragment of a bench. It is wonderful how many of the Spaniards begin their morning with a small glass of this, to me, nauseous stimulant. They are not a drinking people, but poor and rich alike believe in the virtue of an *early* dram.

But we have lingered long enough. Let us pass on to the wharf. As we leave the square, and its teeming hundreds of poor, buying and selling, two thoughts strike one:—First, how bright—I must keep on using that word, for there is none other that expresses so well the idea—how bright, with the aid of a little colour, the Spaniard makes his dress, his square, his mule-cart, his boat, aided, of course, by his ever-shining sun! The second thought is, what do all these police, and guards, and "regulars" with fixed bayonets,—for the population now, at any rate, seems quiet enough? Alas! poor fellows, they are hot and

impassioned on one subject—politics. Not very long since, twenty-one bodies, each with a bullet-hole or bayonet-wound in it, lay piled up, as the evening sun said Farewell, on this very spot where now we stand!

The "Puerta de la Mar," opening from the Plaza into the sea-front, is guarded, as we pass through it, by soldiers of the line, with fixed bayonets: they are in waiting to preserve order.

Passing through the Sea-Gate, and standing in the fresh sea breeze on the quay, the first sight that strikes your eye is the graceful rig and gaudy colours of the hundreds of little boats, most of them riding at anchor, or being kept from collision by the lazy boatman, who, cigarillo in mouth, and one oar resting on the side, rocks about, looking out for a job, from early morn until noon. In a moment you are singled out by one or two of the beggars so common throughout Spain, hapless, shiftless, unhappy mortals, who in other days could ask for and obtain a "begging-ticket," but now ply their trade without authority, but unmolested. Pitiful is their voice and language: it is the same everywhere—"Me da usted, Señor, una limosnita por Dios, por Dios, Señor." Here is the soldier, in faded regimentals, exposing the stump of his right arm, hardly healed from the operation; here a blind man is led along by his wan and weeping wife or sister; here are two or three ragged, roguish little children; here, an aged and decently-dressed widow-woman,—all hanging about the Sea-Gate for alms. Alas! they have no workhouse even to shelter them. Many of the Spanish houses of charity are confined to relieve the wants of the decent poor only, and these are not *decentes*. What must they do? The Spaniards recognize this; and it is certainly a touching sight to

see the hotel-keeper or shop-director, when his harvest has been an ample one, go out to get a few pesetas, or even dollars, changed into "cuartos" (farthings), and return home with the beggar's store wrapped up in two or three little paper packets. The other day I met the landlord of my own hotel returning with his little freight of the same sort. He held up the two weighty little packets with glee—"Por la caridad, Señor."

Here is the boatman's tavern, not very tempting, but one man, evidently a Portuguese fisherman, just landed from a long sea beat, is sitting down enjoying his fried fish and bread and black Catalan wine; nothing but the coarser kinds of fish, fried, and sold when cold, with Catalan or Val-de-Peñas wine, and aguardiente, are sold in this humble venta. All along, under shelter of the wall that shuts us out from the gay town, are countless fruit-stalls, gaudy with paint, and still more gaudy with the fruits of the season, half-ripe oranges, huge brown, rough-skinned pumpkins (calavasos), weighing from 60 lb. to 100 lb., and looking, for all the world, like a piece of the trunk of an elm-tree with the bark on; strings of "ajo," or garlic, gracefully festooned over the doorway; heaps of dandelion thistle-stalks; quinces, medlars, lemons, and bananas from the opposite coast of Africa, ripe and unripe, all together, with the bright winter sun, and the foreground of deep-blue sparkling sea, and the Babel of tongues—for all is noise, and work, work, work—forming a most picturesque scene. Oh, for a painter's hand and brush!

Come with me a few steps further, and we will walk through that long, low, covered building along the sea, around which a crowd of early criadas (come

to buy fish for breakfast), boatmen, and fishermen are elbowing and shouting. This is the Fish-Market, or "Plaza de Pescado." So crowded is it—for fish here is cheap and plentiful, and therefore within the reach of all — that one can hardly elbow one's way along.

This market is celebrated for the numbers and variety of its fish, many of which are of the gaudiest colours, many of the most uncouth and distasteful shape and appearance; many seem to be sea-reptiles, without any pretence to being fish at all.

Pescatology is a most interesting study, but I defy any one to make out clearly the names of these different varieties of fishes, good-humoured and ready to explain all about them as are the sellers. However, I will give, as nearly as I can, the notes of my two hours in the Fish-Market of Cadiz. The details may interest and be a help to some scientific persons.

Here is a pile of eight or nine of (what appear to be) enormous "sea-bream." The hues of this bream are beautiful; it has just come out of the boats. The colour of the greater part of the body is light pink and lilac; the tail, bright pink; head, almost purple; fins, brownish-red; eye, very large. This fish is called by the fishermen "pardo," which word, in Spanish, would be equivalent to lilac-grey. One of these I measured, and found its length to be two feet and a half, breadth half a foot; it is thick and heavy, but not a clumsy, fish, and is sold at one peseta the pound. But, remember, the pound of fish or of beef in Spanish markets means two pounds Avoirdupois; so, when you are told by the seller, "This weighs 20 lb.," remember it is 40 lb. Avoirdupois. I shall use *pounds* for pounds Avoirdupois in my estimate. These bream are caught

by hook and line at night, about fifteen to twenty miles off shore.

Here is a strange creature, looking, with its short, thick, semi-oval body, like a great log of polished wood. It is reddish-brown in colour, and this specimen, about, I should say, a foot and a half in length, weighs thirty-six pounds Avoirdupois. This is the far-famed "mero," which shares with the salmonete, or red-mullet, the honour of being the finest flavoured fish in Spain. It is caught about twenty miles from land, and is sold by the pound, cut up in slices, and dressed with tomatoes or other savoury vegetables.

Here is a heap of what look like emaciated and elongated cod-fish; silvery-white in colour, two to three feet in length. They have, however, none of the plumpness of the cod of the English waters, and are not very highly esteemed by the Spaniards. This fish is called in the market "corvina." They are caught with hook and line. I weighed one of these, and it weighed forty pounds.

Here is a heap of the "salmonetes," or red-mullets, caught in the nets early this morning ten miles off shore. This fish is the dainty, the luxury of the Gaditanian epicure. Fried in herbs and tomatoes, or with plain butter, it is alike rich and full-flavoured. It is the "Sultan al hut," the king of fishes of the Moors. Other and good fish sell for about one peseta (four reals) per pound—the king fish is valued at a peseta and a half per pound.

From the sea-wall of Cadiz many of these fish are caught with a common hook and line, the bait being frequently bread, or a preparation of meal.

Here is a heap of white, sickly-looking—one hardly knows what to call it, fish, flesh, or fowl—fishes.

Some of them, looking like little hollow tubes of white flesh, (for the fisherman has drawn out the poor animal's shell from inside him!) with a string of white, fleshy, tender feelers, are the well-known "calamar," so called, I suppose, from "calamo," a hollow reed, or flute. These are torn off from the rocks with an iron hook; they are stewed with rich gravy and kidneys, and have a peculiar crisp kind of flesh. Many are potted in oil, and sent into the interior, where, during the hot months, when meat is unobtainable, or so tough as to be useless for the table, I have often eaten them for dinner.

The other fish here of the same nature are those called by the fishermen "choccles." The shells drawn from these are strung up in festoons about the market to dry. They are called "conchas de choccle," and are about eight inches long. They have a kind of substance inside, which is then sold to the tailor or cloth-cleaner, who uses it, when powdered, to take stains of grease from his cloth.

The fishermen call all these animals by a generic name, equivalent in English to "tight-stickers"—I suppose from the tenacity with which the poor creatures cling to their rocks.

Here are good English whiting in abundance; they are called "pescadillas."

Here is a bright-red basketful! These little fish, barely two inches long, are called here "carpetes"; they are fried, and eaten by the poorest. Here a basket of fish like herrings, but thinner, and with a longer tail; these are called "aureles," and are of a grey colour. They are said to be the worst, most bony, and therefore cheapest fish in the market; they are about six inches in length. Here is a basket of small, short,

chubby fish, each about four inches long, of cream colour and lilac tint: these are confined to Spanish waters, and are called "parchangs"; I know not why, but possibly from the toughness of their skin, the Spanish word for parchment being parche. Here are some San Pedros (the English John Dory); these are fine fish, and are highly esteemed here. Mark those two criadas screaming over that fine fellow; everything, in Spanish buying and selling, must be and can only be done in one or two ways. First, there is the screaming way; that is pursued by the criadas, and lower orders. It consists in this: the seller asks a certain price (always double what he expects) for an article; the buyer offers one-half; both of them scream at each other. The one says,—"What a scoundrel, hombre (man), you are to ask such a lot!" The other says,—"You have insulted me by offering me one-half my price." At last, surely but slowly, the seller yields his point.

Let me digress one moment. It is interesting to observe that the Spaniards always call one another, if strangers (among the lower classes), by the generic name "hombre," which merely means "man." It is also worthy of note that you rarely find a Spaniard have any pet name for his donkey or mule. We call even a donkey "Jack" or "Neddy." The Spaniard, on the other hand, calls his donkey and mule simply by their generic names of "Mulo" and "Borrico."

This frequent use of the generic word "hombre" in conversation reminds one of the written Scriptures, where "Woman, where are those thine accusers?" words from our Blessed Lord's own lips, and St. Peter's avowal, "Man, I am not," have often, until I

came to Spain, sounded harsh to my ears. Other things, alas! bear out the idioms, &c., of Holy Writ. Thus, the ox who treads out the corn in Spain is called the "unmuzzled ox."

But this is a digression. The second mode of "dealing" is the more dignified, and the one pursued by all classes. A seller asks a price. You know, of course, that it is double what he expects. You simply shrug your shoulders, say your "adios," and walk away. Next day you pass (by chance, of course!) down the same street, pass the same shop. In a moment you hear from your friend the half-hiss, half-whisper, "Pish, pish," which is universal in Southern Spain as a means of calling attention. You turn back, and ask, in a *nonchalant* way, "What do you want? It's a lovely day." Out comes the article in question, offered you at a reasonable rate! This system of buying and selling is universal in Spain. No one, in his sober senses, ever dreams of giving the price that is first asked.

But we have not done with the fish as yet. Here is absolutely a bundle of half-living sharks—long, thin, active (but very small) fellows. They look as if they deserved the name the fishermen give them, "cazones," or "huntsmen," from the Spanish "cazar," to chase. These are caught in the nets, and weigh from 3 lb. to 50 lb., but they are of small value, and eaten only by the very poorest.

Here is a heap of tiny sea-bream, for I know not what else to call them. They are about four inches long, and brown and white in colour; they are very plentiful, and are called "vesugos." Close to them lie a dozen or more of rounder, flatter, and more "breamified," each weighing half-a-pound. They are

called "mojaros," and are fairly good—eatable, at any rate, when nicely cooked.

Plenty of spotted sea-trout are to be had, called here, from their shining glossy scales, "lisas." By them lies a heap of what looks like sprats, and nothing more. But you must not call these tiny silverlings sprats! The Spaniards (it is the Republican era now, remember) call these unaristocratic mortals by the name of "Pescao del Rey," *i. e.*, king-fish.

Here is a barrel full of slimy-looking fish, about three inches and a half long. They are black, and green, and mottled all over, and from their sharp row of bristles are called "rascarsos," scratchers, from the Spanish "rascar," to scratch.

Here are little silver "Raphaels," oval-shaped, and flashing in the sun like a new shilling. "Cabritas" (little kids), of dark chocolate skin, very small, and (reptile-like, yet caught in deep-sea nets!) shoals of scaleless, slimy, tiny "babosas," of brown and speckled hues; they are called babosas, *i. e.*, the dribblers, from a word in Spanish meaning to slaver, or spit.

Here, again, is an old English friend, the red-gurnet. You know him by his long, tapering, pointed snout, and his soldier's jacket and blazing eye. These are some of the boniest, coarsest, cheapest fish in the market, and are called "rubios" (red-fish) or "garnaos."

But, only look beneath your feet. Here lie two animals, whether fish or reptile I cannot say, neither can I take down their long, unpronounceable name. They are about five feet long, muddy brown in colour, in shape between a fish and a frog; they are eaten, I am told, "by the poor." Alas! how many shapeless things fall to the lot of "the poor"—the poor, whom we are told the good God loveth so well!

Fancy having to eat a slice of one of those. Worse still, to have to buy it, look at it, cook it, and then eat it. Oh! one must be very, very hungry! These creatures have white stomachs, and no scales! Oh, for Frank Buckland, for only one hour!

Look at that basket of "anguilas" (sea eels); their dark, sap-green, slimy, slippery sides. They seem to make no difference between head and tail; they are nearly all one foot long.

No lack of brothers for the red-gurnet. Almost as scaleless, to all appearance, as himself is yonder "garnao," or stony gurnet. By his side lie heaps of red and silver "entong," a fish about eight inches long, silvery, with red fins, and stomach and back, at their ridge bearing a good show of prickles. Around him, as though for a garnish, lies a ring of "gambas," a tiny sort of prawn. And now we have a most strange and unsightly fellow, one foot long. He has three large, blunt, pointless fins, more like small flappers; he has no scales, but his skin is slimy and icy cold; he is in colour a stony-creamy ground, but covered with brown spots, regularly placed; his stomach, which is quite flat, is white; his nose broad and blunt, like a very wide triangle; his tail is flat, and has no break in it, square at the end. He is called a "pintaroja," and one can readily see why. He is beautifully painted, with his spotted skin; but his shape is very awkward, so he is called pintaroja, from the Spanish pintarrago, which means a bungling picture or painting. O Spanish fishers' *sal!*

Wonderful to stimulate the hard-worked brain of man—here, as in England,—is the sole, large and small. Beefsteaks do not supply the waste of brain, but soles, and some other sea-fish do, I have often observed. If

you desire to work beyond bounds your muscles, drink beer, and eat bread and beefsteaks and potatoes. If you desire to work your brain beyond bounds, live upon sole, and drink claret; these will (I do not speak in joke, but am merely chronicling my own experience, and the teaching of one of the most scientific doctors in Spain) supply the waste of brain as far as the fish is concerned, and the claret will make thought and language flow more freely than will beer. And what says the old German proverb?—

> "He who beer shall drink,
> Beer will surely think!"

Here is a pile of fish called "serranos" (*i. e.* serrata). Each one is from six to eight inches long, and dark-brown, with regular scarlet bars all along his body; his back is completely covered with a row of sharp bristles, like the edge of a mountain. His fellow, also with horizontal bars, lies close by him, the "jereda," a bright silver fish, seven inches long, with black bars along his side. But his back has very few prickles.

And now we stop in wonderment to know what on earth these reptiles (for they are little better) do, spread out on the deal plank that forms the counter of the fish-market. By the fishermen they are all known by the generic name of "sapos" (*Anglicè*, toads). But each one has his specific name. Indeed, nearly all wide-mouthed fish, whether with or without scales, are called by the fishermen roughly *sapos*, just as an English fisherman, as he returns to shore in his lugger to sell his fish on the beach by Dutch auction (if you know what that means—it is the usual mode on the Sussex coast), throws aside a certain amount of

different species of worthless fish, calling them all "the rubbish."

Here is one sort, the typo or type of all the sea-toads, and truly he *is* a sea-toad, and nothing more! He is all head; his mouth stretches, from flapper to flapper; he has two tiny eyes, set wide apart; his mouth is all but square; all head and shoulders, he suddenly tapers down to a thin and square-cut tail; he has no scales, but a skin like that of a toad or frog; he is broad at the shoulders, about four inches across, and in length seven inches; his belly is white, fleshy, and flat; on the top of his back is one long, narrow fin; the colour of his body and his flappers is mottled brown and black. He is, as the type of the family, dignified by the name of "*the* toad" among the fishermen. Is he eaten? "Señor, he certainly is!"

Here is another of the family, much like the first. He is a flat fish, (?) nine inches long, in colour of a light stone-colour, with white belly; very slimy and slippery; you cannot hold him. His mouth and tail are absolutely quite square; his two flappers, extending the three parts of the way down his body, are oblongs; on the lower (tail) end of his flat back he has two tiny triangular fleshy fins; but he is more graceful and tapers more gradually than the last. Cut off his head and fins, and put scales upon his body, and he would be a nimble and gracefully-shaped fish.

Here is yet another reptile, much like the last, but of his eight inches of length two inches are devoted to his long fleshy snout. He, like all this family, has no teeth, and seems to live by suction; he measures nine inches in length, and is of a dusty brown, mottled with yellow. He is caught in the nets, well abused,

like all his family, for the room he takes up (he is very valueless), and finally cooked and eaten! But, taking a glance from the fish-market into the world, is it so very uncommon to abuse a person well and then make use of him?

Here is a "safio," or congrio, a kind of conger-eel, with two tiny fins, a long black line down the spine of his flat back, and glistening in his hues of bright lilac deepening into purple.

Here are, lying on the ground, a shoal of small fishes, bright-red in colour, with brown mottles. The most noticeable feature in them is their four groups of sharp bristles on their sharp-pointed backs; and, on their sides, half-way to the stomachs, another smaller row. They are pitiful for the table, and one can only pity the sea-fish who gets one of them into his mouth. They are called "drascarcios." The most striking feature in these very small fish is that their tail ends almost in a point. It would seem to me that, owing to their long line of fortifications, they do not stand so much in need of a rudder, not being pursued by the larger fish, as are their more palatable companions. Be this as it may, one who loves natural history sees constantly all around him the well-ordered beauty and wisdom of Nature in these matters. The poet Cowper has beautifully said, in one of his poems,—

> "I would not reckon 'mong my friends the man
> Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Nor would I. But what a blessing to know—since men who have devoted time to that study assure us of the fact—that the nervous organization of the lowest creatures, who crawl about defenceless, and are necessarily crushed by foot of passer-by or carriage-wheel,

is small and not susceptible; in other words, that the lower we descend in the animal creation, the less developed are those organs from which sensitiveness or feeling proceeds. Surely this is a proof of the All-Wise!

And now to return to the family of sea-toads! Here are two who really deserve that appellation. This one has no suspicion of a fish about him at all. His flat scaleless body is just like that of a toad, but not so long proportionately, or so graceful, for his body is much broader than it is long; still, he has a tail (merciful Providence!) to make up this deficiency. Well, here he is; his mouth like the end of a (very wide) triangle; eyes, close together; body flat, one foot in length, one foot five inches in breadth; tail, one foot long; colour, light-brown, with innumerable dark-brown spots; two small flappers on either side where his tail joins his squat body; a row of tiny fins part-way down on the top of his flat, fleshy tail. He is called by the name of "dralga," or "drayal," and is only fit to be made into sauce. His companion, touching him, has absolutely no shape at all, and I cannot describe him! He is a foot long, and nine inches across his widest part; he is all head and shoulders; his mouth end (where his mouth should be) is as broad and shapeless as his side; he is flat, light-bellied, has a fish's tail, two or three shapeless flappers, and in colour he is brown and white, with some fifty large black spots on his back. He is called a "timblerara." The flesh of these creatures, for the most part, is white.

There lie some "dratas," suction-fish, teethless, weighing 8 oz.; light-brown, mottled with dark-brown; white fleshed, six inches long, with scales.

Here are baskets full of what in England we should call "all sorts."

Juveles, salvalos, dorados, are all reckoned among the choice fish of Cadiz; but none are here to-day. As we pass out, one or two dog-fish (sometimes called pintarojos) are being cut up in slices on the rough stones, and sold to a poor and hungry-looking, but contented and kindly crowd! Poor dear things, good appetite to them!

Step out quickly, please. Here are the Municipal Guards clearing the market, for it is ten o'clock, and there goes the bell. The Fish-Market is only allowed to be open from five to ten in the morning, and in the afternoon from three to five. See, the wet sea-water cloths are being drawn over the fish that are left; basket in hand, the purchasers are walking away, singly or in groups; and already the sellers, who just now were so busy and eager, are sitting down beside their remnants of fish, and leisurely lighting their cigarillos.

"Langostinas—langostinas muy frescas." Glorious sound! This cry, "Fresh prawns," is not confined to the hours of the market, but may be heard at any time, in the streets or here. The prawns, called langostinas, *i. e.*, small lobsters, langosta being the Spanish for a lobster, are worthy of their name. They are caught in the lagoons, or sea-marshes, but are not very plentiful. Their size is worth nothing. I measured two of them, and the length was over six inches, and their stoutness proportionate. They are sweet and tender, but not so full of the crisp salt-sea flavour as are their more modest English brothers.

There is a sight, which, whether seen at Covent Garden or in the Fish-Markets of Spain, always wakes

a chord of pitifulness and tenderness in my heart. It is the sight of the decent poor buying the refuse fish, or fruit, or whatever it may be. Here are poor care-worn Spanish gudewives, carrying home in their little cestas, or baskets, (a Spanish criada's first request is always for a "cesta muy bonita," very pretty basket, to go to market with!) the refuse fish for her coarse mid-day fry. Look into her basket, and you will see small fish covered with prickles, bony red-gurnet, and a slice of pintarojo, or some of the toad-fish described above. It certainly ought to make their well-to-do neighbours contented and thankful, and ready to help those less blessed than themselves.

When I see this sight, or, sadder still, the poor Spanish mother enter the chemist's shop for her sick child's little dole of magnesia, which among the Spanish lower classes is mixed with orange-juice, and considered a panacea, a sovereign remedy for the ills of "los niños," and drag out with difficulty her tiny store of cuartos in hopes that it will cover the amount, I own to often volunteering (perhaps the child for whom it is destined would not bless me for my interference!) to pay for a much larger dole; and the poor things are ever grateful and surprised, as with beaming eyes they give the simple blessing, "Our Lord (or Our Lady) give you good health for ever." Such little sights as these, often passed by by the careless observer, are, I find, if properly taken, an excellent medicine for a discontented or restless mind, and a medicine which I would prescribe for every English lady who suffers from the disease called *ennui*. Many of those who read these pages may have read the German story on this same subject. It is a very touching one, and is called 'The Christmas Trees,'

and it just hits off my present point. The Child of Comfort has a Christmas tree, as do all North-German children: his tree gives him books, and toys, and cakes, and *bon-bons;* his heart rejoices at his store. Presently he goes to visit the Christmas presents of a neighbouring child, the Child of Wealth. The Child of Wealth has a pony, and a carriage, and a purse of gold. Discontented at his own lot, morbid, and envious, to his home returns the Child of Comfort; he throws aside his modest joys, and, like the bereaved mother of prophetic lore, refuses to be comforted. His mother and father, hard-working middle-class people, sit in solemn consultation, and at last prescribe a medicine for his disease. It is midnight; the mother rises; she takes her discontented child by the hand, and leads him, he knows not whither, along the crisp and snowy streets; up one alley they go and down another, in the quarter of the poor. At last they climb a ricketty, creaking staircase, to its top; the mother knocks at the rusty door, and a feeble child's voice says, "Come in." The mother pushes her child in, and herself goes away. There is but one little tenant of the room, the Child of Poverty; he is ill, sitting up in bed; his hands are clasped in prayer; before him lie a rosy-cheeked apple, and two tiny coloured wax tapers: these are his Christmas presents, and for these he is thanking God!

The mother returns, and, without a word, leads her child home again. "The little child you have seen, my son, is the child of our charwoman; he dies of hip-disease, and he is happy."

The effect of this medicine is (like that of most medicines) on the morrow, when Comfort takes to Poverty one-half of his own Christmas offerings.

The story is so beautiful, that one may be pardoned for having introduced its leading features. It always comes into my mind when in presence of the scenes above alluded to.

On the morrow after my visit to the Fish-Market, I was turned out of bed by my waiter at an early hour. Two "fishers from the sea" wanted me below. I hurried down, and there were two mahogany-faced "fishermen of the sea" (pescadores de la mar) awaiting me with a huge basket of every queer kind of fish and reptile caught during the night. We looked them over one by one, and when this task was done, I inquired,—"Shall you eat them all?"—"Yo lo creo" ("I believe you"), was the hearty answer. And I believe the reptiles even were so honoured.

This tracking to one's lair, as it were, is very common among the Spaniards, when they have noticed that you have any particular fancy which they can gratify. Their courtesy forbids their saying "Where are you staying?" I once saw a man following me—it was in the dusk of evening—from street to street. To shake him off, I went into house after house; but it was of no avail; my "umbra" was outside, lurking under cover of some high wall or dodging in the crowd. I confess I did not like it. Next morning, when I arose, he stood outside my sitting-room, two great sacks of contraband cigars before him. He had heard me wrangling about the exorbitant price asked for some cigars in some shop or other, and had seen me leave empty-handed, tracked me home to my den, "and marked me down," as we say among the stubbles, for to-morrow.

Glorious is the breeze from the sea; pretty is the sight of the shoals of painted boats, with their naved

masts, and tightly-furled lateen-sails, bending in a graceful curve over the boat from end to end. Some are lighters, some fishing, some pleasure, some fruit, some cargo boats. There are the famous "falucas," often spelt by Englishmen "feluccas," but by Spaniards "faluas." They have one mast and huge lateen-sail, and are capital sea-boats. They are only "coasters," and carry cargo and passengers to the coast-towns eight and nine miles off, returning on the following day, with fruit, &c.

That large 20-ton lugger, her sides painted in lines of yellow, red, blue, green, and black, is a "rasca Portugesa," so called, I presume, from "rascar," to scrape, alluding to her light seat upon the water. She has been raking the seas for days, and has come into harbour with a good load. She has two masts, two hugh lateen-sails, and two smaller sails. She is manned by eleven seamen, all dressed in bright yellow serge trousers, blue guernseys, and heavy sea-boots; in physique they are splendid fellows,—

> "Black-bearded, heavy-browed, and huge of form,
> Men who have wrestled with long nights of storm."

What would not one give for a week's cruise with them!

Here is a shoal of boats which may be called "miscellaneous." The Spanish boatmen call all boats, or nearly all, not used for fishing by the generic name "Misticos."

The fishing-boats in vogue on the coast of Spain are of two kinds. The "parejas," or "pairs," so called because they hunt only in couples. These are the boats which do all the fishing with *nets*. An ordinary pareja would be from thirty to forty feet

long, and carry one mast and lateen-sail, with a crew of four men and a boy. They work together, always going out in pairs, for purposes of safety, and because two boats are required to fish with nets, according to the fashion of the country. One boat lies still, while the other does what is called "carry round" the nets. They lie-to for the night within signalling distance of each other, the signal being a shrill whistle. The fishing-grounds are about twenty miles off the Spanish shore; but they go out in all weathers, sometimes even up to Cape St. Vincent northward; or southward right along the African coast. All this depends, of course, upon the wind. It is marvellous what a sea these boats, with their one lateen-sail often lying right down on the water, and the boat's side actually shipping water, will weather. They are, in this respect, like our own Deal lugger.

The other kind of fishing-boat is entirely devoted to fishing with hook and line. These are called "palangeros." They also carry one mast and lateen-sail; they are seldom above eighteen or twenty feet in length, but carry more men than their larger fellows. They go about nine miles out, at sundown, and each man takes two lines, baits them, and the line of four or five men are soon leaning over either side of the boat, and fishing till dawn of day. Sometimes they get enormous fish.

The number of fishing-boats in the harbour of Cadiz is not large. Eight parejas, twenty palangeros, and three fishing-steamers, complete the fishing-fleet. But there are hosts of others. "Batteas," large flat-bottomed boats, used for taking cargoes of staves or wine-casks from the shallow water of the shore to the lighter lying half-a-mile out. "Laols," a kind of faluca,

but wearing a mizen-sail. Larger and smaller misticos, the former often being two-masted, and going as far as Barcelona or Malaga for cargoes of fruit, being estimated at sixty tons burden. All these, and a nameless multitude of others, are thickly studded all over the harbour.

The fishermen are said to drink. Probably, to a certain extent, they do, but not to the extent that the English fishermen do. Their fare is very rough. Bread and fried fish (fried in savoury oil, of course), with aguardiente (aniseed and coarse cognac) and black Catalan wine; these last are their luxuries. Yet they seem a bronzed, healthy, happy set, and with all their perils and privations—for the winds are very treacherous off this coast, and the tides of immense power—they seem to treat life as a jest, and death as the mere bowing to the audience and walking off the stage of the actor when his part is finished.

The observant wonderer will be fairly surprised at the light-heartedness of the Spanish poor; at their glee at a trifle; at their laughter, even when in rags, so long as the sun shines. But what says their own proverb?—"Debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebidor," *i. e.*, "Many a ragged coat enjoys his wine."

We wander on down the wharf. A little way in shore, to the right, lies the trimly-kept English cemetery. Close along shore the sun is shut out by uncouth piles of buildings. These are the Wine Stores, or "Aguadas," of English, French, and Spanish merchants. Their little piers, for rolling the rich barrels on to their lighters, jut out into the blue sea. We enter one of the largest, and leave is given, courteously and at once, to walk through its dark wide

passages. The first thing that strikes one is an enormous barrel, full of sherry. One looks, with all one's six feet, like a shrimp beside it: it holds eight thousand gallons of sherry, of this year's vintage. There is nothing to see but row after row of barrels of wine—Vino de Jerez, de Malaga, de Oporto, and every sort of wine. There are no less than six thousand barrels full on these premises alone, varying each from 56 to 112 gallons. Just outside, as we return, are some twenty Spanish and Moorish wharf-men, loading a battea with staves, as they stand up to their middles in the blue water; their costume is of every colour under the sun; all are bare-legged, bare to the waist almost, but girdled, for decency's sake.

As we return, a little child, *en passant*, seizes my hand and gives it a smacking kiss. It is some tiny relation of my guide, and does so for courtesy's sake, seeing an English "caballero" with him. In the interior, I have often known a strapping fellow of five-and-twenty perform the same act, as a mark of respect and admiration, if you shall have helped him to raise a weight on to his back, or performed any other little act of kindness to him!

And here comes a decent-looking matron, none other than the veritable wife of my rough guide. They laugh, chatter, and smile at one another, and she invites us to their humble house, with true Spanish courtesy and dignity combined. As we pass on, her worthy husband says, when I compliment him on his choice of a partner for life, "Bien; she is an old good thing, and I like her, and so will you, Señor, because she is so quiet."

There was little to remark on our homeward journey, but I saw the rare sight (in Spain) of two

men "half seas over"—in other words, men who had, as we should say by an euphemism unknown to the sober Spaniards, "had just one glass of wine." They met, and passed. "Vaya usted con Dios," said the one who first recognized his acquaintance. "Vaya usted con"——*Dios*, he was going to say, but a lurch toward the wall prevented the blasphemy.

Of course, it is nothing more for a tipsy Spaniard to use this salutation than for a tipsy Englishman to say to another, equally tipsy, "Good-bye," which means just the same thing but, by our corruption, the Divine name is lost; and the ludicrosity and blasphemy of two tipsy men saying to each other, in as many words, "God go with thee," did strike me at the time.

Little conversations with the suffering Spanish poor, who have deep feelings and great facility of expression, often form a close to my walks. Here is the sentiment of one who had suffered much and long. Is it not a strange mixture of trust with despair, of truth with absence of logic?—"God has tried hard to break my heart for these ten years past, but, thank God! He has not done it yet."

And now it is dinner-time.

Since writing the above, I have been to see a very fine "take" of fish, caught in the Straits of Gibraltar by hook and line, off the African coast deep-sea fisheries. They consisted chiefly of "pargos," weighing about 20 lb. each, all just come down from the boat, and of a bright lilac-pink. I find some of the fishers call them pardos, as written above. They are caught off the African coast, with a strong rope and iron hook. The others were corvinas, spoken of above. Those, however, that I have just seen from the Straits

were exactly, in appearance, like an English salmon; they weighed from 28 lb. to 35 lb., and were very plump and fat. Their length was from four to four-and-a-half feet; they were in colour a rich grey, showing brownish hue towards tail; fins, chocolate-brown. They are caught also with iron hook and strong cord in the deep-sea fisheries. Beside them lay a monster—I know not what to call it—a sea-reptile; a flat body, dirty-white colour; length, a little over five feet; breadth, a little over four feet at his broadest part; weight, 225 lb. His flappers are four in number, the largest covering nearly the whole of his sides; the two smaller, near the tail. His shape is a kind of half-way between a triangle and an oval—call it triangular without an angle. His mouth is enormous, like an oven, and with teeth; tail, shaped like that of a fish; belly and back, dirty-white. He was caught in the nets, eight miles off Cadiz. The poor fry and eat his flesh, but it is used chiefly for melting down for oil for street lamps. His skin, when dried, is used by carpenters to smooth mahogany. His name is "pardon," and I must use his name in finishing this chapter, for I fear I shall have given you a night-mare. Pardon!

"Obispos" are a large flat reptile, like a toad. "Entones," or entong, a small thick-built fish, like a carp. Let me add, that many of the names of fish above given are *not* dictionary words.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUNRISE ON A SPANISH WHARF—WINE-SHOPS—THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S REVERIE.

IT is a trite, but how true a saying, "One-half the world does not know how the other half lives." And, when one comes face to face with the way in which the "other half" lives—when one sees the "other half,"—I mean that half which the world calls the less blessed half, as it is, in all its sufferings, all its struggles, all its pinches and privations, and sees it a labouring, enduring, contented, and often cheerful half, —how ashamed one is, or ought to be, of one's own thanklessness in the midst of unnumbered blessings!

Once, in an English curacy, I remember a striking instance of what I have just said. It was one of those "green Christmas-times that make," as the old proverb says, "a full churchyard": there had been nothing but mild weather and rain. In my little parish, under the sweep of the Sussex Downs, I was walking swiftly home one night, buffeted about by the grey clouds of mild driving rain that the fierce but warm sou'-wester swept landwards from the sea, when a poor helpless aged woman asked me for a "trifle for a night's lodging." Curates are always supposed to be poor: it was Christmas-time, and I had just parted with my last sixpence at a lonely hamlet, where work was scarce; still, I could not leave my angel-stranger in the street, so I asked her to come with me to my lodgings. She

shambled along through the mud, with her streaming clothes and clouted boots, and we entered my little home. My gentle, thoughtful landlady had made my table ready; a plate of hot toast was standing in the fender; the kettle sang vociferously, as if impatient to be used; in front of the fire stood my slippers, backed by an easy chair.

To my surprise, my poor, worn, haggard companion, raised her dripping hands, and burst into tears, with the three simple words, "Oh, what luxury!"

That was the best Christmas sermon I ever heard, and the only one I have never forgotten! My rector preached, as he always did, a capital Christmas sermon; so did my fellow-curate, a Christchurch student, three days afterwards; but I was thinking the whole time of the short sermon.

At that time I never thought that I should ever stand shivering and wet on a Spanish wharf, at five o'clock in the morning, and not know where on earth to get a breakfast, just at Christmas-time. Yet so it was: we tried to leave Cadiz for the interior by the 5 A.M. train, the morning was pitch-dark, and—we missed it!

The morning was bitterly cold—it was but half-past five—and the dew, which falls heavy and chill in these semi-tropical climes, was still falling, making the rough stones black and damp, as though rain had fallen, when I left the tiny "brasero" at the station, to wander, or rather stumble, along the dark, dripping quay of Cadiz harbour, to the steps where the little fishing-boats, "parejas" and "palangeros," discharge, at daybreak, their fishy freight.

It was dark as night; but at the steps, and under the tin awning of the Fish-Market, already I could

hear the busy hum of voices. The cold, too, and the damp were intense: they made one shiver and shake like an aspen-leaf. Certainly, if men had to be here morning after morning, as they certainly had, while their more favoured brothers and sisters were comfortably ensconced beneath the bed-clothes, then "one half the world did *not* know how the other half lived."

All that I heard was the splash of distant oars, the hum of a few voices, the slow wave washing against the stones of the quay. Suddenly, I heard a friendly voice and felt a kind hand laid on my shoulder, and some one asked, in broken English, "What I was doing there, and whether he could help me." It was quite a relief, as a kind voice, either Divine or human, always is in any sort of darkness. It turned out that I had stumbled on an old boatman, to whom I had shown kindness some time before. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

We together joined the throng of fish-sellers, boatmen, wharfingers, &c., who were huddled together on the quay. Presently one little light, then another, then a third, blazed out in the harbour; the poor fellows, who had slept on board their little boats, were beginning to heat their cup of coffee or chocolate.

Just before sunrise, when a faint gleam of half-light looked over the dark harbour, one boatman began his Andalucian ditty, with its wild, plaintive refrain, which must be heard to be realized and understood. The words were simply these, repeated over and over again:—

"Here am I,
Who is going on board?
Who is going on board?
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
La, la, la, la, la le!"

Then another and another voice took up the song, until the whole dark plashing bay was alive with the lights and the wild monotonous ditty of the Andaluzes.

We strolled down to the Pilot-house, an unpretending little building of wood, upon the wharf, and sauntered in. Two fine, manly-looking pilots were discussing politics, a cigarillo, and a cup of coffee. One lay fast asleep upon the rude settle of the room. As in the Pilot-tower at Dover, there are always a certain number of pilots here, night and day, ready, in any weather, at the boom of a gun by night, or the hoisting of a signal by day, to put off in their lateen-sail boat, which lies moored close at hand, to the aid of any vessel in distress or in need of guidance.

At 6·45 the sun rose, and the Eastern sky was truly beautiful; first, a few fleecy purple clouds, driven by the light "Levanti" wind, sailed into sight; then clouds of a more crimson hue; at last, a fleet of red and golden clouds separated in fleecy masses over the harbour; and this was the every-day sight they looked upon—black, dripping stones, groups of men muffled up in every variety of costume, rugs, pilot-coats, jackets; many only with sandals or unbleached leather slippers tied with thongs round their feet; Municipal Guards, in yellow and purple-striped cap, huge capes, and clanking swords, keeping order, and about to weigh and levy tax upon the loads and amount of fish; carbineros, acting as Custom-House officials; large boats waiting to unload their freight of sweet batatas, fish, &c., into smaller ones, for the water was low; heaps of empty water-casks, ready to be filled with drinking-water for the town consumption, from the opposite port of Santa Maria.

You know how particular the Spaniard is about his water; here, in Cadiz, the bringing of drinking-water, seven and a half miles by sea, in huge water-boats, is a recognized trade of itself, the Cadiz water not being considered wholesome! These, and a whole string of dock labourers of all provinces, from the sturdy Guipuzcoan to the volatile Andaluz, streaming down to the wharf, were the sights the morning sun rose upon: it was so raw, so dark, so dreary!

The moment the first fleecy red cloud had risen over the sea, "day's harbinger," down came a busy, eager, bargaining crowd, every two of whom carried between them a long pole; on this pole the basket, full of fish, was slung, and lifted from the tiny boat on to the wharf; it was then weighed and taxed by the cloaked and rapiered guards, cigar in mouth, and the pole, with the basket of fish slung on the middle, was carried off, with hasty, slipping steps, on the shoulders of the two men, to the Fish-Market.

But what a noise, what a pushing, what a hurry there was to secure this little "job," as an English labourer would call it!

No one who has not witnessed it would believe how motley is the group on a Spanish wharf; truly it is more a scene for the pencil of Frith than for the pen of an unknown writer, be he ever so "ready a scribe."

Spanish infantry soldiers, with cotton comforters rolled round their necks, looking sad and draggled, were stepping into the little wet boat that plied to the Malaga steamer, just getting her steam up a mile out to sea; Moorish and Jewish slipper-merchants, the former wearing the distinctive red, the latter the black, fez; Valencian peasants, in their canvas shirt,

and trousers to match, tied round the waist with common cord; Portuguese fishers, whose rasca lay hard by, in bright yellow serge shirts, brown trousers, and knee-boots; one or two English sailors and marines from the man-o'-war in the harbour; peasants from La Mancha, in their usual fur cap, huge faja, and clumsy dark serge dress; these, with hundred other nondescripts, made up the crowd who thus sought their bread upon the dripping wharf year after year.

I said to my kindly companion, as we wandered from group to group,—"What a time it is since you have been to see me at our lodgings."

"Well," said he, with true Spanish tact and refinement, "you told me you had not been treated fairly by your landlord, and were going to complain about it; as you were both of you my friends, I thought I had better keep away."

"Ah, well," said I, "after all I said nothing about it."

"So best: you may both of you be in the cemeterio before a week is over, and it is better to enter the next world as friends."

This was good morality for a Spanish wharf. It recalled to my mind a striking narrative that I had heard but a few months before. Two young men, of great talent, were, some forty years ago, both elected to Fellowships in a well-known College at Cambridge; in examination, they were well-nigh equal, but necessarily some little precedence was accorded to the one above the other; a jealousy arose and for months existed between them, and, to use a common phrase, they were not friends. Within twelve months from the date of their election both men had gone to their long home,—both spirits had

entered that realm where earth's best honours avail nothing,—both bodies slept calmly and close together beneath the same stone within the College walls. So true is it that "Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain."

After this reverie, inspired by the damp and cold, and the touching words of my unlettered and unpretending companion, we went into one of the many little wood-built wine-shops, which, prettily painted outside, and sparkling inside with bottles of many hues, shapes, and size, adorn the wharfs of many of the Spanish harbours.

In common with the many on the wharf, we went in thither for a cup of hot coffee; and a first-rate cup of coffee it was, with a good dash of aguardiente in it. I never had anything in the shape of drink that warmed me more; and the price of each cup, sugar and aguardiente included, was only half a real, *i. e.*, five farthings. This is the breakfast of the Spanish labourer; at eleven o'clock he will have a good hunk of bread and some fruit or lard; but until eleven or twelve he takes nothing but this! A stream of dock-labourers, guardias, boatmen, &c., were drinking off voraciously these little cups of smoking coffee! It is perfectly marvellous on how little support a Spanish labourer will work, and, what is more, work well; he scarcely ever tastes meat. Fried fish, when he can get it; garbanzos (a sort of pea), melons, bread, coffee, gazpacho (a kind of bread and salad, with vinegar), sweet batatas, tomatoes fried in oil, berengenas (a kind of egg plant) boiled in oil,—on such sustenance as this the dock labourer will lift heavy weights, week after week the soldier will march!

In severe walking in Spain I have noticed this, that the air, from its crisp, exhilarating nature, and freedom from damp, makes the step light and springy, and that until you sit down to rest you feel no fatigue; also, I have noticed, that shortness of breath is not at all common in Spain, probably from the same reason—the peculiar dryness of the air. Even in walking up-hill one seldom needs to stop to recover breath; and perhaps it may be owing to his climate that the Spaniard can work so well upon so little sustenance.

At about seven the sun and sky were lovely; the Fish-Market thronged with a noisy, quarrelling, bargaining crowd. First among those to come to buy was a priest in full canonicals: he looked poor and careworn, offered money for several different kinds of fish, and, at last, poor fellow, contented himself with carrying off, in the ample folds of his flowing sable dress, a handful or two of "almejas" (mussels)!

The two fish that struck me most—they were but just carried in—were the "atun," a huge fish, something like a large salmon in shape, but more clumsy, and of a dull red colour outside; when cut in slices for sale, the flesh looks like a raw beefsteak, and is sold at about one real and a half per pound. I measured one monster of this order, and found the weight was 300 lb.; length, five feet eight inches; girth, something enormous. These are caught in nets off the coast of Rota.

The other that caught my eye was the "safio," a kind of conger-eel.—I believe it is sometimes called "congrio": this was a fish about five feet long; they are caught in great plenty off the Lighthouse, and, being very cheap, are much eaten by the poor.

The atun, throughout the winter, is packed up and sent in large quantities to the towns of the interior, where, especially among the miners of the wild lead district lying under the Sierra de Jaën, its solid flesh is a great favourite. It is said to be a coarse fish; but no one could tell the difference between a slice of sturgeon and one of the much-despised atun. I have lived upon it for days in the interior, and found it more nourishing and lighter of digestion than meat.

Looking at the wealth of fish, the wealth of rich fruit and vegetables, including the piles of olives and oranges, and the wealth of native wine, I could not refrain from saying to my companion, "Spain ought to be a rich country."

"Yes," said he, "our country is the finest in the world, Señor; but our governors are not good or wise. Caballeros (gentlemen) broke my boat, and I cannot recover any money for the loss, because I am poor. Let me go to England for justice, to Spain for beauty of climate; but I would not, all the same, leave Spain for your country: a wet Sunday in Liverpool is a desperate day to get through" (I quote his very words). "We all might be well off; the Spanish gentlemen have muchos dineros, pero poco inteligencia," *i. e.*, plenty of money, but little intelligence. I cannot endorse the last part of his speech: looking at the manly forms and intelligent faces of the Spaniards at any *table-d'hôte*, one only wonders why, as a nation, they do so little.

I said to him, "You talk pretty freely about men and things."

"Not often, Señor; no flies enter the shut mouth."

These last words are a very old Spanish "refran,"

or proverb—a good proverb to be remembered and acted upon, not only in Spain!

"And now," said my good-natured companion, "I shall give you a breakfast, as, at this early hour, you cannot get one for yourself."

He took us to a Spanish wine-shop of the better sort; and as Spanish ventas, like English beer-shops, are a national institution, it may interest some who read these pages to hear a little about them.

There are two prominent houses for travellers in Spain, the "fonda," or hotel, and the "venta," or wine-shop, although there are others, as the "posada" and the "parador." The fonda is like an English hotel in so far as the host provides meat, drink, and lodging for his guests; but the brick floors, white-washed walls, and, in the towns of the interior, utter absence of chests of drawers, arm-chairs, baths, and the like necessaries, give one no idea of repose or comfort.

The "venta" originally meant a small wine-shop, often with a stable attached, on lonely roads or in out-of-the-way villages; but the term now applies, so far as the writer of these pages can understand, to any wine-shop of the lower class in town or country. The ordinary road-side venta is a square, flat-roofed cottage, built of loose stones, standing on a bit of waste land; it is littered round with straw (the remnants of the beasts' provender), and has a well and drinking-trough in front. The dreariness, the loneliness, and the general air of dirt, laziness, and discomfort about these places chiefly strike one. Some are half in ruins! Over the door of each hangs the usual little "bush," or bunch of dried brushwood, the only sign of a Spanish wine-shop, from which comes the proverb—"Good wine needs no bush."

A curtain, heavy, dark-coloured, and dirty, hangs over the entrance; you push it aside, and find yourself in a small, low room, almost dark, with a man or woman standing behind a common deal counter; there may be a settle or one or two stools in the little shop. The faint, sickly smell of the Val-de-Peñas, or black Catalan wine, and the fragrance of the aniseed and mint (used for the aguardiente), enter into your nostrils. Two or three huge barrels of wine are in tap, and of these common wines of the country you can buy one quart for fourpence-halfpenny; but the wines taste strongly of the pig-skins in which they have been preserved, and are often drugged. Before mine host stands a tray full of tiny glasses, the "cañas" of the lower orders in Spain, and two huge coloured basins, of massive delf, in which to wash the glasses. There is, as a rule, no accommodation for travellers, save the floor or the stable, at these places.

"Bal-de-Peñas, blanco y tinto; y otres vinos y licores; aguardiente blanco, &c."—so runs the inscription over the town ventas; the bush alone is seen on the outside of those in the country. Those in the town often consist of only one small room on the ground-floor, the rest of the house being let to other lodgers.

The chief trade of these places is in the rough red heavy wines that the Spanish labourer rejoices in—the aguardiente that warms his heart, and sometimes fried-fish, cold, and "buñuelos," a kind of cake, fried in oil, and sold constantly in the streets of the interior.

It was a good and large venta that to which my humble friend conducted us; consisting of a counter, behind which stood some dozen large barrels of vino

Catalan, and a very large, square, stone-flagged room, open to the skylight at the top of the house. All round the room were little square "stalls," dark—and cold, too, at that hour of the morning—each one forming a small private room for dinners, something like the little retreats around the walls of a City chop-house, but more private, each having high wooden walls, and a door, fastening inside.

He ran down to the wharf, and brought up a glorious plate of fried whiting, smoking hot, and a bunch of leeks, which mine host of the venta washed, and brought in with three smoking cups of coffee and aguardiente. The place was somewhat dirty, and sundry cigar ashes, and a general smell of stale tobacco, told a tale of last night's festivity, but we were hungry, and enjoyed our breakfast.

And certainly I never knew any English gentleman play his part as the master of an entertainment better than did our rude and simple friend. A poor, unlettered, ignorant Spanish boatman, he yet had the manners of a thorough gentleman, and did with grace the honours of the homely table. He and I repaired to the public room, to smoke a cigarette and drink a caña of vino de Jerez. I wanted to pay for our humble repast, but my poor but warm-hearted friend could not hear of it. "No, señor; you are my guest, and I am your host."

How often, among the very poorest, does one meet with a refinement of manners, of speech, and of conduct, to which what are called the higher classes are strangers! How often does one meet with unseen, unknown, unrewarded acts of Christian love among those who make no profession of religion, and whom this false world brands as therefore irre-

ligious! How often? Why, surely, constantly, constantly.

Not without reason did our Divine Master say, "There are last that shall be first."

No man more delicate about the little social refinements above mentioned than the Spaniard: offer to pay him for some little service which he had proffered freely, and he will draw back with hauteur. No man, again, better fitted to play the part of an entertainer than the Spanish poor man. If he has only a scrap of bread, painted lard, and an onion (a common meal among the very poor), he will say, if you pass him as he commences his humble meal, "Guste usted comer?" (*i. e.*, "Will you not dine with me?") and he will mean it, and entertain you right gracefully.

The courtesy of all classes in Spain is quite refreshing to one newly come from England, and it is a courtesy that springs, and can only spring, from real and natural refinement of feeling.

No man, again, so exceedingly jealous of his dignity, so much attached to his office, and so proud of it, as the poor Spaniard when put into any official position; he lives for and in his official capacity alone.

He is Municipal Guard: see with what dignity he trails his sword after him in the crowded streets, with what authority he quells a disturbance, or how full of importance he is, and how pleased to aid, if you apply to him, in a difficulty; with what gusto does he march his prisoner through the streets!

He is guard of some public gardens: only attempt to pluck a flower without his leave, and he will not let you off very easily; but appeal to him as the official, and he will immediately grant you the favour you require.

Flatter a Spaniard about his official dignity, recognize his authority, and he will be your friend for ever.

A striking and very characteristic instance of this jealousy of office came, a few weeks' since, under my notice. Owing to a night alarm, I had found it needful one night to fire a shot in the air from my bed-room window over the heads of some miscreants. The next night my door was fiercely assailed by the "sereno," or night-watchman, who came to demand an explanation of my firing a shot on his beat—an act which he evidently seemed to consider a personal affront. I suppose he thought that such an action on my part was a tacit impeachment of his capacity for preserving order.

There is a little country village in the heart of one of the Midland Counties in England: it is a land of stiff clay soil, where are grown the finest, richest crops of golden corn and large mangold-wurzel,—where nothing is spoken of so much as the weather and the crops, alike in the comfortable farm-house or the modest cottage,—a land where the old brown smock-frock of the peasantry still lingers on, and men work on one farm, and make it their boast that they have worked, for well-nigh a lifetime, and take almost as much pride in the produce of the farm on which they work as though it were their own,—a land, too, it is where Wesleyan Methodism has one of its firmest strongholds, and where the Prayer-meeting and the Camp-meeting still form the poor labourers' Sunday's dissipation.

In Sussex the average number of agricultural labourers attending any place of worship would not be, I fancy, more than two out of every six; in the

county of which I now speak, the majority of the peasantry, of more fervent spirit than their stolid Sussex Saxon brethren, find that the religious exercise of going twice to church, and then to meeting in the evening, edifies them, and they go.

One evening I was summoned from my little cottage, in the village above described, to the bed-side of an aged agricultural labourer in a hamlet a mile or so away. It was a chilly, but refreshing and beautiful evening in late autumn: the sober hues of the autumnal evening were gathering slowly over the peaceful landscape; the peasants, in their allotment-grounds over which I passed, were slowly (their farm-work done) digging up with fork and prong their winter's store of potatoes, and housing them safely in the field; the grass was already wet with dew, as the October sun sank to rest; the partridge, scared by my footfall, whirred away on rapid wing from his seat in the stubbles; ever and anon about the fields rose up the slow smoke of the fires of burning weeds, the aromatic scent hanging heavily upon the damp evening air.

It was a scene—how different from those from among which I now write!—that told of peace, contentment, and security. There might be, and doubtless was, a black side to even this peaceful scene, as Mr. Arch could tell us, but on the surface all seemed contentment and security. When does it ever do to look too far below the surface?

I entered the little cottage of the suffering man. His hands were clasped in prayer, his open Bible lay upon his lowly bed; by his side stood a bottle of eau-de-Cologne and one of red port wine, the gift of the generous shepherdess (the Rector's wife) of the

parish; the sheets were white and clean, nice pictures decked the walls. He was half-wandering, half in a reverie, when I sat down at his bed-side, but his talk was all of one thing, or rather of two very different things—the "blessed Lord" and the "old enemy."

"Ah, sir," said he to me, grasping my hand in his rough clammy fingers, while the beads of cold sweat ran down his forehead, "ah, sir, I thought I would take off my waistcoat to work. I knew it was wrong, and the blessed Lord found me out; He found me out, He did; and here I am."

He had taken off his waistcoat, in order to work more easily, on a chilly evening, and was suffering from inflammation of the lungs in consequence.

"The blessed Lord found me out; He did, He did," that was the burden of his speech, repeated again and again.

Very touching it was to see his belief—the belief of a dying peasant, of a man, too, who could not read or write (for his friends read his Bible to him, I found) —in a personal God, a Being who was "about his path and about his bed, and spying out all his ways." Who even took account of his wilful casting aside of his poor corduroy waistcoat.

I did and said all that I could to comfort and soothe the poor dear fellow, and then came another oft-repeated voice from his hot, dishevelled pillow, "I struggle, and struggle, but the old enemy will come creeping round; yes, he will come creeping round; but the Lord, sir, will be too strong for him; yes, blessed, blessed Lord!"

Still more touching, more striking was it to see this simple man's belief—a stern, deep belief—in the

personality of Satan. To him the two "strong men" were warring for his soul; he was sinking and powerless, but he felt that the stronger would prevail, and he was satisfied.

And then came the final question,—that question which every sin-stained soul must ask itself at some time in the weary hours of the wakeful night, or on the feverish couch of bodily anguish,—"I wonder if the Lord will forgive me my sins?"

Can any one doubt it? Surely He who, as Divines say, is "not an austere Master," He who asks no sacrifice but the outpourings of a broken and a contrite spirit, forgives all those who, even at the eleventh hour, with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto Him.

And surely here was "hearty repentance and true faith," so far as man may judge, *if* man may ever presume to judge at all. In the simple words of that poor dying peasant, I take it, was contained the very summing up of the Creed of the Ages, the personality and nearness of God, the power of the Tempter, the need of a human assurance of forgiveness.

"I took my waistcoat off in the cold; I knew it was wrong, and the blessed Lord found me out, He did. The old enemy will come creeping round, creeping round, but there is One stronger than he. I wonder if the Lord will forgive me my sins?"

Surely here was humility, repentance, and that craving for earthly support and assurance which betokens the deepest earnestness.

In three days the tongue of him who spoke these words was for ever still; within ten days the fresh-moved earth was heaped over a humble and still stoneless grave.

Far away from the Weald of Sussex, and the teeming acres of the Midland Counties,—far away, where the stunted olives rise in regular rows from out the sandy red soil, where the fierce sun of Spain smites down on yellow river and thistle-clad field, and strange costumes,—two men lie in the dark, low-ceiled cell of a prison in the interior, waiting to be led forth to death. Their crime had been a black one, the shooting of two of the "Guardias" of the existing Government in the public streets, in broad daylight; and of them a public example is to be made.

They spoke but little, if they spoke at all. On the day before their execution they desired to see an Englishman in whose employ they had once been. He came, and asked them kindly, "What could he do for them?"

Poor fellows! it was no question "Will the blessed Lord forgive me my sins?" that they asked; their rude, untaught thoughts centered on one thing, the office they had held under an Englishman, and a kind one. "Will you obtain one favour for us?" they said; "and that is, that we may both, ere we die, be photographed together; and then let us hang together before your eyes on the walls of your sala: for you were our master, and we your officers." Poor fellows! Their wish was granted, and their sad, stern faces still hang on the walls of their English employer.

The day after the taking of their photographs, they were led out into the public streets, and, close to the scene of their murder, were shot. I saw, but a few weeks since, the likenesses of their pale, sad, heavy determined faces.

There is one more closing scene of lowly official life

and death, which presents a marked contrast again to the first scene described from English life and character, and which, therefore, I subjoin.

It illustrates in a striking way the points in Spanish life and character among the lower orders which I am now endeavouring to bring out, namely, the absence of faith in a personal God, and the absorbing love of office.

Perhaps some who read these pages may think that the writer of them exaggerates, and gives too high a colouring to his pictures of Spanish life and character; and he takes this opportunity of saying that all that he says is the narrative of what he himself has witnessed, or what has been witnessed and related to him by men on whose veracity there can be no doubt. Any story of the truth of which there is a doubt he banishes from his pages, omitting thus many striking episodes because he has been unable to prove their truth.

When Phillip's well-known picture—I believe it is by Phillip, but, at any rate, it will be one well known to most who read these pages—of a Spanish girl holding up her babe for its father, who is a prisoner, to kiss through the open bars of the prison, and hiding her own tears under the child's frock, held aloft, was first exhibited, it was thought to be a *fancy* picture. I have myself seen, in the prisons of the interior, a prisoner standing gazing vacantly through the open bars of his stone-flagged, dark abode, while a dark-eyed Spanish girl made and handed to him his cigarette and a piece of bread, all the luxuries she could afford for her unhappy "amante."

Truth *is* often stranger than fiction!

Of the following picture I had only the outline

given me in a few words. Those who live in Spain know well the different cries of the "serenos,"-or night-watchmen, in different cities. Sometimes it will be merely the time that is called out, thus: "Las dos y media; el sereno!"—"Half-past two; the watchman." Sometimes the watchman will add to it a little notice of the weather, as did the old Charlies in London. "Four of clock, and a cloudy sky." Sometimes more especially in times of political disturbance, he will add a political notice, which sounds strangely when heard every half-hour or hour in the stillness of the night,—"Las dos; el sereno; Viva la Republica Democratica Federal!"

Sometimes the cry will be different, and will be really beautifully sung, or rather chanted, by the deep bass voice of the sereno, if he take a real pride in his profession, thus: "Han dado—las dos—y me . . . . . di-a; el sere . . . . no-o-o-o-o! habla . . . . . do" (this last termination, not strictly grammatical, to rhyme with the "o" of "sereno"). This means, "The clocks have struck half-past two; the watchman comes; a cloudy night."

One of these chanting watchmen, who took great pride in his office, lay sick of calentura, the Spaniard's deadly foe—a kind of fever, which has three stages, calentura, calentura intermitente, and calentura perniciosa, this last really dangerous.

Probably, as is often the case, his little ground-floor house, with its three small rooms, lying across the house and opening into one another, so that a free current of air passes through from the front-door to that at the back, stood in the suburbs of the city, far away from the wealthy streets of those whom, for years, he had served so faithfully, watched over so

carefully, when they could not watch over themselves.

His little pictures of the saints of his Church hung round his room; his tinselled image of "La Virgen" stood before his eyes; his sack of garbanzos, and his señora's little coop of young chickens were hard at hand; over him kind forms bent down; but his thoughts, poor wanderer, were far away from angels, either human or divine, although faltering woman's lips kept repeating again and again, as the Spanish poor women ever do in their extremity, the prayer,—

"Santa Maria,
Madre de Dios,
Madre de Gracia,
Madre purísima,
Madre castísima,
Ruega por nosotros." (Pray for us!)

He was not there; he was far away on his lonely beat, up and down the silent streets, "Han da; . . . dō; las dos . . . y me . . . diā: el sere . . . . no"; and so with every onward march of his long night, he was marching too, sometimes through wind and tropic rain; sometimes through fair moonlit streets; sometimes in cloudy weather, "Han da . . . dō . . .; las tres; . . . . nubladō . . . ō,"—the ruling passion strong in death.

So he went on, through the weary watches of the long night, "Han da . . . dō . . ."—"Han dadō . . . . ō," —"four o'clock," he would have said, but another machine, more delicate than clock or watch, "had gone." At the cock-crowing the Master had called, and "he must not say no"; and the simple, faithful, ignorant spirit had returned to Him who gave it.

Well, he knew but little, and was one of those to

whom little had been given. In that little, according to his light, he was found faithful; and is there not a blessing for him who has been faithful over a few things? for her who, though little, *quod potuit tamen, fecit?*

A friend has suggested to me that possibly the watchman's cry above alluded to may be "Andado," *i.e.*, "It has struck." It may be so; either expression would be intelligible, and the aspirate is constantly dropped.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPANISH FUNERALS.

THE different ways in which, in different countries, and by differing religions, respect is paid to the dead, must ever be a very interesting study. In England, the simple yet touching meeting of the body at the "Lich-Gate" by the clergyman, and the opening words of the grand Funeral Service,—words so full of life and hope, "I am the resurrection and the life,"—have taken a very firm hold on our affections and feelings. And who, again, is there who has ever heard the ringing volley fired over the half-covered-in grave of some comrade in arms, and seen the long procession of stalwart men filing along with arms reversed, who has not felt the grandeur of *that* ceremony, and known the utter loneliness of the poet's words,—

> "Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
> O'er the grave where our hero we buried"?

The funeral, as at present conducted by the Church in Spain, perhaps is hardly so wedded to men's minds here as the civil or military funeral ceremony in England. And yet there are in it many elements of instruction and of beauty, and a fairly well-conducted funeral in Spain is well worthy of description. The one thing lacking in this especial service, which is an exceedingly grand and beautiful one, is, that so much is chanted, and so much is in Latin, that much of it

is lost. True, the little books containing the "Orden de los Entierros" can be purchased, but many of the Spaniards are, especially in the interior, wholly unable to read; thus the whole beauty of a really beautiful service is lost to them.

A few days since, I was standing at night in one of the beautiful squares of this large city from which I write, among some of the knots of men who, in this lovely climate, up to nine at night can enjoy a cigarillo and a chat about politics *al fresco*. Suddenly the hum of voices ceased; every woman, and nearly every man, went down on their knees on the stones; not a single head was covered. The procession of the Host, heralded by twenty lads with fiery torches, slowly wound by. I had seen the same sight, in some of the towns of the interior, treated with such disrespect, that the observance struck me with surprise.

A bystander told me that it was—he spoke in a whisper—the "blessings of our suffering Lord" being carried to a dying girl. Presently he added, with a true Spanish stoicism about life and death, "and in the next procession, *pobre* (poor thing!), she will bear a part." I knew only too well, by his quiet look and manner, that he could mean but one procession, and that the last in which any one of us can join on earth. The conversation led me to inquire into the matter of funerals and funeral rites in this country, and in my inquiries I found many matters of interest, and many things quite novel to me.

The funeral ceremony, and all pertaining to it, is, as nearly as possible, as follows:—After death the body is laid out carefully, and dressed in its fairest and richest clothes; a few bright flowers are laid upon the well-loved form, by rich and poor (if *decentes*), to

speak, as my informant told me, of "hope for a bright future, like the flower that will be better next spring." The body may only be kept for twenty-four hours, and in this country decomposition takes place so rapidly that there is little need of the restriction. At the end of that time, in the interior, the clothes are probably cut, or snipped, to prevent exhumation for the sake of the clothes; the coffin, a very light painted coffin—often, in the case of a child, with a movable glass lid—is brought, and the remains are carefully laid in it. In the case of any suspicion of foul play of any sort, the doctor can order the coffin to be kept in the open cemeterio for another day and night.

Thirty years ago, the body was always wrapped and laid in its mortaja, or shroud; but a Government decree, or, perhaps, long custom, here more binding even than decrees, has ordered that an especial dress need not be used. The story current among the poor peasantry, to account for this custom, is so strange, that I may be forgiven for mentioning it. Thirty years ago, a poor woman (so they say) was carried to burial, wrapped in her mortaja; at the grave the lid was removed (as is common in Spain, where what is called "the last look" is taken at the grave), and suddenly the woman started up. She saw her mortaja around her, and fell back with a scream; suddenly brought to life, she had as suddenly died of the shock caused by the sight of her own shroud. So, say the poor peasantry, our laws order every one to be buried without a mortaja!

The next point to be decided about the remains of him who has gone to his long home is, of what class shall the funeral be: first, second, or third; in other words, what can we afford for it?

The priests, of course, are paid for a funeral by those who can afford to pay them; and, indeed, hardly used and wretchedly paid as they now are, their pictures taken, part of their property and endowments gone, their position such that, in some of the towns of the interior, they have been forced, from very poverty, to enter some other profession, it is but fair that they should be paid for their services; and the payment varies naturally according to the amount of ceremony and attention required. The first-class funeral costs sixty dollars (a Spanish dollar is equal to 4*s.* 2*d.* of English money); in this case the number of priests in the procession towards the grave is eight. The second-class costs forty dollars, and the number of priests engaged is four; while the third-class only costs, so far as the Church is concerned, one dollar: in this case two poor priests are employed, possibly Franciscans, and they each receive the pitiful sum of half a dollar.

This matter once settled, the priests repair to the house where the coffin lies, dressed in their black gowns, with the short white linen tunic to the waist; two of them enter the room where it is, and the corpse is sprinkled with holy water. The párroco and clero then chant the psalm "De profundis" (with some additions from other psalms), and the touching and expressive antiphon comes again and again. "If thou, Lord, shalt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, who may abide it?" The "Requiem æternam" is said, and repeated; four bearers, supplied by the town government, take down the coffin, and the procession towards the grave commences. The priests walk in pairs, the crucifix, banner, and cross, with oftentimes four lighted lamps, being borne by their side. As the

procession moves swiftly along, followed by a long train of men four deep,—for in Spain your friend, your cousin, your tailor, your cigar-merchant, your neighbour in the street, reverently puts on his darkest clothes, lights his cigarillo, and follows you to your long home,—the párroco chants the "Exultabunt Domino," and the clero the "Miserere mei, Deus," with the "Requiem æternam." All these are intoned, in a deep sonorous voice, that can be heard a long way off. As the long array marches through the narrow street, hats are taken off by many, as a mark of respect, and women reverently bow their heads.

What follows varies according to circumstances. The direction in the office-book requires, or implies, the attendance of the same priests at the grave and church; but, owing to the great distance of the cemeterios from the towns, the number of funerals in one day, and the fewness of the clergy, the beautiful prayers that follow, with the final "May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful, rest in endless peace through God's mercy," are often, as in the town from which I write, obliged to be offered at some wayside halting-place half-way, one priest attached to the cemeterio probably meeting the body there to say the last few words of hope, and the last "Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine."

A few particulars shall here be added about some of the cemeterios in this country. In many of those attached to the towns of the interior, the whole state of affairs is very rude, very sad, very disheartening. No English turf is seen, but sand and rock; the small walled-in spot is absolutely crammed with bodies, and even before decency would admit of it, the bodies and coffins must be burned or buried to make room

for more! Epitaphs there are few or none; stones and tombs are few; and the tombs that there are, are simple square blocks of stone, with the name and date of death alone, and a few words at the bottom, saying to whose loving care the tomb is due. Thus, the whole inscription will be:—

"En pace descanso,
El Señor
MANUEL RUBIO,
29 de Novbre. de 1840.
Sus padres y hermanos."

Texts of Scripture, or poetry, I have rarely met with.

But in the cemeterios of the larger towns care is taken, and decency is insured, to a certain extent. Here, then, is a picture of one of these latter.

There are six or seven white-washed quadrangles opening one into another, each quadrangle being formed of walls about fourteen feet to twenty deep. Into little, so to speak, pigeon-holes in these walls, just large enough to push in the coffin lengthways, the coffin is put; the little hole is sealed up with masonry, and a small square or semi-circular slab of stone placed upon the outside or mouth of the simple sepulchre. The wall is about twenty-four feet in height, so that six coffins are placed one above the other; and in the cemeterio of which I speak, each side of each quadrangle contained 168 coffins in these little niches, and as many, or rather many more, in all probability, in the ground in front.

These niches in the wall are taken by the first-class funerals. The niche is secured to the family for twenty years only, on the payment of seventeen dollars; at

the expiration of that period, unless they renew, the coffin is taken out, and, with the bones, is burned, or, with all others unrenewed, is thrown into the huge pit within the walls of the cemetery, where all are thrown. The burning, however, is not general or needful.

The second-class grave is in the earth immediately in front of the walls of these quadrangles—under their shade, as it were. The bodies, or rather coffins, lie six deep, with their head touching the wall of the quadrangles. For these, underground, the price is two dollars; and these are never disturbed, for the obvious reason that there is plenty of burying room below ground in the quadrangles without the trouble of disturbing those bodies already buried. These second-class graves very rarely have any stone upon them, but here and there I noticed a tiny wooden cross, and here and there a shrub, which pious hands had planted. It did duty for all, whether shrub or cross, for all the six lay beneath it.

The third-class pay nothing for their six feet of earth. The coffins of these, if coffins they were, are simply put one upon the other, in a huge pit dug in two or three of these quadrangles, and covered in decently with sand. "These poor (*pobres*) fellows," said a Spanish sailor, who showed me over the place, "have the best of it after all, for they are never turned up." It was true. Death is a strange equalizer. In twenty years the rich man would be lying down in the sand of the quadrangle, by the side of his second and third class brother!

This removal and re-interment of the first-class coffins takes place on the last day of each year; and the little slabs taken from these pigeon-holes are made

into a pavement, face uppermost, over the pit where all the bodies are re-interred.

Two privileges connected with cemetery rules should here be mentioned. By an extra payment, anybody can be laid for a few hours in the chapel near the cemeterio, and the proper sentences said over it there. Also, any niche can be purchased for ever, and thus the body never be disturbed, by a payment of fifty dollars instead of the seventeen spoken of above; and, in this case, the persons purchasing must engrave the word "Propriedad" upon the front of their niche.

The utter absence of any words at all of hope or faith upon the little marble slabs that closed the mouth of each niche, struck and surprised me greatly. In the whole of this huge cemeterio, I saw only one text of Scripture, St. John, 11th chap., 25th verse. The ordinary inscription was as follows:—

"José Berez, Fallecio el dia 19 de Noviembre de 1852."

On some were the usual letters, R. I. P. A., or R. I. P., surmounted by a cross; then the name and date of death; at foot, the name, or rather the relationship to the dead, of those who caused the slab to be placed there; thus, "Su desconsolada familia," or "Sus padres y tios." Sometimes, but not always, the age was put; thus, "A los 28 años de edad."

The few tombs standing in the quadrangle marked vaults purchased by some rich family: they were huge, square, unsightly, and unworthy of any notice here. I did not even observe among them what is always very beautiful—the simple stone cross, now so common in England; nor could I help contrasting the tombs in this cemeterio—which, I must say, was

scrupulously clean, regular, and tidy—with the exquisitely beautiful array of tombstones, sculpture, flowers, and shrubs in a small cemetery in England, —I mean that of Holywell, at Oxford,—probably the most tasteful in England.

As I strolled homewards, towards evening-tide, I met, coming towards the cemetery, one of the many daily funeral processions. It was evidently a funeral "de la primera clase,"—the four lighted lamps (it was but four o'clock, and we were in the bye-streets of the town) and the eight priests told me that at once. Coming, as I had, from the wilds of the interior, I made up my mind to join the procession, and see for myself the whole ceremony. In a moment, one of the many Spaniards following invited me, seeing my object, to make one of the four-deep followers, and I did so. Every hat, even in the lowest streets, was taken off as we passed on our way, the priest intoning the sentences, as mentioned above. Four mere lads were carrying the coffin—a lightly-built one, but covered with fine lawn and with gold embroidery, and with a padlock and key at the side of the lid. We walked very quickly, for the evenings draw in swiftly in this semi-tropical climate, and darkness sets in.

The first thing that struck me was, how can those four lads, who are the bearers, carry that full-sized coffin at this pace? We all know that no soldier can march as can the Spaniard; and I can safely say, as an old pedestrian, that I never was so punished, to use a vulgar word, as I have been by having to keep up, under a burning sun, with a thermometer at 130° in the sun, for a four-mile walk with a Spanish miner. But the weight of the coffin, I

thought, must surely be great, for those lads. However, they did not even stop, for the first half mile, to rest or even change shoulders!

I said to my friend,—"How is it they carry this load, and not stop? We should want twelve men in England to do it" (*i. e.*, six to carry, and six to relieve).

His answer was very touching. "It is but the body of a girl of twenty-one," said he, "and she was so shrunk up." (That is the nearest equivalent I can give for his words in English.)

Arrived at the walls of the city, and the city "Land-Gate," there was a halt. As if by magic, the snowy coffin was on the ground, and the priests and mourners (only men) were arranged in a circle around it. About five minutes were occupied in the last prayers; one minute was given for silent prayer; quickly the priests turned back, followed by all except some twenty of the procession; and the coffin, with its four torch-bearers, banner, and followers, moved forward in the evening dusk towards the cemetery. My friend was of those who followed, and I with him. In the whole mile traversed to the cemetery, the bearers only paused once, for a moment, to change shoulders. Though no priests were with us, only the "Director's" men, who look after funerals, and accompany them, in virtue of their office, held under the government of each town, all was orderly, quiet, and decent.

At last we reached the cemetery: a priest robed in black met us, and walked at our head into the quadrangle.

As we passed into the quadrangle, where the poor body was to find its home, the priest gave the last

Requiescat; the chapel-bell ceased tolling, and gave a sharp ting-tang, ting-tang, ting-tang; the priest and the four lantern-bearers swiftly moved away; and alone with the body, some twenty of us—including one poor and aged beggar-woman, who threw a flower, I know not why, into the coffin—filed up to the niche reserved for this body.

Somehow or other, I could not help recalling the words spoken to me in the square (as related above), and thinking that this was possibly the very person to whom I had seen the "host" taken! Perhaps it was so.

As the two masons, standing ready by the niche, trowel in hand, laid their hand on the fair, white lawn of the coffin, one of the bearers, taking a key from his pocket, unlocked the padlock of the coffin, and we all pressed round to take "the last look."

No wonder the bearer's labour had been so light! The body was that of a fair young girl of one-and-twenty, but shrunk up to a skeleton. She was lying on her side, dressed in a plain white evening dress; her long, rich black hair lying in dishevelled masses nearly down to her waist. All who pressed round to see were reverent, orderly, and subdued in manner. One of them just then (do not judge hardly, it is no mark of disrespect in Spain) lit his cigar, and the flash of the match showed me more plainly still the little group around, and the pale face of the dead.

I said to my friend, "Are you a relation?"

"No," said he; "but I knew that girl from her infancy, and watched her grow up, and then—to see her go off like this!"

I said, "I can well believe she was very dear to you."

"Yo lo creo" ("I believe it"), was the only answer, with a hearty grip of the hand. I saw the tears standing in his honest eyes, and I said a kind word and a good-bye.

No service was held at the grave. As I turned away, the mason had half bricked up the narrow entrance to the niche.

The homeward walk beneath the long mile avenue of silver poplars, acacias, and other trees was very beautiful. The sea was beating loudly on its shingle; the autumnal leaves whirled across my path. Just then, with their usual courteous "Good-night," the funeral procession passed me, returning home, as quickly as might be, along the lonely road, half darkened by the heavy scud that came across ever and anon.

And now, for to-night, farewell. Five hours agone, in my lonely home in the interior, the church-bell has summoned all decent Christians to their ten minutes prayer. Even now, I hear the sereno (watchman of night) outside, crying, on his lonely beat, "Two o'clock—a stormy night." So farewell.

Since writing the above, I have been informed by a solicitor in Spain, that there is no law to prevent burying in a winding-sheet but custom, which prescribes for the dead the richest dress, snipped and cut to prevent exhumation, for the sake of the dress.

This gentleman also told me that none of the nearest relations of the dead follow; these stay at home. Cousins, uncles, friends, &c., distant relatives, alone join the procession.

CHAPTER XIX.

A REPUBLICAN MODEL SCHOOL AT CADIZ.

It has been well observed by a well-known English resident in this country,—"The laws of Spain are the best on paper, and the worst in practice, of any country in the world." This is very true. Rightly and fairly administered, the Spanish code of criminal and civil law, at the present day, would, if rightly carried out, show well beside the code of laws of any other civilized nation.

Indeed, in many points, they are well worthy of a more careful study than is generally, the writer of this work believes, given to them by English jurisprudents. In the official manual, or rather summary, of one branch of the Spanish code, now lying at my side (entitled, "Leyes Organico-Administrativas de España, Segunda Edicion, Madrid, 1871, Oficial"), occurs the following, among the laws relating to the Provincial Governments:—"Particularly and exclusively does it pertain to the office of the Provincial Council to—1, Establish and keep up all those institutions that promote the comfort and welfare of the people of the province, and to be patrons of their material and moral interests (intereses materiales y morales), such as . . . . . all institutions that offer help to the needy and instruction to the young."

Having, in conversation with a Spanish gentleman,

noticed to him the wretched state of some of the Escuelas (schools) of the interior, he recommended me to see and judge for myself of some of the Escuelas Nacionales in the bettered-ordered and larger towns of Spain, under the very eye of the Deputacion Provinciale.

The first that I entered was certainly disappointing, except as regarded the schoolmaster. The school was in one of the good streets of one of Spain's largest cities, and was held in a building which had been a church. The room, it is needless, therefore, to say, was handsome and lofty, but almost empty. There was the master, with a class of some thirty small boys; and, at the other end of the room, an usher held forth to some twenty more. None of these children were above twelve years of age. I asked the master of the Escuela why his numbers were so small?

"Well," he said, "parents are not compelled practically to send their children; again, many go to the religious schools; and still more flock to the large schools, the Escuelas Normales (Normal Schools)."

The most interesting thing he told me was that not one of these children paid a farthing for their education; the Provincial Government paid for them, for the rooms, and his own stipend.

The schoolmaster, I should say, was a most intelligent and superior man; and I must add that, as a rule, in the large towns, I have since found them fully equal, if not superior, to our English certificated masters.

I went, accordingly, to the Escuelas Normales, a phrase which will only convey a right meaning to English ears if translated *Model* National Schools. The school occupied one of the largest houses in

the town, and all the salas were lofty, clean, and well ventilated, and in no case did they seem too full.

The principle of this institution, which is under the management of, and is supported by, the Provincial Board or Government (Deputacion Provinciale), needs a few lines of explanation. It is at once a training college for schoolmasters and mistresses, and, at the same time, a national school for children of both sexes.

The head or chief of the whole establishment is a Professor (trained, I believe, at Madrid), who resides in rooms in the house, and superintends the whole working arrangements of the school and the training college. His annual salary is 700 dollars per annum, and rooms and attendance free, the whole education of the town costing the Board above 20,000 dollars per annum. There is also a lady, who superintends the girls' and mistresses' department, living on the premises.

Forty young men, averaging from seventeen to five-and-twenty, attend daily lectures at this institution, on the following subjects:—Morals, letter-writing, sacred and profane history, mathematics, including algebra, geography, physics, chemical analysis and experiments, political economy and principles of trade, geometry, and pedagogia, which I fear I must translate by the only English equivalent I can think of, school-mastering.

The course of lectures must be attended for three years; then an examination is passed, and if the candidate has attained his twentieth year, he is available for a vacancy in the mastership of any national school. These young men live in the town, not on the establishment. If poor and promising, the Deputacion helps them with funds.

The professors, who lecture daily, are five in number. There is a reading-room for these young men, open daily in the evenings.

The young women who are qualifying themselves to become mistresses are under the same system, but they learn much from properly qualified lady teachers. There were sixty young women, forty young men, qualifying.

The number of children receiving instruction in this school, each division or class having a master (or mistress, in the case of the girls' school) and a separate room to itself, was 350 in all, of whom 200 were boys, of ages varying from six to fourteen. Of these the greater number were the children of "pobres," who thus received their instruction free; some, whose parents were better off, paid from one shilling to four shillings per month. For every sixty or seventy boys, one schoolmaster (a trained and certificated man—my informant had qualified in the walls of this very place where now he taught) is told off, and he uses the help of the sharpest lad in his class as a sort of pupil-teacher,—at least he has the privilege of doing so, if he prefers it to working single-handed.

Let me introduce you to the various departamentos in this very well-ordered, bright, and hard-working model school.

First, I entered the room where the youngest division were at work. The master was, like all of his class whom I have since met, a well-informed, industrious, and, it seemed to me, well-trained man, with much religious feeling, but, in the case of my friend, very little favourable to the religion of his country. There were fifty boys, from six to nine,

hard at work summing, very quiet, very orderly, and all of them seemed fairly well-dressed.

One or two of the little fellows were deaf and dumb. I said to the master, "What, are the deaf and dumb in your line too?"—"You shall see, sir," he said, calling one lad, a child of some eight years, to his side. A swift succession of telegraphic signs between master and pupil sent the little lad off, pencil in hand, to the black-board, and he wrote, and wrote again, at the master's telegraphic finger signals. The mode of telegraph employed was, the master said, the Parisian. "By far the best of all for blind and deaf and dumb," said he, "are the Parisian plans of teaching." Knowing little of the different systems, I was unable to answer the man's question as to what system prevailed in England.

This master informed me that the teaching of the deaf and dumb and the blind was a part of the course he had gone through, although one not insisted on. The master then gave a rap on the door with his magic wand, and all his pupils commenced a series of military evolutions round the room, chanting the numerals (uno, dos, tres, and so on up to fifty), to a very pretty Republican March tune.

All were, I found, taught to sing, but instrumental music was taught to those who liked it at an institution hard by. The master then lit his cigarillo, and prepared to answer my questions. I asked him, "Have you any punishment for the lads?"—"Castigos corporales, *non;* morales, *si*, señor." I inquired what the nature of the moral punishment was. "Of four degrees, señor," said he. "First, a private reprimand; next, a public reprimand; thirdly, the writing up of the offender's name

on the black book; fourthly, three hours' detention during play and meal hours,—but," added he, "the parents send the lad his dinner, we don't want to spoil his physique; fifthly, as a *dernier ressort*, expulsion." The school-hours, he told me, were from nine to twelve in the morning, and two to four in the afternoon, making a total of five hours per diem.

Do not imagine, however, that the mind alone is cultivated in the Escuelas Normales of Spain! Far from it. We passed down a few steps into another room. It was devoted entirely to gymnastics. The sand on the floor was soft and deep; the parallel bars, vaulting-horses, rings, rope-ladders, and all, were perfection. I have never seen a set of exercises so good, or so well done, save in Maclaren's Gymnasium at Oxford. About thirty boys were hard at work, under the eye of a trained and qualified professor of the gymnastic art; and trousers tucked up, shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and panting chests, brought back to one's mind full many a bright memory of happy College days.

I inquired next about religious instruction. What books did they use for the children? "Ah, ah!" said my friend, "we have to use books of Roman Catholic instruction now, but we only wait the order from the Cortes, allowing us to substitute books of a more liberal kind (*mas liberales*). They are all ready, French books, but we must bide our time."—"What," I asked, "do you mean by more liberal books?"—"Why, instead of the Roman Catholic creed, we want to teach nothing but *morales universales*." These last two words he repeated in great excitement, pacing up and down the sanded room.

'And then," said he, "the priests will properly teach in the Church, we in the schools."

I could not throw off from my mind a somewhat sad impression caused by his words. The two creeds, that of the Escuela and that of the Iglesia, thought I, will be diametrically opposed to one another, in all probability, and what then is there to guide a lad just budding into manhood? Is it not likely that the state of hundreds of educated men just now in this country will be their state too?—will be these poor lads' state in a few years, namely, that their old faith having been shaken rudely, no other has been given to them on which they can stay their souls. For, after all, faith and a creed men must have. An educated man in the interior said to me the other day, —"I keep a strict Roman Catholic because I feel I must have a something to cling to; all around me men are throwing up their faith, but they seem to me to be like a piece of ivy torn off the tree, with no other tree near to cling to."

Thence, from gymnastic and religious discussion, we went upstairs. The girls' school was at the top of the house; more roomy, airy, and full of light, if possible, than that of the boys. Every child was busy sewing as I entered with the kindly and clever lady superintendent. Each child wore a beautifully embroidered white pinafore, scrupulously clean and starched, over her little frock; these they leave in their desks in the school. All seemed bright, clean, and hard-working, and I noticed none of that disagreeable, musty, fusty smell that is never absent from English schools. Then one must remember that the Spanish decent poor, as a rule, are the most scrupulously clean in the matter of wearing apparel of any nation under the

sun. The poorest girl will have a snowy pocket-handkerchief and a freshly-washed pañuelo to tie over her head; and no really true and decent Spanish gude-wife ever lets her husband go out on feast-days without a spotless shirt and tie!

In the next large room that we entered were fifty young women,—I must, I think, say señoritas, for that will not decide whether they were rich or poor, well-born or *pobres decentes:* these were the persons (many of them at least) qualifying for the position of National Schoolmistresses. They seemed to me, judging by their dress, their delicate white hands, and beautifully cut nails, as well as by their conversation, to be, many of them, ladies. They were all taking a lesson in embroidery from an older lady. Each had her little embroidery-frame on her lap or on a "rest," and each seemed vieing with her next neighbour as to who should do her work the best. The embroidery was simply beautiful; it was all on very fine lawn, the pattern being marked out in fine lines. Many of these young ladies, whose ages averaged from sixteen to twenty, were, I was afterwards told, persons of position and property, who come in, some for one kind of instruction, some for another.

This sight gratified me much. It is one among many proofs that in Spain the bitter feeling of class superiority is not kept up as in England. Here we have just seen the lady of position learning embroidery by the side of her humbler sister; and every one in Spain is familiar with the sight of the rich caballero smoking his cigarette with his linen-draper, and chatting over the counter.

The chief thing that struck me in this departamento was the modest and graceful dress and bearing

of all the young ladies, and the beauty of their work, as well as the perfect silence and order that prevailed. One untoward incident here occurred. A beautiful glass-case of flowers, made of wool, was pointed out to me by the lady superintendent; I could not at first believe that they were not of wax, so beautiful and delicate was their appearance. Unfortunately, to insure finding this school, I had engaged an English-speaking guide, who (bird of evil omen!) stood, though I knew it not, just at my elbow, hearing me inquire a second time of the lady superintendent, "Are they not wax?" and fancying I did not understand the language, he ventured to act as interpreter. "She says," he said, in his blandest tones, "she says that they are made of what you English call old rags."

This was quite enough. I apologize to the señora, and hurriedly beat a retreat. The lecture-rooms, the school-rooms, the library, all were beautifully arranged, and hung with every sort of scientific diagram, with explanations in English, French, and Spanish. In one room above, open to the students, I saw a machine, wholly new to me (French, I am told), called a "pulsometer." It is a small phial, half full of crimson fluid. You simply hold it in your hand, and, for every beat of the pulse, a red liquid leaps to one end of the phial. And there were also electric machines, measures and weights, and cabinets full of various chemicals.

The library seemed fairly well furnished. Among other religious books, I noticed Luis de Granada's 'Guia de Peccadores'; Balme's 'Cartas a un Esceptico en Materia de Religion'; the well-known French work for children, 'Éducation Maternelle,' by Madame Tastu, beautifully illustrated; the Poetry of Mar-

tinez y la Rosa (whose songs the children sing); and many standard works, in French, English, and Spanish, on History, Philosophy, and the New Testament. And then I said farewell.

I should add, before closing this chapter, that one or two of the schoolmasters spoke French fairly fluently to me, at their own request, on my apologizing for my defects of expression, by saying I had only acquired my present knowledge of the Spanish language within the last year; also, I should add, that the masters and mistresses, who are in constant work at these schools, obtain some assistance in teaching from those who are "qualifying"—in fact, it is thus alone that these latter acquire the art of "pedagogia."

Three thoughts suggested themselves to my mind as I left the Escuelas Normales and their painstaking and kindly inmates:—First, might not gymnastics form a useful part of our National schoolboy's career, especially in large towns? Secondly, might there not be more music in our National Schools? Thirdly, might not the masters and mistresses at our great training colleges be offered the privilege of learning how to instruct the deaf and dumb and blind? It would surely be no mean part of their high and noble calling.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

*Being Stanzas written on the wild Sea Beach near Cipiona.**

WHERE naught save cliff and crag are seen,
And out on ocean's barren breast,
The restless sea-bird loves to glean
Her food, and snatch her scanty rest.

The swoop, the poise o'er ocean blue,
Of hundred whistling silver wings;
om morn till eve, with plaintive mew,
Her changeless song the sea-bird sings.

I heard her once—a child I ranged
O'er headlands bluff of native clime;
To me her changeless song hath changed:
A true interpreter was Time!

For once I heard her more: alone
Strayed my rough steps o'er deserts new:
O'er Cipiona's shores the sun
A ray of yellow glory threw.

"The world is peaceful as a sea
That gently laps some Southern shore;
Yet man must not a rester be,
Dreaming in life his work is o'er.

* Cipiona is a small town on the sea-coast not far from Cadiz, inhabited chiefly by fishermen.

"The world is storm-tost as a sea,
Oft rent about with wave and wind:
Man, but a wanderer like to me,
Even here his moment's rest may find.

"The world is barren as a sea
From whose dark breast my food I glean:
Thou from thy barren world, like me,
Mayst pluck fair flowers of heavenly mien.

"The sea wets not my glossy breast,
Though cradled in her wave I lie;
I trust her not—a moment's rest,
She rises—and I heavenward fly!

"So bask not in life's smiles, nor fear
Though trouble's crested wave roll on:
It may be that thy path is drear,
It may not be thou art alone.

"On dire affliction's sweeping blast
Ride fearless on Faith's silver wing:
His Hand who made thy skies o'ercast
Peace with the morrow's dawn can bring.

"So, like the sea-bird, sit thou light
To storm or calm: glean what is best:
Ready, when bidd'n, to take thy flight
To better than the sea-bird's rest!"

CHAPTER XXI.

WITH THE CONDEMNED TO CUBA.

PERHAPS one of the saddest spectacles in Spain at the present day is that of her sons who, as Mr. Smuggy observed of himself in the well-known novel, "leave their country for their country's good." Apart from joking, this sight is really a sad one, and no honest and good heart can look upon it—and we all out here have it constantly before our eyes—without a sigh.

It is related of a Highland mother, that when she saw a young fellow hung upon the gallows, and heard the hoarse cry of derision of the mob, she entered her protest of natural feeling against such indecency in the words "Remember, though he was bad, he was somebody's bairn."

And the poor "Hieland mither's" words beautifully and simply express the feelings of many hearts in this country when they see old men and children sent off, with the young and the strong, to the unhappy exile of Cuba for political offences.

The writer of this work, in his home in the interior, had often heard of, but until lately had not seen, the bands of political prisoners who are now sent off by hundreds to the swamps and morasses and fierce heats of Cuba, the Spanish "Botany Bay."

And truly, when they pass one—a long string of men, of all ranks, and all ages, and all professions,—

priest, gitano, *littérateur*, lawyer, peasant, child, and would-be statesman—they present a sad spectacle.

Travelling, one meets this sad convoy frequently. They walk, unmanacled usually, between a couple of files of Guardias Civiles—men who ought to have a word of honour whenever they are mentioned. Fearless, clever, educated veterans, lovers of nothing so well as order, every Englishman (with English associations strong upon him) welcomes the sight of their sturdy, square-set frames, neat dark-blue uniform, with its red facings, and black cocked-hat. They are all educated, and can read and write. All are veteran soldiers, and, some mounted, some on foot, in parties of two or more (for they never are allowed to go singly), these men put down robberies in the campo or lonely plains, or march with their officers, many of whom are veterans, in companies of a hundred or so, to any town where there is a rising against the lawful Government of the day (we must limit ourselves to that word in speaking of Spanish Government), and simply, sternly, and quietly restore order. I must say the finest set of men, as half-policemen, half-soldiers, that I have ever seen, are the Guardias Civiles of Spain.

Once, if I may digress, it was my lot to be in a town where the tide of lawlessness had fairly set in. It was a town of some 40,000 inhabitants, chiefly of the lower class, men ready and ripe for an insurrection. The alcalde of the town sent off to their nearest barracks (twenty miles off, at least) for a detachment of Guards.

As they drew up in the narrow dark street of the town where they were to find quarters, they certainly were a noble sight. It was nine or ten o'clock on the

evening of a blistering August day, and the narrow street, with its high houses and its tiny oil lamps, was nearly dark. But there were the Guards, one hundred only strong, with five mounted officers. Each had his cocked-hat swathed in linen, knapsack on back, rifle, with bayonet fixed, for they did not know what reception they would meet with; there they were, standing four-deep, stern and silent, amid a crowd of 900 or 1,000 people. Their stern, dark, moustachioed faces, glaring under the white hats, and the drawn swords of their officers, told a tale of strength. They were 100, the townsmen 40,000; but they were the Civil Guards, and were respected by all, and dreaded by some. The next day all was quiet in the town. We all, who were peaceably disposed, hoped they would remain. Not at all. The head man of their town, under whose authority they were, had a sneaking sympathy for the insurgent's cause, so he simply sent a mounted messenger to command their return next morning, on some pretext or other, and ninety of the hundred dark-browed patriots marched back the self-same weary twenty miles, over red sand and under a glaring sun, and all for nothing. So it ever is in Spain; the authorities are constantly corrupt. And is not an incident of this kind enough to show you (for these fellows never grumbled), not only that Spain has true and loyal hearts, but that Spanish authority too often trifles with and spoils them?

But to return to our prisoners. In the interior we see them only by twos and threes, led along by a municipal guard with drawn sword, or gazing idly and *nonchalantly*, cigarette in mouth, through the bars of the prison.

To one of the large seaports in Spain where I was staying, came a body of some hundreds of these unhappy men and boys, most of them political prisoners, some whose crimes were of the ordinary type—robbery, assault, arson, murder, &c.

They were all habited in Cuban soldier's dress; that is, the dress of the Spanish soldier in Cuba, the "Cuban Volunteer," who is just now so famous. This dress consists of a checked light-blue blouse, with or without red facings; black trousers, with red stripe; and a small black cloth cap, with a red tassel: it is like a prisoner's dress, and very unsoldier-like. Men of all ages, ranks, sizes, &c., were here, guarded down to the vessel on which they were to embark for military service in Cuba.

It was my fortune to fall in with a gentleman who had accompanied a ship-load of some eight hundred or more of these misguided men to Cuba, and he thus briefly describes his voyage. I could follow them no further than dry land, and I was anxious to follow them much further.

I think the account given me by my friend will interest some English readers. Let me tell the conversation in a simple way, as it occurred.

I said, "What are they all going to do when they get to Cuba?"

"Why," said he, "they will be drafted off, ten into each company of Volunteers, to fight the Cuban insurgents."

"But," I said, "how about their age: some are boys, some old men?"

"Well, a great many, perhaps five out of every ten, will die, owing to the climate and bad living; a good many will desert, and a good many will be back again

in Spain in three months' time. I have seen men land in Spain three months after they had gone out under sentence of some years."

He explained that their relations often sent them money; on the receipt of which some deserted and settled in the island, some returned to their native land.

I then inquired what sort of men they were, these prisoners, as a rule. He said, "All sorts; many Carlists—and under this head are numbered all who are taken with arms in their hands in the northern provinces; many priests, who wear the common dress of the Cuban soldier, but are allowed sometimes on board to wear private dress; many Cantonales, and many Intransigentes; some robbers and murderers. As to the priests, they are all Carlistas at heart throughout Spain; so we pity those few that are laid hold of! Many are simply ignorant, misguided peasants, who can't read or write: they are stirred up by the priests to fight, and so they do fight."

"Now, look here," said another passenger to me. "In one batch there were two or three boys about twelve or fifteen years of age. I said to one of these lads, 'Are you a Carlista?'—'I don't know.'—'Had you arms, a gun in your hand?' The boy laughed, "Si, Señor, pero, sin gatillo,' *i. e.* 'Yes, sir, I had, but without a trigger.'"

When a strong body of these prisoners are put on board a Government steamer, they are unmanacled, and have plenty of liberty; they are, in fact, though against their will, soldiers, off to fight the battles of their country (with what heart?) against her Cuban foes! But, though unmanacled, plenty of means are at hand—as, indeed, is simply necessary, when a crew

of thirty or forty men, with twenty soldiers, have to take charge of eight hundred prisoners—to put down any mutiny. First of all, two small cannon are placed on deck, ready, in case of a "rising," simply to sweep every man and boy off the deck. "Would the gunners fire?" said I.

"I believe you; if they sent half the crew into the air, they would."

Then the hose from the engine-room is pointed carefully towards the hold, where these poor creatures dwell; so that in case of a riot or mutiny there, boiling water might at once be brought to bear upon them. And if cold water, vigorously applied, often brings a fainting lady or a fanciful man to his senses, what effect must not boiling water have upon Spanish political prisoners?

I inquired of my informant what these men did with themselves all the day. He told me that they employed their time in two ways. Firstly, in singing; secondly, in gambling. "Those two occupations," said he, "make up their great amusements. The noise of their singing, when the departure of the sea-sickness has enabled them to sing, is something marvellous; they swarm upon deck, light their cigarros de papel, and sing their wild ditties, until you are almost deafened. I am always sorry when they aren't sea-sick. As to gambling, all the money on board has changed hands a dozen times at least before the eighteen days' steam to Cuba are over. Often a man loses his shirt and pants, and they have to supply him who are in care of the vessel."

No one who knows anything of the Spanish love, or rather passion, for gambling, will be surprised at this; from the lord to the melon-seller, gambling is the

ruling passion, strong even on the convict-hulk or in death.

Sit in your hotel window in any large town in Spain, and you will hear, as regularly as chime of hour, the everlasting sing-song cry of the lottery-ticket seller down the street, "Quatro mil reales por una peseta;" *i. e.*, 4,000 reals (a real is twopence-halfpenny) for one peseta; *i. e.*, tenpence.

Go to one of the annual fairs in the interior, and at every street-corner will be found a kind of rough *rouge-et-noir* going on, with a ring of gitanos, fruit-sellers, miners, and nondescripts staking their all on a turn of the wheel.

The Spanish laws, in theory, are excellent; every merchant vessel, above a certain tonnage, must carry her clergyman and her doctor. So on Sundays and feast-days there is a regular Misa, or Church service, on deck.

"But," said my informant, "as to the doctors of these ships, they are no good at all. I have been often superior to them on a sudden emergency."

This may be true of the class of men they obtain for ships' surgeons, but it is only fair to the Spanish doctors to say that I have, more than once, found their prescriptions exceedingly beneficial, and noticed great acumen in their remarks and deductions. But, amongst the ordinary class of doctors in the interior, it is simply the old story of—"If he is ill, bleed him." And, in many towns of the interior, the doctors are "Barbers and Bleeders," or "Dentists and Bleeders." This inscription over the doors is constant in the interior. Sometimes there are three bleeders, "Sangradores," in one street. "Dentista y

Sangrador," is very common. "What must we do?" —"Bleed him, of course!"

When the crew have brought their prisoners safe to land at some port in Cuba, they are received by an escort, and drafted into the different regiments, ten of these prisoners being allotted to each company of one hundred.

I asked my informant what was his opinion of the priests on board the vessels. He shook his head. "I haven't any opinion at all,—they are so ignorant. Ask one where London is, and he will say, 'In Inglaterra,' but what part of Inglaterra he will not know. Besides, they are many of them of very bull-dog countenance—much like prize-fighters in face."

It may be so, I say once more, among the especial class of priests who are engaged for service on board-ship; but my observation of the majority has not led me to exactly the same conclusion as my friend. The priests are ignorant of many modern topics, but well up in Latin, legends, &c. They keep aloof from the world in which we all live and move and have our being.

Most of these vessels get safe to Cuba. Spanish sailors are, as a rule, I have been told by an English sea-faring man, *very* cautious, even to timidity, "and first-rate navigators," said he.

When one has seen such a sight as I have just described, many feelings press into one's mind. These are not robbers or murderers; they are mistaken and misguided men, who have, at least, some elements of nobleness and greatness in them, the development of which has brought them to their present unhappy position. They have no education to brace them, they have no religion to guide them. Like all their

countrymen, they believe in one thing, and that is, the need of their own individual interference in the politics of their country. They see around them sorrow, and wrong, and distress; they look, and in vain, for any master-spirit to redress their wrongs; and so, they take upon themselves the task. There is something to admire in this.

You will say, "Yes; but their life is a mistake—it is wasted." It is true. But what is the life of most of us? Is it not often, like theirs, a mistake—one long succession of battles nobly fought, but seldom won? of high aims and great failures? while he who aims the highest falls the most terribly, simply because he had mounted the ladder higher than others —simply because he aimed so high, his fall is so tremendous? Mediocrity and indifference escape all this!

CHAPTER XXII.

DECAY OF FAITH IN SPAIN.

"My religion has broken down." Such was the hopeless sentiment—a sentiment rendered doubly mournful by the simplicity of the language, and the position of the speaker—expressed to me a few nights since by a poor Spanish boatman. It was uttered in answer to my question why he was absent from his cathedral, the bells of which had just been clanging for evening service.

"My religion has broken down!"

The train of thought which these bitter words led to, urged me to throw together into a connected form the many observations I had already jotted down as to the state of religious feeling in Spain; and I could not help reflecting, as I turned over page after page of my journal, and came upon the entries relating to this especial subject, with how much truth might both the educated and uneducated Spaniard of to-day say, with the poor boatman, "My religion has broken down!"

This self-imposed task is a dispiriting one; for I cannot, to be candid, write of the vitality and living work of the Church in my present country, but rather of its lifelessness and stagnation—not of the growth and progress of faith, but, alas! of its rapid and visible decay.

The Church of Spain—of Spain in 1873 (I write of

what I have seen in the South and in the interior of Spain; in the North, I am told, ecclesiastical affairs wear a wholly different aspect),—is an institution which has lost its hold on the masses, both educated and uneducated. They do not look to its shelter for the offering of prayers, nor to its pulpit for instruction, nor to its minister for support and comfort. In literature, in intercourse with strangers, in thought and education, all around has moved; the Church moves not; she is left behind in the onward march: too proud to ask, to follow, or to learn, she stands alone; too proud to acknowledge, or too much wrapped in sublime slumber and dreams of her past glory, to recognize for a moment the fact that she *is* alone.

She writes her commands still, but none are bound to obey them; she proffers her advice, but her sons turn away unheeding. "We have heart and mind like you," they say; "we can think and act for ourselves. Away!" The picture that rises upon one's mind when one sees the decrees of Mother Church slighted, ridiculed, or ignored by her sons (though *not* by her pious daughters), is that of some aged officer long ago suspended for his age—to whom the rules and implements of modern strategy are wholly new and strange—suddenly aspiring to command on the field of modern warfare; he raises his hand with all his pristine dignity—he gives the word with all the decision of one accustomed to command. Too full of respect for his grey hairs, and his pristine courage, and his rank, those around him do not ridicule him, or tell him he is mistaken; they simply salute him courteously, and pass on ignoring his commands.

The decay of religious faith in Spain divides itself into three distinct heads. The first subject of inquiry

will naturally be, *What is the precise state of religious feeling existing at the present moment?* The second will be, *To what causes is the present state of things due?* And, lastly, *Whither is it tending; what will be the result in the future of the religious position of the present?*

To answer these questions fairly, fully, and without exaggeration, will be the object of the following remarks: what the writer will say will certainly be suggestive; it may, he trusts, be productive in England of much good. Anyhow, it cannot fail to be full of the deepest interest.

I. What is the precise state of religious feeling in Spain at the present day? Some few years ago it was the writer's privilege, when in London, to attend one or two of a set of lectures, very original and suggestive, given by the great Indian reformer, Cheshub Chunder Sen—lectures which ultimately fell into the writer's hand. Mr. Sen was, as the writer understood him, one who had advanced far beyond the creed of his countrymen—(Brahmees, if my remembrance serves me rightly, was the name by which he designated them),—one who, having become dissatisfied with the superstitions of the Brahmins, had gone hither and thither seeking for a creed. His words were very striking, full as they were of those Scriptures of which, as the writer believes, he had grasped a part—and but a part. "I," he said, in perfectly good English, "I was for many years a man without a creed; I and hundreds of my fellow-Brahmees could not accept or hold to our own religion, and I made trial first of other religious systems in India; but, thirsty as I was, I found none to give me drink; I was hungry, and they gave me no food. At

last I read for myself, and I read carefully, the New Testament, which you English deify. I re-read it with prayer; I read it, before I embraced its teaching, on my knees. I rose up a different man. I believed in the One God, the true Father of all who trust in Him; One who requires no sacrifice—nothing but the love of a true heart and sincerity.

"I do not," he went on, "with yourselves, call my Saviour God, because He says, '*I am the way*'—the way, not the goal: thither I cannot follow you; but I look up to Him as the only perfect Son of God.

"Long time had I gone about, seeking rest, and finding none; at last I had found rest to my soul—rest for which I thank my God daily."

The words were evidently the utterance of a true, loyal, and religious soul, and of an inquiring and lofty mind; as I understand them, the speaker's position was that of the Unitarian Church; he believed in one God, and in one perfect Son of God, sent by Him to be men's guide and pattern, and there he stopped. Whether or no he went further, with Arianism, I cannot fairly remember. But it struck me at the time, that for a soul so devout and earnest the whole truth would be revealed; the whole Evangelical faith, in all its fullness and blessedness, would be, I felt sure, finally grasped by his heart and soul.

The lecturer then went on to say that he and several hundreds of his fellow-countrymen, chiefly Indian barristers and men of the other learned professions, had formed a sort of religious confraternity, or club, on the religious foundation he had explained, called the Brahmo-Somaj, and that their tenets were fast gaining ground among the educated Brahmins; that they were gathering daily disciples "from the thou-

sands" (I quote his own words) "who are now in India going about, *having cast off their old faith, seeking for some faith on which to stay their soul.*"

The parallel between the religious state of the "thousands" here referred to and the "thousands" of Spain, among educated men, the writer conceives to be a very close one. Not for one moment does he intend to imply that the branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain—a Church which has given to its sons and daughters a duly-ordained ministry, and Christian rites, and religious instruction, and in whose sublime churches the thousands of its faithful have made their hearts' desire known to their God, aye, and still make it known—is not one in which men may find all things necessary to salvation; but he says and means, because the fact is one patent to him, and freely conversed of in street, drawing-room, plaza, and casino, by Spanish gentlemen and others of the lower class (who are not too indifferent—alas! with most of these the thoughts soar not above the search for daily bread)—and it is simply this: that the case of the educated Spanish gentlemen, and especially of professional men, tradesmen, and literary men and artisans—the state of all, in a word, who travel, think, or read—is exactly analogous to the state of his fellow-countrymen described by Cheshub Chunder Sen.

Like them, they have unobtrusively but certainly cast aside the faith in which they were brought up, and, having nothing sure, nothing established, nothing of a church, a public service, and the sympathy needed by mankind in its religious aspirations, which a church and assemblies foster, to which to cling, and on which to anchor their souls, they are simply going

about, seeking some one to lead them by the hand; some one whose talents and character give him a claim to be trusted, to guide and direct their minds and souls; some one to help them to rise—as they do wish, and long, and pray to rise—above the dead level of indifferentism, and the weary, meaningless, round of daily life, daily work, or daily idleness; casino, politics, and cigarillo.

What, then, are the signs by which this state of religious feeling is betokened, and on what grounds is it justifiable to present so melancholy a view of religion?

I answer, one must be guided by four different signs of the times in forming an estimate: the tone of conversation in social circles; the statistics of church-going; the observation of various small facts in connexion with this great subject, all of which are small, it is true, but, like the eddying straw of our trite English proverb, "serve to show the course of the stream"; and, lastly, books and literature.

(*a.*) The decay of religious faith is shown by conversation in the social circles of Spain, especially among the more ardent of the Republicans.

There are three different names by which Republican Spain of the present day, in the districts from which I write, calls her sons, namely, *Ateos, Indiferentes, and libres pensadores;* that is, Atheists, those indifferent to religion at all orundecided, and free-thinkers.

These are terms of daily use among us. A man, however, would never say of himself, "I am an *Ateo,*" although he *might* (and very frequently *does*) apply that "word without hope" to his friend's state of mind. The "El Credo" of the Ateo is something of

this nature—a credo, if it can be called a credo at all, which has come into this country with freedom of French literature. A man reads little, prays little, thinks a good deal, and observes a good deal. He comes to the conclusion that *to sin* is according to nature *(muy natural)*, and, therefore, that He who has proclaimed that to sin is worthy of blame, and shall be punished, cannot be the Author of Nature; for he reasons, "Why did God make it natural to me to sin, and yet say, 'I will punish you if you sin'?" He goes further. He says, "I see Nature; I feel her power; I know in many things she is right. I do not see God; I do not feel His power. I see the poor oppressed; I see sin triumphant; I see the Church proclaim things in His name, as celibacy, clearly against Nature. Nature exists, as I can prove; I cannot prove that God exists; therefore, I believe that Nature is God; for Nature is stronger than any thing." Such is the *Credo*, such the profession of hundreds of men of this belief, if it can be called a belief. They are sometimes known by the name of *Materialistas*, although this term implies something still more faithless. For instance, a *Materialista* would say, if his fellow-creature showed any deep penitence, any deep religious melancholy, "Oh! it is the work of Nature; bodily illness is diseasing his mind." Some of the coarser forms would go even further; but of these it is not needful to speak.

The position of the *Indiferente* is less defined, and more common. It is a state of heart and mind, this indifferentism, which, from many different causes, does not care at all for religion or feel its power; and yet would, and does, saunter into church on the proper days, and listen to the music, and to the sermon, if at all

a striking one. Here is one reason, which incidentally I may be pardoned for introducing, why the clergy of Spain have so completely lost their hold on the minds of *men:* their sermons never strike home, never fairly meet a doubt, seldom inculcate the moral teaching of Christ. An *Indiferente* often becomes indifferent from long continuance in sin or prayerlessness; still more often, from utter indecision of character. He is a man who reads, cursorily, the religious literature of France, of what is here designated the French Liberal School. He commences with a book read by all the educated Spaniards—'Vie de Jésus,' par Ernest Renan, or 'Les Apôtres,' by the same author. Doubts are instilled into his mind—a mind in all probability of very barren soil before; the weeds grow up and flourish. He has no one to advise him; he does not go deeply into the subject; he is too careless and too pusillanimous, and has too much love for his wife's feelings and respect for his Church, to throw off the mask and openly say, "I do not hold the old El Credo"; so he goes on, and is called, and truly, one of the *Indiferentes.* Thousands are in this state of mind; like the disciples of the Brahmo-Somaj, they are going about seeking rest, and finding none.

The third class of unorthodox Spaniard is perhaps the most common—the man who does not hesitate to call himself one of *los libres pensadores,* "the free-thinkers." This term, in England, is usually applied to one who has cast off much, or all, of his faith in God. Here, however, the term has no such meaning. It simply means one who chooses to think for himself, and embrace that creed which he believes best for his temporal and eternal welfare. Thousands of the educated sons of Republican Spain would think it no

discredit to themselves or others to say, "I am a free-thinker," or, "He belongs to the free-thinkers," because the term, in Spain, conveys no idea at all of disbelief in a personal God and Father of us all: it simply denotes what is called in England Broad Churchism. And men say, truly enough, there is more religion where there is life, thought, inquiry, restlessness, than in the torpor of indifferentism, or the dead slumber of one who is too careless about religion to take any pains about it, and therefore gives a careless acquiescence to statements and doctrines about the truth of which he has taken no pains to inquire—the "belief" of one who has never *dis*believed, simply because he has never really believed at all. This class of *libres pensadores* is composed chiefly of *educated Republicans*. This freedom of religious thought, which came in with the Republic—a sort of fierce reaction after the tight curb of Roman Catholicism in the Queen's time—is the *typo*, or type, of the modern statesman, orator, literary man of Spain. Although none of the three classes here alluded to are, strictly speaking, confined to the Republican ranks, yet they chiefly exist among the Republicans.

Having sought, with all candour, to explain the religious status of the three great bodies of educated Spaniards known in social circles as Atheists, Indifferents, and Free-thinkers, the writer of this review of Spanish religious feeling continues his description of the first and most superficial of those signs of the times by which the state of that religious feeling may fairly be appreciated:—*Conversation in the educated circles of Spain.*

And here, for a moment, I would pause. Those in England into whose hands these pages may fall, will

naturally complain, and with some apparent truth, "The writer keeps on speaking about educated men and Republicans, do not the masses of the poor enter into his account?" The question is a fair one, and shall be fairly answered. The answer is this. The population of Spain, by our last Government returns, was sixteen millions; and, by the same documents, twelve millions were returned as "unable either to read or to write." Surely one can only speak, when one speaks of the state of feeling in a nation on religious or political matters, of the opinions of those who can read or write at least a little. Were I to write of the state of religious feeling among the *uneducated* in the town of the interior, in the fishing-village of the coast, in the vineyard or the olive-press, I should merely sum it up in three words:—superstition, carelessness, blind discontent. Before the end of these volumes, a few words shall be devoted to the uneducated masses; but, be it remembered, wherever there is an absence of education, there is present blind and palpable imitation of others; and the poor, rude, suffering fisherman or goat-herd has often said to me, when asked as to his religion, "I am an Evangelico"; and when pressed to explain, he would say merely the name of some Protestant church, or some popular leader of thought in his country, and add, with true Spanish pride, "He and I have common ground."

Recurring to my subject—the state of religious feeling as indicated by the conversation current in social circles—let me say, that never have I heard, and never again would I wish to hear, such utterances of utter unrest, utter—I was going to say—despair, as I daily and hourly hear now around me.

This state of unrest and disquietude, and fruitless quest of the good and the stable, perplexes and dismays the heart and paralyzes the thought. One is fain to ask again and again the old question, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" And again and again the self-same answer is given back, "Dark and stormy. Dark and stormy." And truly our night *is* dark and stormy. Well do I remember, in the days of youth, passing down one of the back streets of London's lowest quarters, and speaking to a poor old withered-up crone who sat on her lowly doorstep. Before her, overshadowing her little home, were a Wesleyan chapel, a Mission chapel of the Established Church, and a Roman Catholic church. "To which of all those, mother," said I, "do you go to worship?" And the answer came back, quietly but firmly, from her trembling lips, "*I looks only to One above.*" And one cannot help feeling that only and entirely the help in which that poor woman trusted *can* save and redeem Spain of to-day.

The attitude of the thinking mass of Spaniards reminds one daily of the question asked in Holy Story, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" But one listens in vain for the answer from the self-same lips, "Thou (and only Thou) hast the words of eternal life."

If you shall be conversing with a Spanish gentleman of Republican views on the subject of religion, his words will be very few; but they will be *very* sad. The following conversation occurred a short time since between the writer and a literary man in Spain of real culture and refinement. He himself introduced the subject on which I write by saying to me, "I believe you are a Protestant?" After answer-

ing his question, I merely said, "You have now the advantage of me: are you not yourself a Roman Catholic?"—"Yes," was the reply; "yes. I am a Roman Catholic—that is to say, I have not renounced that *credo;* it is more convenient not to have an open rupture. But," said he, "I believe really in nothing of the ceremonies or rites of my Church; I pray to God at home; I believe in Him, and in Jesus Christ. I consider myself exactly at the stand-point of your English Church. I despise the music, the processions, and the unintelligible tongue of my Church's services; I hate to see money given for such things; but I do feel the need of public worship without all this. Four bare walls and a pure heart are all that is needed to serve and love God." He added a few words to this effect, that no appeal to the senses should ever be made in a church—nothing touched save a man's heart.

I did not press the subject further, for both his heart and my own were too full. Yet once again let me recur to a few words said to me by a Spanish student—words which, spoken but a few weeks since, have never left my memory. We were supping together, merely discussing the subject of art in this country; and, as conversations (even in Spain!) *will* fall into the religious groove, at last we spoke of religion. He was a Roman Catholic, but, as he himself allowed, "Indiferente." He was speaking of public prayer, and I merely remarked that, as he never went to public prayer, I supposed he found an equal solace in private prayer. I then spoke of sermons, and added, "Do you find no help in the sermons of your clergy?"

This then was, word for word, to the best of the

writer's recollection, the language of his reply:—"The English pray; they try to act up to their religion, because they can believe it: we cannot, with modern literature at hand, swallow *our* religion at a gulp. You must give up one of the two. I hold to neither. As to us, as a rule, we do not pray to God. You ask about sermons: well, I went into a church the other day to listen to one who was said to be a good preacher. He did, truly, preach magnificently; I never saw a man with such a flow of language; he was an orator! But" (*pero*, the constant Spanish antithesis) "with all his flow of language, I only remembered two things as I left the church: he compared the exceeding purity of the Virgin to a cup of silver and a tower of ivory; and there was no room at all for God or Jesus Christ. These clergy, who aspire to guide us to peace here, and in the next *(if there be a next)* world," continued he, "never preach about *the only two things worth preaching about, Virtue and the Almighty.*"

As usual, then, with the education of his order, this young fellow simply believed in and longed for tidings of the Christian moral code and the Fatherhood of God. For *that* his soul thirsted; for *that* he went to church. He was a hungerer and thirster, I truly believe, after righteousness—a few simple words would have gone straight to his heart; for those few simple words he looked and waited, and for them, alas! he looked and waited in vain.

Another leading topic of conversation is (as I have already mentioned) the deification of Nature. In high Republican circles in Spain it is constantly said, "We make war against all that is against Nature. It must be wrong."

I once asked of a Republican orator, "How can you justify your fellows' act in turning the nuns out of their convent?"

"We would turn out the priests too, if we could, because we want all men not to be unnatural. Celibacy is unnatural."

"But is not *expulsion* a rough way of inculcating a moral lesson?"

"*Muy bien*," was his answer; "but we must use rough measures sometimes."

The ignorance of their clergy, again, is a constant theme of conversation among the Spanish Republicans. They will have it—I know not with what truth—that the priests know little besides the lives of the saints and Latin books. As to geography, say they, or modern history, they know nothing; and modern literature they never read!

Many thoughts here force themselves upon me. Among others, fain am I to confess that a tribute is due to the worth of the priests. Where they *could* give to the poor, the writer of this work believes they freely gave of what they had. But now they are poor indeed, and rejected of men. Still their influence is great, and this for two reasons. First, because their hold on the women of a family is still great: the devout and simple-minded women of the family still give to their church and priest—still are regular at confession, prayers, and mass.

The second reason of their influence is this, that so many of the clergy come from influential families—are, in fact, *bene nati*. In Galicia and the North of Spain, the poor, and very oftentimes the uneducated, become clergymen. But in the interior, and in the South, as regards the town clergy, most, or, at least, many of

them, are well-born; and many a family puts its dullest member into the Church, as the *dernier ressort*, that he may have a certain position and status in society. In the towns, however, the clergy are generally selected for the merits of their education and for their talents.

Gladly do I turn from this part of the signs of the times, merely adding a trifling anecdote which I heard some few months since in the best-educated city in Spain—the only city where one-half of the population can read or write. A Spanish woman went into church, a few minutes before service, to inquire who would be the evening preacher.

"*El chantre*," was the answer. This would be equivalent in English, I suppose, to the precentor.

"*Que' lo oiga su abuela*" ("Let his grandmother hear it"), was the answer, as the woman swept out of the church.

To a candid mind this little anecdote (a "good story") shows, surely, an irreverence for the Church which dismays one, on the one hand, but, at the same time, a real seeking and longing for that which, for so many hundred years, we have called, with truth, the good news of God.

How bitterly upon English ears would have fallen the words with which, a short time since, the streets of my town were ringing—"Our Castelar is the Saviour, the Christ of 1873!" One can only say, as one hears such words, that one's best hope is that He whom they crucify may pray—as we doubt not He does pray for them—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they say." Alas! Castelar's reign over these people's hearts is short indeed; already are vague rumours of his unpopularity, and of "Pi y

Margall and the Cantonal system," floating about among us, though perhaps Spain has known no more liberal, religious, or noble leader than Emilio Castelar!

(*b.*) Among those signs by which the state of religious feeling may be known, I mentioned, in the second place, the statistics of church-going.

Very few men, as a rule, attend church. The old anecdote of Sydney Smith is constantly recalled to one's memory. He preached, we have heard, upon the text, "O that *men* would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness," when, Sunday after Sunday, his quiet village church was denuded of *men*. And in Spain the emphasis might well, and with reason, be laid upon the same word—"O that *men* would praise the Lord!"

What *is* seen in the churches of Spain—and I have gone to her country parish churches and to her large cathedrals—is this: the bright array of lights, the gaudy dresses of the saints, the black, white, and embroidered vestments of the priests, as in solemn silence they come forth to kneel and pray before the altar of our common God and Father. What is *not* seen is the bronzed face of the vine-dresser, the worn visage of the artisan, the pale face of the *littérateur;* the sailor, the soldier, the bookseller, the tailor. Where are they? They are not here!

What *is* heard in our Spanish churches is the unintelligible prayers of the priests; the ringing, joyous, inspiriting clash of the music, oftentimes supplemented with the sweet carol of birds, the deep bass of the head singer. What is *not* heard is the answer of *men's* voices; what is not heard is the deep "Amen" to every prayer. It is not here! There is

no response from the men! They are away—at the Muséo, at "La Libreria," at the Casino.

In Spanish churches you simply see and hear women—for the most part well-bred women—kneeling devoutly upon the rush-matting of the church, and praying to their God—I *must say* praying, to all appearances, most fervently, most earnestly. I have seen nothing in Spain of that looking round and back, so common with ladies in England, to scan every person who comes into the church.

It is said in England that one out of every six of our *male* population goes to a place of worship. Here we have no places of worship save those of the Established Church, and I fear that not one in every twenty-five enters these to pray!

I mentioned as the two last signs of the decay of religious faith, the transactions, however small, which have lately taken place, and the bookstalls of Republican Spain.

Let me touch upon these briefly, and then enter upon the *causes* of this revolt against religion, and the speculation, Whither does it tend?

(*c.*) If it has more than once been asserted, in the course of these remarks on the state of religious feeling in Spain, that the small occurrences of daily life, and the acts of the revolutionary party in the summer of 1873, have shown and are daily bearing witness to the decay of religious faith in Spain, these assertions, it shall now be demonstrated, are not made without sufficient grounds.

Enter many of the Government ("del Rey") hospitals in Spain, and ask whether there is any religious service, any ministrations of clergy, in those towns where there has been a revolution—that

is, where popular feeling obtained for a while the mastery—and you will find that they no longer exist. They were dismissed during the summer revolution, and the chapel of the hospital is closed; the priest—an institution as old as the hospital walls—no longer lives within them, or attends to the sick and dying among its inmates.

Among the Foundling Hospitals, the Christian rite of baptism is, in many cases, no longer administered; in smaller hospitals, or homes, you will find, on inquiry, "We had a chapel, but have none now; the clergy lived here, but now only the doctors are allowed to reside on the premises." Go to many of the churches in Spain, whose walls, once richly gilt with the paintings of her great sons, attracted many a strange traveller's footsteps, and mark if in many of these cases they are not taken away. In some cases they were carried to a place of safety until this tyranny be overpassed; in a still greater number they were rudely torn down (I have seen some literally *torn* in the operation) and carried off to the Public Library or the Muséo, and thither you must follow if you would behold them.

Sundays are fearfully desecrated. If it be true, as has often been asserted, that where, during the great French Revolution, Sundays were abolished, and every day of the seven was a working day—if it be true that the abolishing of the prescribed day of rest, and the incessant strain of work caused by it, led to disease of mind, and in many cases lunacy, one can but tremble for this country, for it seems that Sunday is often wholly, and the feast-days partially ignored.

Again, the aspect of the Church herself is wholly stagnant. With her 42,000 clergy, whose charge

are fearfully demoralized, and, in the interior, utterly ignorant—men who are joyless, religionless, mindless —one looks in vain for tidings of the newly-endowed home, the fresh school-walls, the congress, or the midnight mission. These are not. The faded dresses, and in many cases the worn and sad countenances of the clergy, too, all point, not to life, but to a slow decay.

In the interior, the frequent interments without religious rites, the secular and profane so-called baptisms, known as the "Civil Funeral" and the "Civil Baptism"; the sight of the priests, oftentimes forced, because their pecuniary support has been taken away, or at least is no longer paid at present by the Government of their country, to seek their bread in secular callings; the indecent behaviour of men, very often, who keep their hats on as the procession of the Host files by,—these, and such as these, are the signs of a deep-seated hatred to the religion of their forefathers, and of the reaction which has set in with the Republic against the Church established in this land.

Petty in some cases have been the means by which men of very ultra opinions have shown their contempt for the "Credo" in which they have been brought up. To change the name of a street because it bore a Saint's name, to mutilate a pillar because the figure of a Saint was sculptured upon it, these were unworthy of Republican Spain, and were and would ever be repudiated by all her right-minded sons. But such things were.

(*d.*) And if the general tone of conversation in educated Republican circles; if the statistics of church-going; if the daily events—trifling, perhaps, in themselves, but not trifling when viewed in connexion

with other things—all bespeak and bear witness to a growing dissatisfaction with their established religion, restlessness, and reaction, no less do the gaudy book-stalls of the cities of Spain show the same tendency to revolution.

For a few reals (a real = 2½*d.*) the mind may have its glut of materialism and blank unbelief. Every school of thought here known as Liberal ("Liberal" meaning any work on religion which is not distinctively Roman Catholic) is represented on these shelves. To enumerate these cheap works would be a long and fruitless task; it would simply be to recapitulate the titles of the works of all the modern writers, French, German, English, and Spanish, of the various schools of free thought, beginning, as I have said, with the works of E. Renan, which are *very* popular here in Spanish translations, and ending with the countless little works of the modern Spanish thinkers—oftentimes mere imitations of the French authors and schools—bearing such high-sounding titles as 'The New Religion for the People,' or 'The Teaching of Natural Religion!'

II. The writer thinks that enough has been already quoted on the *first* subject proposed for consideration, and passes on to consider very briefly the two other subjects, or lines of thought, proposed at the commencement in connexion with the great subject of which he has merely endeavoured to present the picture as exhibited to the outsider.

He passes on therefore to ask, To what causes is the present state of religious feeling due?

The present state of religious feeling in Spain, then, is, he believes, simply a natural reaction from the

excessively tight reins with which her sons were held during the reign of the late Queen, and, of course, long before the accession of that sovereign. We all know that the starting back of the bow is fierce, sudden, and often self-destructive, when the string is suddenly relaxed; and that in proportion as had been the tightness of the restraint, so will be the fierceness of the recoil. And so, now that men are suddenly freed, by enactments of the Republic, from the necessity of subscribing to the doctrines of the Established Church,—now that liberty has been proclaimed after so many years of slavery,—it is not at all, the writer thinks, matter for wonder that their liberty should for a while be utter *licence* (as it certainly is). The wonder would be if such were *not* the case.

And, secondly, the reaction of feeling against the Established Church—for we must still call it so—is due in great measure to the abuses and superstitions which have existed in that Church. When reasonable men are compelled to belong to a society whose members in authority proclaim as truths doctrines which they cannot accept in any sense as true,—when they are compelled to acquiesce in what they believe to be gross superstitions,—they *will*, and in patient, indifferent Spain they *have*, for a while given a silent acquiescence. But now men travel, men read; education, though very slowly, *is* spreading even here; floods of books come in from France, Germany, and England—all are now free to buy and read them; and men see that they have *been blinded;* that the whole truth has not been proclaimed to them; and they will not, in so vital a matter as religion, any longer be trifled with. With one voice, from the educated artisan to the Chief of her Republic, the

educated sons of Spain say, "We will be free; we will serve God as our hearts tell us, and not submit the reason He has given us to the thraldom of Church decrees."

And, thirdly, the want of freedom and of a liberal and general education of the clergy of this land has been one fruitful cause of discontent. Many are men of education and culture, but not by any means all; and, as a rule, they are too much bound down by subscription to *this* article and *that* decree to have any original thought or research for themselves; they do not meet the doubts and acknowledge the tendencies of the age in which it has pleased God to cast their lot, and so they cannot guide, shape, and direct into its proper channel modern thought.

And, fourthly, the Church of this nation has fallen in the esteem of her children because she has not, as other Churches have, sought to *educate* the masses committed to her care: she has given them no fresh light of knowledge, and they cannot understand her services, these poor, uneducated masses; and so, receiving little, they—the most uneducated—though still afraid of, and full of awe for her power, do not *love* her in their heart of hearts, and, not loving, they cannot believe in her beauty or her wisdom.

And, lastly, the revolt against the religion of their land by her sons may be assigned to this fact, that nothing which is not based upon perfect truth can ever ultimately prosper. With all that is good in her, no thoughtful man can fail to see how much is withheld of Divine truth, how much is supplied of human invention, to the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Church. No warping of the truth, no withholding of the whole message of God, can prosper. Such is one

moral of the decay of religious faith among the thousands of my country this day!

III. But it is time to draw to a close remarks which have cost the writer many months of research and observation, but in the compilation of which he has never left his daily path of duty to seek his materials. He has merely thrown together, into perhaps a somewhat crude, but, he trusts, intelligible form, the result of a long sojourn in the country from which he writes, and from whose sons, of every shade of religious opinion, he has received unmingled kindness. Our third line of thought was this: to what is all this unsettlement of religious belief tending?

The writer answers: *To good.* To the establishment of a purer, truer, more lightful religion in this land; a religion more Scriptural, more what the Spanish people call *Evangelical*, *i.e.*, Christian, in the broadest, deepest, widest acceptation of the word. Things, *as they are, cannot long remain.* Either the tight, fierce rein must be again had recourse to (that, the writer believes, never will, or can be), or, as most educated men think and say, a wave of truer, simpler, broader religion, of which this surf is but the prelude, will sweep over and cleanse this land. As in nature, so in things divine, things religious: when the storm is fiercest, it must soon be over; when the night is darkest, dawn is ever nearest. Man's extremity is ever God's greatest opportunity. How often, in the history of individuals and of nations, has the truth of these trite sayings been realized! The Renaissance in France, the Reformation in England, —how were these heralded in? And may the religious dawn of suffering, restless, aspiring Spain, be the

dawn of that true religion and useful learning which kindles more and more into the perfect, peaceful, shining day!

A short comparison between the state of the Church of this land and that of her Sister Church of England, shall, in conclusion, be offered.

The Churches of England and of Spain are, if the writer's recollection of the former serves him in good stead, both of them to be considered as sick men, and to be judged of accordingly. But there is a difference in sickness, and in the signs of it—a difference which, by practised eyes, is well understood.

In the sickness of the Church of England I see all the signs of a sick man, fretful, and anxious, and dissatisfied, and restless, it is true; but still of a sick man waking up to life again from the long slumber that had promised, at one time, to end in nothing but death. In the Church of England I see life—life in her many missions; *life* in her schools and churches, rising up in every desolate hamlet and every overpopulated outskirt of her large towns; life in her overflowing Congresses; life in the keen interest with which all her proceedings are canvassed and criticized by the public press; life in the existence of unorthodox ministers within her fold; life in her many religious dissensions: and, where life is, there is *hope*.

In her Sister Church of Spain I see no signs of life. Her clergy preach, one and all, as they preached one hundred years ago. Her chief prayers are still offered in a tongue "not understanded" of her sons and daughters—the self-same lack of independence and of originality of thought is, as of old, imposed upon her ministers. Her services are magnificent, many of her churches and cathedrals sublime; but it is the

sublimity of a grand architecture, it is the attraction of a gorgeous and sensual ritual; there is spirited music and flashing lights, and a grand appeal to the senses. There are, it is true, none unorthodox among *her* ministers; but it is all too possible, as the experience of past ages has taught us, "Solitudinem facere, pacem appellare."

As for the living souls outside her churches, as for those that hunger and thirst for Hope and Truth and Love and Faith, where are they? Alas! they are not here!

In conclusion, the writer would observe, it may be true that in the Church of England there is a vast deal of mental unrest, a certain amount of alienation of the masses from their Church's services; but, be it remembered that in that country both clergy and statesmen and bishops are making gigantic efforts—by increased personal zeal; by increased manifestation of love for the masses; by the measures of educational improvement lately promulgated and acted upon; by the fixed determination of many of the most enlightened among the clergy not to tighten, but to loosen the reins, not to make narrower, but to make broader the terms of communion with their Church; by the increased education of the clergy, and their better acquaintance with *modern* and ancient literature,—by all these means, the writer says, the Anglican Communion is making visible and gigantic efforts to recover its lost ground—ground won from it during the repose of centuries.

And in speaking of the Church in England in comparison with that of Spain, ever must it be borne in mind that the majority of those who do not enter the doors of the church at least enter the doors of the

chapel; and that those who are not within the fold of England's Established Church are, at any rate, able to find shelter within the fold of some one of the many of her Christian communities; whereas that in Spain the case is wholly different. Here, there is no communion, save with the ancient Church by Law Established. "Leave her," men say. "Yes! But what then?" It is the question of many an uneasy soul in these days and in this country, "Lord, to whom shall I go?" Leave the Church's one fold, and you have left all—all the light, all the guide, and all the shelter, such as they are! Alone you pass out into the great darkness, yea, even into a darkness that may be felt; alone must you wander upon the mountains, seeking some track to guide your weary footsteps; alone must you lie down, as the shades of your last long night draw on—confused, bewildered, baffled, deserted, and in pain. It is so. He who leaves the "one fold" in Spain has "*no* place to flee unto, and no man cares for *his* soul." In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief, *for him* there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness: it is "*chacun pour soi*" in everything. That the *finale* of that proverb may also be true of the sons of Republican Spain—who have no anchor, sure and steadfast, of their souls—is the earnest hope, desire, and expectation of the writer of this work; that if, at present, it must be—and it must—"*chacun pour soi*," it may also be "*et Dieu pour nous tous.*"

From a communication sent to the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and forwarded by him to the author of 'Untrodden Spain and her Black Country,' it would appear that some of the leading members

of the committee of the "Spanish Christian Church" have taken exception to the above statement,—"He who leaves the 'one fold' in Spain has '*no* place to flee unto, and no man cares for *his* soul.' In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief, *for him* there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness: it is '*chacun pour soi*' in everything."

The writer of the statement complained of here begs to assure the members of the "Spanish Christian Church" that he intended neither to disparage nor to ignore their generous and devoted efforts to spread evangelical truth. Before writing his remarks, he had not only made himself acquainted with parts of their good work, but he had also attended some of their places of worship, and joined in the services there performed with sincere gratification.

His reason for not mentioning their labours is simply this—that the centres of Protestant Church life and work are so few and far between, that they can hardly be considered as havens for the majority of the Spaniards who have broken with their old faith. What, the writer would ask, is one room set aside for service in one of the largest towns of Spain?

But to the self-devotion and earnestness of many of the members of the "Spanish Christian Church" the writer is happy here to bear warm and favourable testimony; and especially he would speak of their success as regards *schools* for the children.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MURILLO'S HOUSE AT SEVILLA.

I HAVE often thought that the religious influence of natural or artificial beauty upon the heart and mind of man is greatly underrated, and, indeed, almost lost sight of. What I intend to convey by this statement is this, that the beauty or grandeur of nature spread around us is, by the Great Artist of Nature—next to prayer and earthly love, given and received, whereby chiefly we realize what Divine love must be—meant to be looked upon and used as one Divine means of elevating and refining man's heart and soul.

Take a man who from his childhood has been brought up in the narrow, noisy streets or back slums of some huge smoky city,—who has been insensibly lowered in character, hopes, and aspirations, year by year,—whose ears have long been accustomed to the squalling of dirty children and the indecent song,—whose one luxury has been the comfortless bench in the blazing gin-shop at the corner of his street; take such a one, who has been, to a certain extent, supported by some secret visitations of that spirit which, like the wind of heaven, "bloweth where it listeth," and let him walk on a soft, bright, English summer eve through and amongst the peaceful, lovely parterres of an English garden,—let him smell the sweet, chaste perfume of the rose,—let him sit and meditate upon the soft, wide-spreading lawn; take

him to the greenhouse, with its excelling wealth of tropic flowers; let him here "see the works of the Lord" in all their beauty, fresh from the Creator's hand,—would not he, for a while at least, be raised to despise his former pleasures, to dream of things, and of knowledge, and of beauty too wonderful for him?—would he not be half constrained to become a new creature? I think he would. Very beautifully has our English country poet said,

"*God* made the country, and *man* made the town;"

and a well-known preacher of our day has embodied the same idea in his usual terse and graphic language, where he says, "The question of an innocent child, *or the smell of a spring flower*," may be the means of awakening the slumbering heart and conscience of a careless man.

Let one who is simply immersed *in self;* who never looks above or beyond his own low, cunning, petty schemes; whose soul is dead to all that is grand and noble in life; or one who is conceited and proud, or one who glories in his own strength, and thinks that he is the great one of the earth in physical power,—let such a one wander down, on a wild stormy night, when all is blackness and darkness, and the winds hold fiercest revel, to the very edge of some bleak, lonely rock,—let him see and hear nothing but the white seething waters breaking in snow upon the reef, the roar of the retreating surge, and the distant thunder of the gun of some vessel labouring heavily and in distress; or let him stagger on deck in some fierce tropic storm, and see nothing but waves rolling mountains high, the dark clouds drifting across the sky, hear no sound but the wind howling through

the creaking rigging,—will not such a scene of wild, desolate grandeur, when the soul is brought, as it were, face to face with its God, have power to elevate and raise the soul above its own littleness and pride, and teach the great lesson "that man is nothing, and God all in all," better than any other teacher?

Why has the sailor's name become a proverb among us to denote a certain bluff, blind superiority to all that is little, mean, and petty? Is it not because the wild scenery of coast and headland, of blinding spray, and rolling wave, is the tutor to his soul, and makes him partaker in part of its own grandeur of character?

Who, again, has not felt the effect of an English autumn landscape upon his own heart and mind? To walk, with tired, homeward-hastening feet, through wood and avenue, while the grass is growing dewy and dank under foot, when nothing is heard but the tinkling of the sheep-bell on the wold, and the hoarse cackling of the pheasant, scared from his roost, overhead, and the bark of the sheep-dog in some lonely farm, and the rustling red leaves, telling of change and decay, driven across the path,—to walk through such a homely scene often fills the mind with, to use a common phrase, "thoughts of better things"—holy, gentle, truthful, anxious thoughts, yet thoughts of peace and hope.

Every *season*, with its changing scenes, seems to me to awaken, if it be *allowed* to awaken, a different train of thought, and to have its distinct influence upon a man's heart. Whose heart has not bounded to see the green fields, and hear the bleat of the new-born lamb, and smell the first cowslip of spring-time?

Every different aspect of *scenery* seems to me also to have a different effect upon the mind. How many

a real prayer—not for earthly blessings, but, like all *truest* prayer, for spiritual blessings, to be made wise, and true, and good—has been prompted by the very natural surroundings of the spot where the long line of surf beats and breaks upon the desolate shore at the shades of eve—who has not felt it?

Could one have an impure thought as he wanders around his garden, with its peaceful flowers dripping with chaste dews of night, at *early morning*, and listens to the "sweep of scythes in morning dew"?

Could one be proud of his own mental, intellectual power, as he looks up on some keen, wintry night through the frosted, naked foliage at the heavens, studded with their myriad stars? Does not the very contemplation of them lead one to "look through Nature up to Nature's God," and say within one's own heart, "How great is He whose hand made all these things; lo! heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him"?

Could one be faithless, and presumptuous, and boastful of his own strength who wanders amongst the colossal shattered rocks and mountain-passes of Ronda, the Styrian Highlands, or the Tyrol?

There are those, of course, on whom all these things have but *little* influence, there are those on whom they have long ceased to have *any;* but that they *may* have, and constantly *do* have, a really blessed effect upon man's heart and soul, no one who thinks will deny.

There was much rough, stern truth in a father, who, speaking of a young man who had unhappily embraced the tenets of utter, blank Atheism, said,—"Take him out for a voyage to New Zealand in a good clipper, and *let him see a storm at sea;*" much

truth in the dictum of a poor Sussex peasant, who, returning from tending his flock on the short, thymy sward of the South Downs, on a lovely summer's eve, said,—"One ought not to feel quarrelsome when the Lord has made all so peaceful;" much truth in the words, on the other hand, of a poor costermonger on a Spanish wharf, who, when the bargaining and haggling began at five o'clock on a dark, wintry morning, ere the sun had risen upon its hungry, eager crowds, and while the first rush was being made to the early "coffee and aguardiente shop," said,—"*It is very hard to be religious if you have to get your bread here.*"

And if the beauty, or grandeur, or loneliness, or peacefulness of Nature have a certain power and influence on the mind of man, and beget in it similar feelings—throw, as it were, a tinge of their own hue over it, so surely does the beauty or grandeur of Art exercise upon it an influence corresponding in kind although not in degree.

It is for this reason, and not only for their intrinsic beauty, that we cherish and love so well, and prize so highly, the works of the great masters of painting, or poetry, or sculpture; because their contemplation has a directly beneficial effect upon the heart and soul, and is, as it were, as a handmaid for other more directly religious influences; and it is for this reason that many good and thoughtful men would desire to see the museum or the garden, each with its soul-elevating store of artificial or natural grandeur or beauty, opened to the working-classes on the Sunday. True, it is matter for regret that the opening of these places necessitates *hard work* on the part of a few on that day which should be a "day of rest"; but look-

ing out into this strange, confused world of ours, is it not the *rule of life*, from the day when One suffered for all on Calvary, that *the one* should suffer for the good of the many?

I will not, in speaking of the effect upon the mind and heart of a peaceful contemplation of works of art-beauty, particularize much; but who can look on that exquisite copy of a great painting (now so common in Spain that the poor buy it for twopence-halfpenny) 'El Divino Rostro,' with the simple words under it,—

> "See *what I* suffered for *thee*:
> Say, what wilt *thou* suffer for Me?"—

the Divine head of our blessed Lord, crowned with thorns; the drops of sweat, as it were blood, falling down; the exceeding intense agony and earnestness of that face,—who, I say, can look on that without feeling some response within him to the Divine question? I mention this instance—not even knowing *of which* of the great masterpieces it is a copy—simply because, during the months of my sojourn, it has taken such a hold on the heart and mind of religious Spain.

Who, again, can look at the marvellous, the heavenly pensive sweetness of the 'Virgin and Child' of Alonso Cano, in Seville Cathedral, without feeling that there may be an exceeding sweetness, peacefulness, truthfulness, steadfastness, and purity, written in a woman's face—written so clearly and so indicative of character, as to remind one that human nature, although lower, need only be "a little lower" than the angels?

How many chords—to come to simpler and more

homely themes—have been awakened in how many thousand hearts by that picture of O'Neil's 'Eastward Ho,' that hung but a few years since on the walls of the Royal Academy in London.

The 'Good Shepherd' bearing home the sheep that was lost, or extricating it from the thicket, the 'Last Judgment,' the many Matres Dolorosæ, or that most striking illustration of "Neither do *I* condemn thee"—all these, and hundreds of others, which have exercised, and still exercise, a really blessed and elevating silent influence upon human nature, I pass over, merely asking those who read these pages to give a fair trial to two much overlooked means of grace, the contemplation of works of natural and artificial beauty or grandeur. True, they will never heal a broken heart or wash a sin-stained conscience, but, as handmaids of religion, they are blessed agents to elevate, and cheer, and charm.

Who, among painters, has done his work more nobly, or more skilfully, than the painter of Seville, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo?

It was a bright sunny evening in December, 1873, when, fresh from the contemplation of the fixed, dark, steadfast gaze of his 'San Francisco receiving the Stigmata' (now in the Academia de Bellas Artes at Cadiz), and his exquisitely sweet 'Angel de la Guarda,' or Guardian Angel—one of his most intensely beautiful paintings—in the cathedral of Seville, I bent my hasty steps towards the home of this great artist in Seville.

I passed through the narrow winding streets of the "Juderia," or Jewish quarter, now no longer restricted to the Jewish population. The sun hardly

ever looks upon these narrow paved paths, with their tall houses seeming almost to meet overhead; but they were growing wet with the evening dews, which fall heavily in winter in this climate, partly making up for the lack of rain.

In a little street, called now "Plaza de Alfaro," or running out of that little square, is the great painter's simple house, with "No. 2" written over its lowly Spanish portals. A Spanish man-servant and a dark-eyed, good-natured Andalucian lassie were standing laughing and love-making at the door. I told them my errand, and the girl pointed lazily—and wondering evidently what on earth the English señor had come to see the house for—to a little marble tablet just inside the door, fixed in the wall, to the left hand as you enter.

Like the house itself and all the surroundings, it was most unpretending and unobtrusive. On it was the simple inscription—

"En esta casa fué ciertamente
En la que murió
el dia 3 de Abril de 1682
El insigne pintor Sevillano
Bartolomé Esteban Murillo."

It is a plain, white-washed, modest Spanish house, consisting of a ground floor and two upper floors. The little street in which it stands is narrow; part of the house fronts another house, the rest overlooks a garden, with a high wall around it, making the look-out from the lower rooms still duller than would a house fronting it. Under the wall of this garden a few muleteers and gitanos, in picturesque and gaudy costumes, their bronzed-brown faces reminding one of

the truthfulness of the great painter's colouring, were watering their donkeys and mules.

I asked leave to go over the house, and asked where, in which room, Murillo painted. "Why, how *can I* tell," said the good-natured lassie, "in which room he painted. *Every one says* that he painted under the orange-trees in the old walled garden of the alcazar opposite; but come (vamos!) over the house." So we went. On either side of the tiny "hall," as you enter, is a narrow door, each door opening into a small, narrow, ill-lighted room, with floors of common red tiles, and a dark cupboard in each room, if my memory serves me in good stead.

My Andalucian lassie trundled up the narrow winding stairs—*so* narrow, *so* dark, only the width of five bricks placed lengthways, and with a little fronting of worn wood-work. On the first story the doors are still small, the rooms dark and narrow. They were inhabited by a Spanish family, and I did not more than step inside them.

To the top, or second story, the staircase is little better than a creaking wooden ladder; but at the top my guide showed me a little niche in the wall. "Here," she said, "used to be one of his paintings." All the rooms have floors of red brick or tile; all are narrow and dark. On the top story is the old kitchen, the only inhabitant of which was a black, white-breasted retriever puppy, who welcomed us with every noisy demonstration of delight, and evidently did not at all appreciate the honour of being a prisoner in Murillo's kitchen! The shambles or the fruit-market would have been more, I fear, to *his* liking!

The lassie, romping with her mute companion,

threw open a door, through which I crouched and squeezed, and we stood upon the roof—a tiny space, sloping down to the front, only five yards by three, looking straight down into the walled garden of the alcazar, a typical Spanish garden, with its gorgeous orange and lime trees, its rich irrigated plots of vegetables, its square regular beds, and neat evergreen borders.

Here, I thought, more likely than in the dark, narrow rooms, the great master wrought. The view was very beautiful. Spanish housetops, remember, are not like our smoky English housetops, fit only for sparrows, and smoke, and cats. Spanish cities are *smokeless*, *chimneyless;* no smuts fly about; and on Spanish housetops we can safely dry our white snowy linen.

The view was very beautiful—over the old garden, over the tops of snow-white houses, with flat, brown roofs; above was nothing but the cloudless blue sky, with the setting sun sinking below the distant sierra, in red and golden splendours, to his rest.

And then I passed out; the dark-eyed hoyden locked up her dog once more in the classic kitchen, only too glad to return to her chat and her love-making.

This, then, was the humble house of the great painter. Here lived, and here died in April, 1682, aged sixty-four, by an unlucky fall from the scaffold, as he was painting one of his grandest, or at least most elaborate paintings, the 'Marriage of Santa Catalina,' which has been taken from its home in the Convent of Los Capuchinos, in Cadiz, during the Revolution of the summer 1873, and placed in the Academia de Bellas Artes, in the same city. Here,

in this humble house, lived and died the one, perhaps, of *all* painters who excelled in *every* style that he undertook: the *frio*, or dark and sternly marked, as in his 'San Francisco receiving the Stigmata'; his earliest style, the *cálido*, defined outline, with warmer colour, as in his 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' in the Gallery at Madrid; and the *vaporoso*, or blending style, something akin to the style of our own Turner, of which, as an example, may be quoted his 'Martyrdom of San Andrea,' also in the Madrid Gallery. Here dwelt and died the painter of *the* 'Holy Family,' work full of peace and love; of more than one *exquisite* "Concepcion"; of 'La Virgen de los Dolores,' so full of mournful pathos; of 'San Juan con el Cordero,' full of fervour; of 'San Francisco embracing his Crucified Son.'

Here, in this humble home, he dwelt. Perhaps in the tiny plot of waste garden-ground, for such there is attached to the house, he tended his fruits or flowers; on these narrow streets, and on this self-same gorgeous sun, at any rate, his eye rested, day by day.

Strong men, so runs the adage, *make* circumstances; weak men are made by them. Truly Murillo was of the "strong"; his genius triumphed over all the sordidness of his house and its surroundings.

A few doors from the little house which "ciertamente" was that of Murillo, stands another, more pretentious, which claims the honour of having been the house in whose bright, quiet garden Murillo was wont to paint. The kindly señora, on my presenting my card and asking leave to enter the garden, at once sent her servant to conduct me thither. We passed through the courtyard of the house and into

the garden, which consisted of two small quadrangles, but, oh, so beautiful! Well might the great master exchange his dark, narrow rooms, and his tiny strip of sunny roof aloft, for the peacefulness and beauty of this quiet spot!

The orange-trees, crowded with green and yellow fruit, lent their shade, the lime-tree, with its larger fruit of sicklier hue, the fig-tree, with its broad, cool leaves, all grew in quiet profusion; hard by, sheltered by cypresses, was a tank, and a trickling, gurgling fountain of crystal water; the grape-vine climbed over a rustic trellis-work; the pimicento, or pepper-tree, the most graceful of Spanish trees—like to, but more graceful than, the English weeping-willow—lent also its shade. Two fountains, with their trickling waters, soothed the ear of those who sat and worked or read in this shady spot; magnolias, camellias, climbed the walls; the sweet lemon-verbena, the scented geranium, or "malvarosa" of the Spaniards, the heliotrope, the scarlet geranium, and the crimson and clove carnations, straggled over the trim box-hedges that enclosed their beds.

In the inner quadrangle, like the first, *very* small, an ancient mule, under the shade of a fig-tree, still more ancient, was slowly turning round the water-wheel, with its shining, dripping caskets, of an old Moorish Noria; all around him, and overhead, the lime-tree and the orange-tree showed their bright yellow fruit to the setting sun. Truly, I thought to myself, here a painter might paint, a poet sing to the tune of the turning wheel and the gushing fountains, with the scent of exotic plants filling the balmy evening air.

A few doors from this house is an open, small, dusty

space, a barren oval, belted in by stunted acacia trees, with a solitary gas-lamp in its centre; it is called now "Plaza de Santa Cruz," Santa Cruz being the name of a tiny church which, in 1858, was pulled down here. On one of the walls (of a private house) fronting this little hovel, is a marble tablet, with the inscription—

"Para perpetuar la memoria
de que en el ambito de esta plaza
hasta poco hace templo sagrado
hastan depositadas las cenizas
del celebre pintor Sevillano
Bartolomé Esteban Murillo
la Academia de Bellas Artes
Acordó poner esta lapida.
Modesto monumento, pero el primero
Que se consagra a su illustre fundador
1858."

And so, as the shades of eve drew on, I left the haunts of the great painter—the painter of truth and of *life* as *he* saw it, and as those in Andalucia see it at the present day.

Of Murillo's life I know nothing; but no scandalous or libellous report has ever, I believe, currently attached itself to his name, as it did for a period to that of another exceedingly beautiful painter, Alonso Cano, most falsely.

Murillo, however, neither *needs* nor claims any notice of his life; into *his works* he *threw* his life, and he lives in his works—works that have elevated and refined thousands of souls—and he cannot die; he needs no memorial stone, no tablet, no biography: as is the case with all the good and great, "his works do follow him"; and, perhaps, amid all his toils and labours to the last—for he died at the

age of sixty-four of a fall from a scaffold while painting one of his masterpieces—he looked forward to no reward for himself, but to the elevating and ennobling of others who should follow him, and could breathe that prayer *so* hard to be breathed by one living amid all the seduction of this present life, "Show Thy servants their *work*, and their *children* Thy *glory*."

CHAPTER XXIV.

NOCHE-BUENA; OR, CHRISTMAS-EVE IN SPANISH WILDS.

"Esta noche es Noche-Buena,
Y no es noche de dormir."

So runs a favourite Spanish couplet, in every one's mouth at this season, on the subject of Christmas-Eve. The lines, literally translated, simply mean—"This night is the Good Night, and the Good Night is not the night for sleep." The Noche-Buena, or, to speak in language more orthodox, La Noche de Navidad of the Spaniards, is our Christmas-Eve.

Many who read these pages will be interested to know how the Noche-Buena is observed in the interior of Spain, with the feast-days that follow in its wake: the Pascua, or Chistmas-Day; the Feast of San Esteban, or St. Stephen's Day; that of San Juan, or St. John's Day; and that of Los Innocentes, our Innocents' Day. To one who passes his first Christmas in a foreign land, with strange voices and stranger sights and sounds, there is, at that festal season, a blank and a miss—a want of something. Do you ask me what it is that one misses? It is the joyous peal of bells clashing out over frosty English fields, and bringing back—oh how many!—associations of the bright and blessed past; of days of childish joy, and innocence, and simplicity, when a toy or a few sweetmeats at Christmas had power to

cheer and charm the simple mind of the child; of holidays, when the dull desks of the cold school-room were left behind, and one sat with father, mother, and sisters round the dear old English fire; or, later on in life, of one's country curacy, when at Christmas-tide one had made glad many hearts with not much, but what is accepted by God and man alike, "quod potuit tamen fecit," and one sat down to the hearty Christmas dinner with the rector or squire, and made one of their genial party. One misses one's homely English poor very greatly at Christmas time abroad, I find. But there are other blanks. The memory at Christmas time, more than at any other time, wanders back to the well-loved faces that used to wear a sweeter smile then than at any other time. One has gone, another has gone; many an arm-chair is empty; the place one called "home" is home no more; and there may be a loved one stretched on the couch of illness even now; "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not," so the full heart ponders, and "you will take Benjamin away." All these things made my first Christmas abroad a dull one. And then how an Englishman in the interior of Spain longs for a good roaring fire to sit beside; and we have no fires, nothing but little braziers of charcoal, in the interior. And then how he longs for a good Christmas carol, and a sight of the frosty faces of the carollers, and the joyous sounds of their rude music, and a good hearty Church Service in the old church, decked with holly and mistletoe, and the dark green ivy: all these the eye and the heart look and long for, and they look and long in vain. Yes, in the landscape, in the skyscape (to use a word newly coined), in the sounds of men and things around one, Spain is indeed different from

England at dear old Christmas-tide! On the evening before Christmas-Eve I was journeying down the wild and lovely line of railway from Cordoba to the wilds of the interior. Cordoba certainly needs no Christmas decorations. Nature had bestowed them upon her with no grudging hand, in the spacious patio (or quadrangle) of her magnificent mosque, in the gardens of her ancient houses, in the cemeterio, and, peeping above her old Moorish city-walls, the orange-trees were to be seen simply laden with fruit, the dark green foliage presenting a strange contrast to the clusters of rich yellow fruit. How beautiful are her old grey towers, and seminaries, and convents! How striking is the contrast between their crumbling walls and the dark leaf and golden clustering fruit of the orange-trees that grow under their shade! But how different from an English Christmas landscape—I mean, of a typical Christmas, when the leafless trees are white with hoar-frost, and the moon shines clear and cold overhead, and even the grass is crisp under the traveller's hasty homeward feet. A few miles from Cordoba the orange-trees are gone, and nothing is seen for miles and miles but undulating hills, to all appearance barren, and certainly treeless. These plains and slopes are now, owing to the lack of rain this season, as hard and dry and full of cracks as in the heat of summer; but they are covered with the growth of a peculiar weed, something like a dry thistle—so dry that the spark from a cigar will kindle half an acre into a blaze. Wild and desolate indeed are these undulating steppes, and one can hardly believe that crops of wheat have even been garnered in from them—at present, I can compare them to nothing but the skeleton of a wheat-field; while stand-

ing up out of these tall thistles every now and then you come upon ten or twelve low, clumsy, shapeless pillars of stone, each about eight feet high, planted in an oval shape. For what purpose they were originally used I know not, but they lend a strange picturesqueness to the wildness of the scene. Here are one or two Christmas landscapes as we pass along. On one side, purple and hazy in the dim distance, stretches the wild range of the Sierra Morena; all around you are slopes upon slopes, naked, save from the spectral thistles that clothe their sides; the winter sun is just sinking, with a red defiant glare, behind yon thistled hill; one or two stars are just showing in the cold, blue, steely, cloudless sky; just at your feet, abutting on the railway, are the crumbling ruins of some old Moorish building, the past and the present blended in a grotesque union; along the one winding path across the brow of the hill, a goatherd is leading his flock of kids and goats; his wife, in bright yellow (Judas's colour!) dress of flannel, is riding on her ass a few paces behind. It is Christmas, yet their forms are half lost in a cloud of dust; the air is dry, steely, and cold, and they are anxious to get to their little home beneath the old Moorish tower of El Carpio.

By moonlight, seen from the railway, the town of El Carpio is exceedingly picturesque. I saw it once—a dull group of stone houses clustering around its huge, quaint Moorish tower, the crescent moon just rising behind the barren hill on whose summit it stands. For miles and miles around are undulating hills, covered with dusky olive-groves. Those who expect great beauty in the olive-groves will be woefully disappointed; there is nothing to see in the grey-leaved, the nutrient olive, but long, regular rows of

runty trees, something like the pollard-willows of English home scenery, standing in plains of red sand scantily covered with withered grass. Here is another scene, that shall bring me to my subject, for it was the first little herald of Christmas drawing near. At a small station, not far from Pedro Abad, a grey-haired mother came with her son—her *boy* she called him, though he was a manly-looking young giant of five or six and twenty summers—who was going to pass (so she said) his first Christmas away from home. "We shall miss you, dear boy, on Noche-Buena; but we shall pray for you on that sacred night in church." She clasped "her boy" in her arms ere he got into the carriage, and mother and son had a last kiss! It was a touching sight this: her pale, care-worn face, set in rich iron-grey hair, her glistening eye, and her last words,—"Mind you write to papa every week, at least, by 'post'; he will look for a letter so anxiously. *Con Dios.*" It brought back to my own mind the memory of other days, and of a mother's tenderness, and anxious care, and parting words, when she too—I mean my own mother—had brought *her* boy to the station, and given much the same parting instructions, and the self-same blessing, "*Con Dios*"—God be with thee, my son! After that, into our carriage jumped a family of the lower class—a father and mother, and three children—going to spend their Pascua with friends at a distance. Each child had a little tambor, like our tambourine, with tinkling bells, and the noise they made was most discordant; for twenty miles they never ceased. We could not hear the sound of our own voices. Here was Christmas on the horizon with a vengeance! Then came in a young artisan, off to spend his Pascua at his own home, his pockets,

as he said, "full of money." He was overflowing with good-humour, and jumped out at every station to buy a fresh bottle of white aguardiente, which is a kind of brandy and aniseed. It is the spirit chiefly drunk by the middle and lower classes in Spain, and is, when good, a capital cordial. Fishermen, and miners, and other labourers, like to have a glass of this, which is so cheap as to be within the reach of all, before commencing work in the morning. This young fellow walked round and round the carriage, and, getting over the partitions, insisted on every one drinking out of his bottle. He always gave me the first sip, because, as he said, "You are a stranger." When are the Spanish poor anything but courteous? Again and again I begged off; but, no, drink I must. "Come, señor, señor, just a drop more; Christmas is coming, and it only 'comes once a year.'" I did not like it; but I like still less the thought of offending a good-natured friend, so I took a pull at each of the *five* fresh bottles, each, as he said, with a shout of triumph, "better than the last." I thought differently, and could only think of Mr. Layard's adventure, recounted in his interesting work on monasteries, when the Prior pressed him to eat some particularly delicious soup. Mr. Layard tasted one mouthful—it was nauseous in the extreme—and then professed *he could not think of depriving his host of such a treat*, "it was so good." "For that very reason I insist upon your eating *every morsel*, adorable friend; I will even stand by and see you eat it to the last drop." My own case, I thought, was a similar one.

On the morning of Noche-Buena I awoke, despite the aguardiente, in a little township of the interior, ready to see and observe all that was to be seen and

observed. It is a busy little town this whence I write, and the streets and Plaza were crowded with buyers and sellers; the boot shops were crammed, as also were the linen-drapers' stores, and the sweetmeat and grocery shops. From all the country round the poor had come to buy their clothes, and boots, and Christmas dinner. Truly it was a most picturesque and motley crowd through which I had to thread my way. All down the streets, squatting on the narrow strips of pavement, where there was any pavement, were the beggars, most of them wrapped in their huge woollen mantas, or rugs, with a coloured handkerchief pinned over their heads—a very dirty one, in most cases. One showed the half-raw stump of an amputated leg; another, a scalded arm; a third was blind. From one and all arose the same cry, "Give me, sir, for the love of God, a trifle, and may He grant you for ever good health. I haven't got a cuarto (farthing) for my Christmas dinner." Giving to beggars in Spain is more desirable than giving in England, I always have considered, for, in the first place, they have not always the chance of a meal and shelter in the workhouse (such as it is) of their districts; and, in the second, they are recognized as an institution.

Time was when "begging-tickets" were given, although that system has been since discontinued. I make it a rule to give sometimes, and ask in return that they will remember me in their prayers, and perhaps they do. At any rate, I often feel that other hands are paddling my little canoe when I am too weak to paddle it for myself. Perhaps the poor Spanish beggar's prayers are offered and prevail; who knows? Here was a Valencian peasant, in his canvas suit, with his wife in glaring yellow dress,

buying boots for their young ones; here, in the sweetmeat shop, were mothers and nurses buying lumps of turron for their pets at home; here, in the grocery shop, was a swarm of working-men buying goats'-milk cheese. Donkeys laden with panniers full of gaudy cloths and flannels, or with pitchers of water, or oil, or vinegar, or with baskets of fruit, or cheese, or turron, all were standing about the street. The whole scene may best be described thus:—clouds of dust blowing; hundreds of women in dresses of the coarsest, but most gaudy—bright yellow and red predominated—in colour, all shouting and screaming to get their needs supplied at the lowest price; heaps of fruit, chestnuts, walnuts, pomegranates, potatoes, sweet batatas of Malaga, lying at every street corner; a blazing hot sun, but bitter, searching east wind; men in every variety of uncouth dress, all, without exception, smoking and shouting,—this, with numbers of children sucking turron and sugar-plums, and playing upon their tambores and zambombas, was the sight that greeted my eyes on the morning of Christmas-Eve. Every woman had a red or yellow kerchief as head-dress, every child a tambor or zambomba in its hands; all were laughing, screaming, elbowing, bargaining, or smoking—such a busy, gaudy, animated scene I never before have witnessed. The turron and zambomba are characteristic of a Spanish Christmas, and must have a few lines devoted to them in this place. "Turron" is much the same as the Turkish sweetmeat called "halvak": it is a kind of white rock, made of pressed almonds, sugar, and meal, and is the great Spanish sweetmeat. In all the sweetmeat shops you can buy it by the ounce or

pound at Christmas time. Sometimes it is flavoured with one thing, sometimes with another. It is always a most luscious mouthful, but too clogging for an English palate. The best is the "turron de alicante"; but the kind bought by the lower orders is made in a homely way of honey, barley-meal, and whole almonds stuck in it. The love of sugar-plums and all sorts of sweetmeats is quite a passion with Spanish ladies. They eat a great deal of sweet things and drink a great deal of water; and, as a rule, when they get to about forty, they become very stout—the sweetmeats are fattening, I suppose.

As to the "zambomba," one of which is now lying on my table, it is the most primitive musical instrument you ever saw. It is an earthen pot, something like a flower-pot, varying in size from very small to very large and unwieldy. One end of this little earthen vessel is open to the air, over the other end is stretched a piece of parchment; a hole is cut in the parchment, and a reed, that is, about six or eight inches of the stem of a strong reed, is inserted into the hole, and hermetically sealed. You carry the zambomba by the reed, which sticks out. All you have to do to play this instrument is to wet your fingers with water, (must I say spittle?) and rub them up and down the protruding stem of the reed; a hollow, rumbling, hideous noise, called in Spain "rom, rom, rom," is produced. So popular is this instrument, that as you pass up and down a Spanish street, you hear in almost every house the "rom, rom, rom" of the zambombas. These can be bought at any little stall in the market, and they only cost from twopence to two shillings. The noise of the zambombas, the wild Andalucian ditties,

the laughter and shouts from every house, as you pass up a Spanish street after nightfall on Christmas-Eve, are most striking. In the Plaza, or market-square, the stalls of fruit, toys, and sweetmeats are all decked out with gay ribbons and artificial flowers. The piles of pomegranates show a little more than formerly of their russet hue, the piles of melons are supplanted by chestnuts and batatas, but of fruit there is still no lack. But the buying and selling of the little sucking-kids is a noticeable feature—"cabritas," they are called; and here is a drove of the pretty little animals being handled, petted, weighed, bargained for, and then driven or carried home. This is the poor man's Christmas dinner,—with herbs and good cooking a savoury morsel. One of them can be bought for about three pesetas and a half, *i. e.*, about three English shillings. The churches were decked with gay ribbons and artificial flowers, the bells were clanging throughout the day for the frequent services. Let me mention two more Christmas dishes in Spain, the "pavo trafado," or truffled turkey, and the heaps of almonds and cocoa-nut biscuits. The luscious comestibles are, from their rich oily nature, to the Spaniard, in his dry summer but cold winter, what the rich blubber is to the Esquimaux in the far and frozen north. Nature (*dux optima*) teaches both the unlettered folks what the special need of their bodies is at each special season of the year.

Evening drew on, and about four some of the shops began to close; the streets gradually grew quieter and quieter; women were walking slowly home, basket on arm, laden with fruit, and meat, and boots, and at the top of each basket lay what appeared to be a white stocking stuffed full of something. This is the little

Christmas present laid upon the child's pillow at early morning; and when the little thing with waking eyes first opens its treasure, it looks up, and says, "Thanks to Father Christmas for that." Boots, biscuits, and ripe apples were the contents of one stocking I opened. But every foot was homeward turned to eat the Christmas evening meal before going to the midnight misa at the churches. As a rule, the Spaniard does not drink heavily at this season, but eats his meals peacefully with his wife and children, and spends the evening with them over the glowing embers of the brasero, until his church-bell at midnight summons him to prayers. At half-past ten, after smoking a peaceful pipe with a friend, I walked up the deserted and dark, but far from silent, streets. The night was pitch dark, the east wind blowing bitterly; the tiny oil lamps, stuck here and there, were showing their sickly light; from every house came gay, wild ditties, and the scraping "rom, rom, rom" of the zambombas, and the tinkle of guitar, or the rattle of the tambores, half drowned in shouts of joyous laughter. One or two noisy men were quarrelling at the door of a wine-shop, whom I avoided with hasty steps. Services were being held in the churches.

There is one feature I will notice before passing on to the midnight misa of the Church. In the interior, many of the houses have one window, generally a small bow-window, fronting the street. The strictly religious put in it the image of some saint who is their patron, or from whom they have received a benefit; and on every night of a Saint's Day, and sometimes in the day-time, two or four candles burn at the side of the image. The passer-by can either doff his hat, cross himself, or

take no heed. This showed that the house is the home of a religious Catholic. Need I say that on Christmas-Eve these little glass temples were all lighted up? I could not attend the midnight service, so I asked a friend who dwelt hard by the church to go for me. He went at a little before twelve. The church was full; the service orderly; the people of all classes. There were muleteers, wrapped in their blue and white checked rugs; here, Spanish gentlemen, enveloped in their graceful capas, or capes, the universal great-coat of the interior, a long cape reaching to the ankles, lined with rich fur or velvet, wrapped and buckled round the body, and then, with a twist, thrown over the shoulder; here, again, were crowds of the commonest people,—miners, fruit-sellers, servants, and the like,—the women kneeling on the rush matting of the dimly-lit church, the men standing in dark masses behind, or clustering in groups round every pillar. Each one, as he entered, dipped his hand into the little vessel at the door, and reverently crossed himself with holy water. The most noticeable features were the several altars in a blaze of light; the rich, or at least gaudy, dresses of the officiating priests; and the whirr—I can call it nothing else—of hundreds of nimble fingers, as of one crossing the forehead, at every most solemn part of the service. At last, from under the altar, the senior priest (I take it to have been the senior) took out the image of the Babe New-born reverently and slowly, and held it up in his hands for adoration. Instantly every one crossed himself, and fell on his knees in silent worship. A few moments were allowed for silent prayer. Of music there was little. The priest, kneeling at the altar, offered aloud his supplications

for all, and Noche-Buena was over. Slowly, and in groups of three or four, the worshippers left the church, and picked their dark road home.

Wherever one is, it is dear to one to see honour done to Him who brought "peace" on the earth, goodwill to men! Yes; and far more than peace and goodwill. To Him who taught us that mankind are brethren, and their God is Love; to Him who bade us regard *all* men as brothers; to Him, who, coming as a poor man, has shed everlasting honour on the lot of poverty—a lot, until His time, despised and rejected of men; to Him who has for ever sanctified toil, and trial, and disappointment, and suffering; to Him who has brought us near to our loved and lost ones, and shown men how to work, and suffer, and pray,

> "Till with the morn those angel faces smile
> Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile,"—

yes, it is sweet to see honour done to Him, whether it be in the simple and intelligible services of our dear old English ivy-wreathed church, or by the whirr of speechless hands, where the cloaked crowd of Spaniards stand in mute worship in the dark aisles. Wherever it be, it is sweet to see honour done to Him. Life's cheerful halting-places at best are few, and of short duration. Noche-Buena had soon fled by, and on Christmas-Day I strolled out once more. The market-place was more busy than ever, every shop was loud with traffic; but the bells were clanging still, and I joined the throng that pressed towards the principal church. It was dark, but its altars were lit. Its aisles and nave were about half full. There were the same dark, kneeling forms of women in front, the

same motley crowd of men, who came and went out at pleasure, behind. Suddenly a little bell rang—I know not for what—and the whirr and rustle of hundreds of crossing hands was like the sound of a flight of doves, when one scares them at night from the bare trees of the wintry wood. All through Christmas-Day the shops were crowded with buyers, all through Christmas-Day the streets rang with wild music. At night I said to an old Spanish peasant, "Haven't you had enough holiday?"—"No, señor," said he; "there are other Saints' Days coming, and when you think that at this time God Himself came down to give us 'liberty,' *you* will not think it too much."

"Vaya uste dcon Dios" is my New Year's wish, for you, gentle reader, whoever you are.

CHAPTER XXV.

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO MEN."

"PEACE on earth, goodwill to men" was not, alas! the burden of our Christmas carol and our New Year's greeting in the wilds of the interior. How often, since that day when the angels sang songs of peace and joy, has the Divine Christmas greeting seemed an idle mockery, when the pale moon is looking down on fields of the suffering and the slain; or on the widow and the orphan crouching over the half-empty grate; or, as was the case but just now in Spain, on disquietude, and plotting, and anxiety of every sort, misrule, disorder, and conspiracy, "men's hearts failing them for fear."

A few Christmas episodes in our life in the interior might, I have thought, prove of sufficient interest to warrant me in jotting them down, without comment or adornment.

I was travelling much, both by day and by night, about Christmas time, and the most unobservant eye could not fail to see sufficient indications of some extraordinary movement. The Guardias Civiles, preservers of law and order throughout Spain, were being shifted about in bodies from place to place. Here, a body of twenty, wrapped in their huge capas, rifle in hand and sword-bayonet by side, with their keen dark eyes scrutinizing every fresh face, would enter the railway carriage; at another station two, with a

prisoner, would join them, silent and stern as ever. Every honest man welcomes and respects these brave, clever, truthful, sober, indefatigable preservers of peace and justice; they are a terror only to evil-doers!

I have already given a slight sketch of the services which these men are ever ready to perform, but I will recur to the subject again. Before Señor Martinez de la Rosa, the well-known author of 'Poems for Children,' and other poems, came to be connected with the Cabinet of Christina, he was robbed on the highway. When he came into power he was instrumental in forming a body of guards who, mounted or on foot, should keep the roads free from banditti. They were dressed after the fashion of the French gendarmerie, probably owing to the French influence then prevailing at Court, and numbered, at first, some five or six thousand. These men are chosen for (1) having been steady and good soldiers; (2) height and strength; (3) education; but they have all served in the regular army for a certain time, and are equally able to hunt in couples as policemen, or in large bodies as regular troops. Their pay is two pesetas per diem, and an allowance, if mounted, for fodder for their horses. Their chief occupation, of late, has been not so much to suppress robbery in the camp as to quarter themselves in disaffected towns, and prevent outbreaks and licences.

Men *kept* their Christmas time as usual: outwardly all was noise, and festivity, and glitter; but every eye was looking forward to one day—the day on which the Córtes would re-assemble, and demand of Emilio Castelar an account of his arduous but nobly fulfilled stewardship.

Strange whispers went about. Every Spaniard is a

politician, whether he light his errant watch-fire, and strew his rough bed to leeward of a clump of prickly pear or aloe; or, wrapped in his manta, pass his nights on the stone floor of the roadside venta; or sip coffee in his casino among his sympathizers (for each casino is devoted to a separate phase of politics); or smoke his scented Havana over the brasero of his palacio—whatever be his rank or station, he is a politician, and believes it to be his duty to interfere in the affairs of his country.

I heard one poor man—very poor, very ignorant—say, "Castelar will come down. He promised to sever Church and State, and give us liberty of thought; *he has not done so!* He promised to do away—oh vast expense and useless tax!—with a standing army; *he has not done so.*" And the poor old fellow's tattered coat shook with indignation, and his eye grew moist with a tear as he said, "Poor Spain!" This sentiment about Castelar's non-fulfilment of his promise is a stereotyped one; I am constantly hearing it among the lower orders.

Speculations as to what change would take place on the 2nd and 3rd of January were rife among us. Some believed power would be left with the Intransigentes; some, but few, that Castelar would continue Dictator for a few weeks, provisionally; some, that the "Infant" would be placed upon the throne. "Pi y Margall and the Cantonal system" was the watch-word of the lower orders.

Strange photographs went up in the streets, the most remarkable of which I here transcribe: it is one of large dimensions, costing three or four pesetas. In one corner stands on a white pedestal a draped and graceful woman, flaring torch in hand, representing

Liberty; on the pedestal is written, in French, "Les droits de"—I cannot decipher; bareheaded, or waving hats in the air, comes to her feet a long winding procession of men, women, and children in working dress, the end of the long, snake-like line being lost in the distant hills; a church stands by—they disregard it; one solitary ploughman stops his oxen to wave his hat. Far away is the distant sea, with one or two flying sails and the smoke of a steamer upon its calm bosom. At intervals, to the very end of the long line of human beings, are carried banners; on the first is written "Francia" (considered by all Spaniards the champion of civil liberty); on the second, "España"; on the third, "Autriche"; on the fourth, "Siciles"; then "Romagna"; on the rest the letters are too dim to be deciphered.

In the foreground is a mass of crowns, sceptres, handcuffs, codes, &c., lying broken and in confusion on the ground, and looking like—what at first glance I deemed them to be—a heap of stones.

But the most striking feature of the photograph has yet to come. Borne on the clouds of heaven, float gently earthward hosts of angel-forms, some pen in hand, as though coming to chronicle the new era of *La Libertad;* some pouring upon earth their rich cornucopias of fruit and flowers. In the midst of this heavenly host, a huge lion crouching beneath His feet, which are half-veiled in clouds, stands in majestic repose the figure of our blessed Lord; His right hand is raised to bless; in His left hand he bears His cross; and upon His head is the crown of thorns. Above this Divine Rostro the clouds are bright, and in shadowy, yet plain, letters shines out of them the inscription—"Fraternité."

At the foot of the photograph is written, REPUBLICA UNIVERSAL DEMOCRATICA FEDERAL: EL PACTO; and the following terse sentence from Béranger:—

"Pueblos, formád una santa alianza
Y estrechád vuestra mano."

That is,

"Form a holy league, ye towns,
And act in concert."

The idea of our blessed Lord being the Champion of Liberty is one common in Spain, and hence there is no blasphemy or culpable levity in the picture described. There is a couplet common in Spain at Christmas-tide,—

"At this time on earth was He
Born, *and with Him Liberty.*"

The lines, or an equivalent, will be found in 'Ecos Nacionales,' by V. Ruiz Aguilera.

Beyond the rumours, the anxious faces, the photographs, and the movements of troops, there was but one incident to mark the reign of uncertainty about Christmas time, and that was an attack upon the train on its way to Madrid, which I chronicle merely as showing the lawless state of the country. The night-train to Madrid picks up, as is well known, money from various towns, all of which is sent in small boxes, with padlocks and leather straps buckled over them. Some fifty armed brigands, finding their ways and means straitened, stopped the train by waving a red lamp, and demanded of the terrified guard the boxes of money, commanding no passenger to put his head out of the window of his carriage. One rash person disregarded the injunction, and received a slash in the cheek from a sabre. It is needless to add,

that these men got safely to the mountains with their booty. It is not often one hears of such deeds on a large scale; but every now and then, in some parts of the interior, some young fellow who is known to be rich is carried off, and a heavy ransom demanded. In the last case that came under my notice the young fellow was surprised in the Campo, while out for his afternoon paseo, carried off to the Olivares, or the Sierra, and £400 demanded and paid for his release. This system of "levying black-mail," so common in Southern Italy, is still carried on in the wilder parts of Greece and in the mountainous districts of the Levant. In Spain, if you desire a walk over the hills—and a walk is very enjoyable in spring and winter, when the tints of the mountains are *simply exquisite*, varying from the deepest purple to the brightest roseate hue, and the earth is just putting on its robe of vernal green—it is best to walk with a friend, and to carry arms equally serviceable against dogs or men; and it is safer not to be outside the city walls after dusk—you may be robbed, or at least annoyed.

One more "Christmas episode." On Christmas-Eve the alcalde of a town not far from where I write was enjoying his coffee, cigarillo, and politics in his casino; he was popular with the masses, and so, to do him all honour, a party of gipsies came in, chaired him, carried him round the room, and then *insisted on his dancing the fandango with them!* The whole scene, when recounted to me by an eye-witness the following night, struck me as so thoroughly Spanish, and worthy of these dark-eyed daughters of the sunny South, that I have ventured to mention it.

At last the eventful day, January 2nd, 1874,

arrived, and at evening-time club, casino, and venta were thronged with little knots of eager and expectant politicians, waiting for a telegram; but, as subsequently transpired, nothing definite had taken place. On that day the only sign of excitement that came under my notice was the shout of some fervid artificer on his way to his work, "Down with Castelar." Silently another body of guards marched into our town that night, or the night after, and then came the news of the Spanish *coup-d'état* of 1874, awakening general surprise and bewilderment.

On Monday some apprehensions were felt as to the possibility of an insurrection, and the guards, leaving their barracks in the narrow streets of the town, fortified themselves in a walled spot a few hundred yards outside the walls, where they could act more freely. I walked, about 4·30 P.M., down the streets, which were almost deserted and—rare sound in Andalucian streets at that hour—echoed to my footfall; the shutters were up in many of the private houses, and nearly every shop was closed. I wanted some coffee—a modest wish, surely!—and at last found a grocer's shop with the door only half closed.

Then came the news of the clever way in which the *coup-d'état* at Madrid, on January 3, had been managed. It was thus graphically related to me by a Spanish gentleman. The Córtes had listened to Señor Castelar's magnificent speech, his defence of his own short administration: the votes were taken, Señor Salmeron being in the chair, and it was found that there were one hundred for, to one hundred and twenty against Castelar's continuing in office. He then rose and said—"I have one favour to ask,

that you will construct a Ministry before you leave the room."—"That we will do," was the quiet answer of the President. Just then two aides-de-camp entered the chamber and gave a note to Señor Salmeron, who handed it to his secretary to read aloud to the assembled diputados.

The note was terse and soldier-like, and to this effect:—"That those assembled in the Córtes should, *within five minutes*, disperse to their own homes. (Signed) PAVÍA, Governor-General of Madrid."

Loud cries of "Shame, shame!" were heard, and great uproar prevailed; the President proposed to arraign General Pavía himself at once, and deprive him of his position. At this juncture the two aides-de-camp left the chamber, and met the General himself, who was in waiting close by. They told him what it was proposed to do with him. "Oh that is it, is it?" said he; "come along, men." At the head of two trusty regiments—and with officers and soldiers alike, as a rule, Pavía is very popular—the General entered the Córtes, and, at the word of command, the first rank fired a volley into the ceiling above the heads of the diputados. The effect was magical. In a moment the diputados were seen hurrying out as fast as they could, and even leaping over any obstacles, as a chair or bench, that came in their way. Only one or two foreigners were left in the Córtes, and they were courteously escorted home by some of the troops, with their band playing the *Marcha Real* (Royal March) down the thronging streets.

Castelar was summoned to appear, and was asked by General Pavía to form a Ministry, which, of course, he could not undertake. Marshal Serrano

then appeared, coming from the house of the Russian Ambassador.

Outside the Córtes the streets were lined with troops. At the head of other streets cannon frowned. Every volunteer was ordered to render up his arms at certain depôts named, and that order was acted upon quietly and instantly. Volunteers were hurrying, arms in hand, to the depôts, and giving up their insignia in the greatest haste.

The Marshal, it is said, rode through one or two of the principal squares, and shouted "Viva la Republica Española!" and it is also said, that people, foregoing their favourite term, "Democratica Federal," took up the cry "Viva la Republica de España!"

Perhaps the populace are weary of all this long-continued unrest, of trade suspended, and lines cut, and posts stopped, and are glad to espouse the first hope of a settled Government. At any rate, the soldiers will be glad of the turn things have taken, and will follow their Generals.

> "Non, si male nunc, et olim
> Sic erit,"

we have been saying for a long time; and it may be the "nunc" has passed, and the "olim" is at hand; at any rate, we all thirst for order, justice, and peace, and perhaps these are near at hand.

But there has already been twelve hours' fighting at Zaragóza, between the volunteers and the regulars, resulting in a victory for the latter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"PICHO": A SPICE OF SPANISH SAL.

THERE are, among dogs of the interior, three principal tipos, or types—in fact, what in England would be called three common varieties.

But, before speaking of the dogs, it should be premised, that, although they are wholly distinct varieties —as different as are the English mastiff, greyhound, and poodle—yet in the limited vocabulary of the interior they are all spoken of as "perros," *i. e.*, dogs, and addressed as "picho"; and the common people simply have no special names by which to distinguish them.

For instance, a Spanish peasant was asked, in a court of law, whether a certain dog was a sporting dog or terrier, and, as he could not by any means understand the difference, the question had to resolve itself into one more simple,—"Was it a large dog or a small dog?"

Indeed, one great obstacle to gaining any progressive knowledge of natural history in the interior is, that the vocabulary is so limited, that one name is used for at least half-a-dozen flowers; and among small birds the case is just the same.

And even in conversing on these subjects with the ordinary Spanish gentleman of the interior there is the same difficulty. I have often observed, while

prosecuting the study of wild-flowers of the Campo, or wild-birds, he has but one name for half-a-dozen shrubs or flowers!

The typical dog of the interior—the commonest "tipo," would be called a lurcher in England; and such, of a mongrel sort, he really is: he looks like a cross between greyhound and lurcher. He stands about two feet high (not more — oftener less); his coat is not curly, but he is not to be called short-haired; in colour, he is almost always sandy, with oftentimes white belly; his tail is long, always carried curled beneath the rump, and rather bushy; his body is long, lithe, and thin; and his legs long and sinewy.

This dog is so common as to form quite a feature in the towns and on the Campo. You meet his sly, foxy gaze (he looks always half-cowed), and see his drooping brush and protruding ribs everywhere. In the summer and winter alike, groups of these animals are lying by day outside the houses, on the pavement, lazily winking at the sun, and never offering to move, unless they hear the unmistakable, "Anda, picho!" ("Get out, dog!"), with which they are constantly saluted, and which is the sure forerunner of a kick. At night, they are constantly left out of doors, and, in some towns where I have resided, I have been kept awake by the howling, barking, and scurrying up and down the street, and often by the fighting, of these semi-jackals.

Oftentimes, when returning home late at night, I have stumbled over one of these animals. He gets up slowly, walks a step or two, looks at you (no doubt) with disgust; and you hear him settle himself to rest again on his uncomfortable bed. It is strange, but

perfectly true, as I have often proved, that these dogs will never obey the "Get out!" if the command be given in English; but once say, in a shrill voice, "Anda!" and Picho, expecting a kick, moves in a moment. I have heard it often said—I know not with how much truth—that instances are on record of a horse being brought from abroad, and, when submitted to English grooms and their masters, proving utterly unmanageable, because he could not understand the language. In one instance, the story related to me was, that the horse, when told to "Come over" by the groom, and receiving the customary pat on the haunches, by which English horses are admonished to step over from one side of the stall to the other, while their bed is being made, did not understand even that elementary command, and that the groom, in despair, said to his master,—"What am I to do with him, sir? He won't even come over!" And the narrator told me, that when a foreigner went into the stable, a fellow-countryman of the horse, and told him what was expected of him in his own language, he obeyed at once! At any rate, no Spanish group of dogs will attend to you unless you speak to them in their "mother-tongue."

These dogs are used for two purposes: First, they are used as guards, or watch-dogs, by the men who live in the forlorn, lonely little stone lodges, among the olive-groves or huertas of their masters, in the wild Campo; and also, as watch-dogs, they are kept in the various casas in the towns. By all ranks and all sorts of persons are these strange hounds kept. You visit a house in some particular street of a town of the interior, tenanted, perhaps, by twelve different families (for in Spain, where the rich have but a

"flat" of a house to themselves, the poor take half a room, and call it their "Casa in the town!"), and, if you go by day, you will find half-a-dozen of these creatures lying asleep within the massive outer doors; or, if you go at night to make your visit, you will find your rap is half-drowned by their barking, or, at least, you stumble over some of their sleeping carcases at the outer door. Secondly, they are used for hunting the hares and red-legged partridges, and even foxes and wild-cats, in the Campo. And this, in reality, is the chief purpose for which they are kept.

Go out for a ride, or stroll into the Campo, or wild country—and in Spain the Campo bears a romance about its very look—and you will meet these half-wolves, half-dogs, at every sweep of the hills. The goatherd, tending his flock which browses on the short, crisp, aromatic herbage of the slopes, has his band of these dogs. The guard of the olives has his pack also of three or four trotting behind him, as he rends, with his clumsy axe, a branch off the unfruitful trees, here and there, in the grove. The "gitano"—a name which in Spain means anything that travels—or gipsy, has his pack also of three or four trotting behind him; and even the plain, rude peasant, journeying, as is his wont, from one town to another, his wife on the donkey packed as tightly, and to the full as uncomfortably, as his Penates, which he always carries with him, will have his dog trotting behind his heels, as he plods along through dusky olives and sandy plains, over ravine, and across mountain gulley. The mode of hunting with these dogs is peculiar.

Be it remembered, first of all, that much of the Campo is unpreserved, and any one who likes may

make it his coursing or shooting ground. The game, of course, is very wild. It consists of rabbits, hares, red-legged partridges, which refuse to rise; snipes and woodcocks, in the occasional swampy spots; foxes and wild cats everywhere. In any case, however, you must have a Government licence to carry fire-arms. You want a day's hunting with these dogs, and speak to the guard of some olives. He says, "Yes," names the day, and organizes "his pack."

The bright scarlet coats and spirited horses of the Pytcheley or the Quorn would laugh one to scorn. The morning breaks, as most Spanish winter mornings do break, bright and clear; not a cloud to be seen in the sky—not a spot of wet in the road, very often. Here is "the pack," composed of these sandy-haired dogs and one solitary greyhound (*rara avis in terris*) in a leash. Here, too, is the master of the field, a simple olive-dresser, "all clad in leather." His short jacket is of rough, untanned leather; his cap is of fur; his gun is not a gun, but a semi-Moorish "piece," something akin to the old English fowling-piece; his steel buttons glaring enough; his steel chain across his shoulders, on which hang his small leather wine-bottle and his dog-call; his leather "shorts," and his boots of untanned leather—all remind you that it is the chase, but not the refined sport of Old England.

The greyhound in leash, the pack running far and wide, you sally forth, each one with gun on shoulder (and does not the mere fact of gun on shoulder make an Englishman's heart dance?); the dogs range far and near; on you go—now tumbling over some sharp bit of granite, half-concealed in thistles and twiny dry grass, or bents or rushes—now breasting

some steep hill, the short grasses of which are dry, and slippery as glass—now making your way across some mountain gulley, which, to say the least, is rough walking. Yet, with old English memories of the turnip-fields and stubbles, where, with many a friend who long since had laid his weary bones beneath the scorching skies of India, or in the green churchyard of the country that once you called your home, you once, in the damp, fresh autumnal morning, pursued your game,—with these memories fresh upon you, you still enjoy the rough and wearying chase,—and, lo! just as you are in thought far away, hearing the evening bugle-call along the range of the "Hog's Back" (Aldershot), or exchanging kindly greetings, also in thought, with some old squire, on whom your eyes will never look again on this side the grave,—suddenly you hear the Spanish cazador yell out, "Liebre, *oy!*" The pack has put up a hare or a rabbit, you can scarcely say which, as its dusky, undefined form scuttles away amid the thick crop of thistles, furze, and dried bents: all the dogs are after him; but in a moment the greyhound is let slip, and goes straight towards the ill-fated hare. Surely ere night-fall his carcase will be boiling (rich morsel!) in the ornilla of the olive-guard! The Spaniard has not much idea of sport *as* sport — a good run (without a death) has little charms for him.

Now comes the tug of war: there is no fair play, as in our English coursing; remember we are in Spain, and as Spanish political prisoners have no fair play, neither do Spanish hares. Over hidden lumps of rock and stone, through little thickets of brushwood, on you run — straight down upon his prey you see the greyhound making. But the chase,

which would be interesting, is spoiled—"the pack" (clumsy runners as they are) are spread all over the Campo. Wherever and whenever the poor hare doubles, retreats, or feints, one or two of the pack cut her off; and before ten minutes have pumped the wind out of your lungs, the greyhound is upon her, and you hear the wild shout of the leather-clad game-keeper (?) as he pulls the reeking form from his pack, and puts an end to its misery with a blow across the ears.

Then, in the short bents, or on fragments of rock, you all sit down; the leather bottle is passed round; freely you drink the rough red wine, which costs but fourpence a quart; and then you light each one your cigarillo, and you smoke for ten minutes; and —perhaps, your thoughts, as you look around at the wild sweep of half-clad hills, at the undulating groves of dusky olives, at the wild, semi-civilized forms around you—perhaps your thoughts wander back once more to home: to the turnip-field, and the stubbles, and that quiet river, along whose banks you used in other days to wander, fishing-rod in hand, and to faces probably long since laid beneath the earth—so it has often been to me.

As to the next sort of dog, the "Spanish bull-dog," or bull-mastiff, as he is called, I have but little to say. He is, when well-bred, very handsome; his measurement of height in general varies from 2 ft. to 2 ft. 8 in. The one from which my subjoined description is taken stands 2 ft. 9 in.

"Liberal" is more like an English blood-hound than any other species of dog with which I am acquainted. His hair is very short and fine, and of a rich sandy-red colour; his sleepy, massive head,

with its small eyes, and ears almost invisible, so short are they cropped, and so sunken in the side, gives one an idea of easy good-nature, which is the characteristic of many of these powerful dogs, for powerful they are. "Liberal's" legs are a study in themselves, so massive as to seem almost unwieldy; his tail he carries gracefully drooped—it is, like his body, covered with short, fine hair.

These dogs are used by the higher classes as guards for their town houses, and you see them dozing peacefully, winter and summer, outside in the street. As a rule, like most creatures that are conscious of possessing power, these dogs are singularly gentle; and it is well that it should be so, for, if aroused, the Spanish bull-dog would prove, with his heavy jaws and massive limbs, a most formidable antagonist.

The third "tipo" among the dogs of the interior is, like the first mentioned, a very common one. He is a little fellow, with white curly hair and a small curly tail; his ears are long, and coated with silky white hair; his little legs are very tiny, and also coated with silky short hair; he has the brightest of all little bright faces; the most impudent, roguish, expressive black eyes. He is usually, from his impudence, his habit of tearing everything he can find to pieces, and from his dirty habits, a regular little bore.

This little fellow, standing about eight inches nothing without his shoes, is the typical "lady's" lap-dog; the pet of the poor man's casa; the little scamp who snaps at your fingers from under the straw, if you pry too closely into the market-panniers of hens and canaries, turnips and onions, carried on the shoulders of mule or donkey to the early morning's market, or nibbles at your heels in the rich man's

casa. This little creature is one of the most intolerable little bores that can be conceived. In mischief and fun ever a child, he will carry off your slippers, tear your trousers, nibble your heels, jump up on the spread table and steal a bit of cooked chicken, and then run out into the yard and worry and kill your live chickens. Well for you if he does not enter your bed-room at night—he alone has the run of all the bed-rooms!—and "commit a nuisance!"

Well does he, the plague of every quiet criada, deserve the name or epithet so constantly applied to him, "Tuno," a word which, of constant use among the stable-men, muleteers, and lower class of domestic servants, implies, as nearly as I can render it into English, "scamp."

There is a well-known proverb among the Chilian Spaniards—"Chili is a paradise for women, a purgatory for men, and a hell for brutes"; and the last part of the proverb is equally true of the interior of Spain. The wretched treatment which the dumb brutes receive on all sides can be expressed by only one word—it is simply revolting. Nowhere as in the interior of Spain—Chili, I am told by Spaniards who have been resident there for years, is "far worse" (God help the brute creation if it is!)—nowhere is one so forcibly reminded of the old and oft-quoted words of Holy Writ, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." Only take one single walk, and you will see every sort of brutality practised upon dog, donkey, or mule.

The poor donkeys are beaten, as they pass along the unpaved street, by the very boys of ten and twelve, simply for pleasure's sake, sometimes with a stick as thick as an ordinary crutch. I have seen

blows given, and remonstrated without effect, on the spine of the unhappy laden donkey, near the tail, which made him stagger, and go tottering from side to side for a hundred yards, the brutal driver, or master of the drove, riding a few yards behind, totally unconcerned at seeing the beast, on whom his livelihood depends, thus heinously ill treated. One's blood boils, and one often interferes; but whatever may be the moral result in the future on the mind of the man with whom you expostulate, the result in the present upon the body of the poor brute is a double shower of blows, and a torrent of the vilest language!

What follows is the sketch of a real dog, but the writer must be pardoned for acting as his interpreter, and drawing a *little* on his own imagination.

Lost and starving dogs are plentiful in Spain, and poor Picho, as the criada called him, was taken into the house where I was staying. He was a very fair specimen of the last "tipo" I have described, as I thought at the first sight of his erect, cocky tail, (*very* rare in Spain this, where, large and small, the poor dogs absolutely *shrink from* a human being!) and his roguish black eyes, and his strutty little curly carcase. No sooner was Picho installed as a dependent than Picho was master of the casa. He liked the quarters, and made them his own—bed-room, sitting-room, drawing-room, sofa, or bed; all, save the kitchen, which he thoroughly despised from the first, were made, by a "daily beating of the bounds," and oftentimes, I grieve to say, "leaving of strange land-marks," quite his own!

There was only one *un*aristocratic place where Picho deigned to walk, and that was the *house-tops*. These in Spain have so gentle a slope, that dogs, cats,

and, in some cases, even men, can walk them without fear of a fall. In Spain, in the interior, the top story, or what we should call in England the "attic-floor," can only be used for one purpose, namely, as a "camera" or granary, owing to the intense heat, which renders sleeping in the top story impossible; it is therefore used as a barn for the sacks of habas, trigo, or garbanzos, or sevada (beans, wheat, peas, or barley), to be stacked in for the winter; and frequently, in taking a house in the interior, you will find *the camera let to a different tenant*, who has free access at all times to it *through your house*—perhaps, *as is the case with me*, through your study! These little granaries are each filled with sacks of grain, and weekly the renter will come with his labourers to carry home a sack or two, as occasion may demand. Rats and mice abound in Spain, and in Spain, as elsewhere, love the grain, especially if its value is enhanced (as the value of every blessing, even of education, is!) by their having to *pay for it*, by gnawing through the tough sacking. The Spaniards, therefore, make a tiny hole, looking out upon the roof, just large enough to admit of a cat's entering from the roof into the camera; and so the cats, exiled from the house, wander about the roofs, and always, for their shelter, creep into one of these little port-holes, and jump down to find a bed, dry and soft, and a mouse or rat or two, in the camera. On a rainy day you may see cat after cat running along the roof to these tiny pent-houses, and jumping down among the sacks, thus preserving them from the attacks of mouse or rat. Necessarily from all this, it follows that many cats are about the roofs of Spanish houses; and, just as an English squire loves to vary the

comforts of his drawing-room and fireside by the exposure and rough fare of a day on the moors, so Picho made the roofs his hunting-ground, and gave fierce chase to all the cats around.

Why the Spaniard of the interior always calls a dog, in addressing him, "Picho," I know not, and I cannot find out. "Picho" means, literally, a breast; and the word "pichon," meaning a pointer-dog, is too far-fetched for the Spaniard of the interior, besides having no special application. However, everywhere you hear the muleteer, or servant, or donkey-driver, crying out, "Anda, Picho," and "Malo, Picho." Poor Picho had evidently no home, and the reason, as the Spanish servant said, was because he had no heart! Doubtless, could he have told it, his history was a strange one, although no one in our township seemed to know anything at all about it. Yet the little, weak, cocky, stupid wanderer, with his cocked tail, and his velvety paws, could not have come from any great distance.

Picho was uncommonly clever. As the old Scotch shepherd said of his dog, "He knew when we were talking about him: he was unco' clever." Whenever his past history was in any way alluded to, Picho invariably left the room, possibly to avoid answering unpleasant questions.

If, at the moment of the question of his antecedents being mooted, (and, in the long, weary, hot summer, when no "English posts" arrived for weeks, or only came by fits and starts, passed through the pickets of the Intransigentes in a melon-bag, we had needs have recourse to every theme of conversation, however trifling!) the door was shut, and he could not get out of ear-shot, Picho would be sick at once

all over the room, and so force one of us to rise, and break off the subject, and let him out. This "being sick" ("vomito," as the criada called it) was one of Picho's favourite weapons of offence, or defence—a weapon, too, that he wielded on all occasions most successfully.

Was he to be beaten, he escaped it, if possible, by instantaneous and most corporeal sickness! Was there a disposition among us to discuss the hidden things of his former life, seized he was, instantly, with acute sickness! Did the rude boot of any fellow-inmate of the house push Picho away from his little seat in the shady corner of the sala, sickness was inevitable — an attack too often heralded by a shrill scream, which drew down from gentle Spanish hearts too much odium on the owner of the offending boot.

Picho's sex, in those weary days of tropic heat, when one must say something, but did not know what on earth to say, was a matter of much dispute among us for a long time. Was *he* "male or female"? There were certain little protuberances on the ridge of Picho's stomach, visible only when he rolled over, and put up his little paws in a beseeching, I might say abject, attitude, which seemed to indicate the latter; and, for a time, Picho enjoyed the privilege of the sex. We appealed, however, to the cura of a neighbouring parish, whom, possibly because he had had so long an experience of *unmarried* life, we supposed (on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle) to be an authority in such matters. Gravely he lifted Picho from the ground, while his full, flowing canonicals covered any indecency, and, shaking sagely his grey hairs, he gave (what very few clerics are content to

do, more's the pity!) an open verdict, in the following concise and priestly sentence,—

"Sunt dubii generis."

Surely he had studied, not only Latin, but the Latin Syntax of the Eton scholar! Ever after that, we "gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt," and Picho, who had often been "it" before, was dignified by the sobriquet of "he," save by one of the younger criadas of the casa, who, being in love, and anxious to escape from the trammels of the unmarried maiden's life in the lower ranks, believed in the perfection of the male sex among all created animals, and, knowing by daily experience that Picho was not perfect, persisted in calling him "she."

In these few lines that follow, however, remembering the good old rule, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," I shall give Picho the benefit of the doubt; and, since he has gone to that home for lost and starving dogs from whence there is no return, and where, possibly, there is neither male nor female, shall henceforth dignify him by the name of "he." Picho may ere now have dropped his sex, and be within the elementary rule; but I question whether Picho will ever fully come up to a high standard!

Now for the few fragments of his history that I have been enabled to collect. The ladies of the casa were out for a promenade on the Alameda one evening, when this queer little mortal came to them for shelter, and made himself a partner in their homeward walk. Stranger as he was, they took him home, and generously entertained him—alas! it was no angel that unawares they entertained. Cowardly, upstart, dirty in his habits, bad tempered, useless,

and without any character at all, such was Picho; but he had common-sense—he had found a good home, and he intended to stick to it.

Next morning Picho was put outside the door, that he might be at liberty to rejoin his friends. Steadily, he refused to leave the door. They had him "proclaimed," but no one claimed him (no wonder!); advertised in other ways, no one came forward as his owner. Spanish ladies have very soft hearts, and so Picho took up his quarters at their casa; eschewed men's society, showing a decided love for petticoats; despised and turned up his nose at kitchen meals; and gave the ladies, who called him "Pobre cito!" (Poor little fellow!) and supplied him with chicken-bones and a pillow to lie upon, the idea that he was most aristocratic, and had spent his life in high society.

I felt sure the little creature, with his undeniable, almost human, cleverness and perception, was a deceiver. But of what avail is it to speak when the star (even of a snob) is in the ascendant? *I* was but a guest for a short while, *he* was a recognized member of the family; indeed, *I* might almost be said to have been—I am sure *he* would have said so—his guest!

Picho was a thorough nuisance. He misbehaved himself in the bed-room; he left fleas on the sofa where I took my noon-day siesta; he got me into scrape after scrape, for my harshness towards him, with the ladies; at last he even dared to take a plunge in my bath! This was too much. I envied, and, at last, hated Picho. Still, I bore it all patiently; his conceit was so unbearable, so excessive, that I felt sure it must have a fall ere long! For many months Picho lived upon an untruth, and, what is far more unusual, he fattened upon it. Idle, useless in every

dog-walk of life (he would not even bark latterly), he still ruled the roast.

The Municipal Guards, like our English rural police, are sometimes, if not always, smart fellows. As ill-luck would have it—or, rather, as the Nemesis of deceit will ever have it—the avenging angel came one day to the door, in the red-banded cap and clanking sword of a Municipal Guard from a neighbouring town. He came to the door; and, alas for him! Picho had just been "shown the door" for one of his daily offences. The little white dog and the moustachioed Guard, towering high in air above him, looked at one another in silence for a moment. Then the Guard, taking the initiative, gave poor Picho a roll over with his foot, and said, "Carramba! why, you are the blind man's dog from ——." (Bitch, he said.) Poor Picho: his character, and even sex, were trembling in the balance. What issues depended on a moment! It did not move, did not answer; the iron had entered too deeply into his soul. Ample admission of the charge was the poor little creature's look of guilty shame and of discovered fraud. The accusation was true—Picho was no scion of aristocratic house, but the tramping beggar's dog. The dream was over, the game was played out! He who had pretended that he could not sleep on straw, had oftentimes been used to the bare, hard stones; the dog who affected chicken-bones, and was a martyr to dyspepsia, had often begged in vain for dry crusts and offal!

A dog is like a human being in one way: if you do not show that you trust in him, and believe in him, you utterly destroy his *morale*, and soon break his spirit. From that day of public downfall and disgrace

he never rallied; he was quite crestfallen; life for him had lost its charm. I never saw his little white tail curled over his back then! Kindly, warm Spanish hearts saw his sorrow; and feeling that, after all, they had taken the one word of the man in office against Picho's long course of aristocratic tastes and habits, which seemed to come quite natural to him, (no beggar-on-horseback seemed he!) the ladies conveyed to his dog-mind, by additional tenderness, extra over-feeding, &c., that they still believed in him—still thought he had been the dog of a Duque at least; and that he was to be not only loved, but greatly pitied. "It must," so they said, "have been a dog dear to a Duke!"

I was absent from the house for a while. When I returned, Picho's star was once more in the ascendant: he was believed in; the Guard was "nowhere." "A Duke's dog!" I knew better. And now was my time to test the truth of Picho's tacit assurances by a crucial test. Two things I remembered about the "blind man" of the neighbouring town, whose leader and guide Picho had once, so said the Guard, been! He used to wear a heavy clog, and put it (not gently!) on his dog's back when he wanted to go on from some house where his "Una limosnita, por Dios!" had been refused; and I remembered also that the string by which the little dog (the new "Claimant") led his master was apt constantly to become entangled in the little fellow's legs; and the vision of the poor sightless "mendico," in his tattered breeches, and brown, still more tattered, manta, shouting, "Tuno; anda, Tuno," and sawing the air with the hand that held the string to get it free of the dog's legs, rose vividly before me.

I, too, would put on a clog—I, too, would be blind and saw the air; and then, if Picho screamed at the

uplifting of my clog, and pawed the air with his feet to get rid of a string, which existed nowhere but in his own memory, why, then there was no doubt at all; he was—as even the ladies of the casa agreed—no longer Sir Roger Tichborne, but plain Arthur Orton. The day and hour were fixed; I put on the clog, and clumped into the sala, where, with his laurels (redivivi) fresh upon him, lay, taking his noon-day siesta, poor Picho.

"The Claimant," about to be bandied about "bandy," was a trifle to poor Picho in his look of utter consternation as he heard the clump of my heavy boot along the stone-flagged floor of the sala coming towards him. He was on his mettle, for the ladies, who believed in him, were there; and what will not dog or man do to save their honour before ladies? Picho looked up deprecatingly; he knew that the game was up. Imitating the well-remembered action of the blind mendico, I waved the clog over his back, and called him "Tuno!" (scamp). Poor little dog; memories thick of other bitter days coming up before his mind, he screamed and whinnied for mercy long ere he had felt the weight of my descending foot. I desisted, thinking this amount of proof ample; and Picho sat, a tear in either eye, looking the very picture of dejection and misery.

"Is not this enough?" said I.

"No; try the string, too; we can't believe our Picho to be an impostor."

The poor little dog's eyes were fixed upon me. Had I not felt him to be such an utter scamp, my heart would have melted at the mute appeal of his black eyes. But he had been too upstart, too troublesome. I sawed the air, with my right hand, high

above his head, as though seeking to disengage an imaginary string. The effect was immediate. (Oh, that such a crucial test could have been applied to "The Claimant," what trouble, what money had been saved!) First with a hind leg, then with a front; then, feeling no relief, first with the left, then with the right, the poor little dog pawed the air to free himself from a string which existed only in his little dog-imagination!

It was all over then; even the ladies scorned him, after believing against belief, and hoping against hope; and daily the finger of scorn was pointed at the unhappy little dog. From that day we all called him, not the dog of the Duke, but plain "Tuno." But the poor little beast never rallied. From that day his self-respect was utterly gone: he became daily more filthy in his habits, more distasteful to us all. Spanish servants are very kind at heart, as I have often proved; their affectionateness oftentimes exceeds their sense of honesty and their probity. Every Spanish servant (this is one of the bright points of their character) will help a kind master or mistress who is in trouble to the utmost of their ability—aye, will even suffer in their cause! And the Spanish criada took pity upon the despised Picho. The first step towards reinstating the little fellow, with true Spanish instinct she thought, was to transform him into a poodle. She shaved, with razor and soap-and-water, all his hinder parts, and brought him in to be looked at. We all called her *protégée* "Tuno"!

Next morning Picho had belied her hopes and betrayed her confidence; his self-respect was gone; and what other could you expect? He went into the bed-room of the guests, and committed nuisances!

The poor criada came in, and she, too, called him "Tuno." Then she went for her mother; the mother held the little animal by the tail; the daughter, Isidra, beat his ribs black and blue with her broom, and then, that breaking, with her clenched fist. I ventured to suggest that there was a great "danger of a dissolution of partnership" between tail and ribs if Picho, struggling, was held by the tail. "Bueno," said the old mother, "we must all depart, soul from body, some day."

Next day, to try and make the poor little beast more popular with us, they took him down, mother and daughter, to the washing-trough in the dusky olives around our town, and brought him into the room, held up, like a dead hare, by the hind legs, dripping wet. "Is he not beautiful now?" Next morning, his *morale* utterly destroyed, Picho went down to the little backyard, where the chickens were kept, and killed half-a-dozen before breakfast. The two servants beat him unmercifully, and we gave him to them to give away to any one who should take a fancy to him.

"Bueno," said the young criada; "like the rest of us, he must have ups and downs in life; just now he is descending from *carne* to *garbanzos*," *i. e.*, from meat to peas!

* * * * *

One day, shortly afterwards, at early dawn, I passed along the streets. In the dusky light I saw a little, dirty-yellow coloured body lying in the road; the cart of some early muleteer had passed over its ribs and crushed them—it was the body of a dog very like to Picho. Round the little neck was a cord. This throwing out of a strangled animal into the

streets is the rule in the towns of the interior. Constantly, in your promenade, you have to step across the body of cat or dog; and so dry is the air, that no offensive smell ever proceeds from these carcases in this climate. I went to inquire of the servants, "Where was Picho?"—"Dead, and cast out," was the answer. "Tuno had a fit last night, and died."

Perhaps so. But there was a bit of string round Tuno's neck. Well, he would never have ranked with "Cerf-vola," had he lived ever so long; so perhaps it is best that he has gone, potentially good, we will hope, to the place where all good little dogs go!

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SPANISH WINTER GARDEN, WITH SOME NOTICE OF SIMPLES.

As a rule, in the interior of Spain, at least in that part of Spain from which I write, the *useful* gardens are on the outskirts of the townships; and the small courtyards of the houses, if devoted to gardening, are merely filled with flowers in pots, one or two orange-trees, and the like, for ornament more than for use.

Bacon's Essay has immortalized the old-fashioned garden of England; and how many a knotty point has been settled, how many a bright and holy idea inspired, how many a ruffled spirit calmed beneath the trees, and among the gay parterres, and on the smooth, eye-soothing green turf of the English garden!

The Spanish "huerta," a word which is nearly equivalent to our English word "market-garden," is of two kinds—first, the market-garden, rented by some gardener, in the vicinity of a town, held at a fixed rent, and cultivated to supply the town with vegetables, fruit, and flowers; secondly, the huerta, or garden, belonging to the owner of some large house, or "palacio," in a town, with a small, but often beautifully fitted-up, little stone house within its walls, whither the master of the house and his family may retire for coolness during the parching heats of the summer months.

The huerta of the interior has always a peculiar and picturesque quiet beauty of its own. Enclosed in its crumbling, grey, stone walls, with its old stone gateway, surmounted by a cross, also of stone, oftentimes belted in with groves of glaucus-leaved olives, or, in some parts of Spain, orange-trees, and always green and cool-looking, it contrasts strikingly with the barren plains around it, and, when you enter, seems quite like an oasis in the desert.

The cause of its fertility is not seen until you enter its walls, when the most prominent object that will strike you is a clump of trees at one end, formed of the pimiento, or pepper-tree, the orange, the acacia, or more often a single fig-tree of great age, with a rough table or two at its foot, and two or three ricketty chairs. Under the leafy shade (if in summer) of the fig-tree is a large well, or cistern, covered with luxuriant grass, ice-plants, and the like; and, with a hugh pole resting on his collar, an old, broken-down mule is slowly going circuit around the well; if not blind from natural causes, he is sure to be artificially blinded. Gently, from morn till eve, he walks round and round the well, stopping to rest and muse as often as he lists, unless the gardener, who is at work hard by, gazes up from his work, and, seeing him halt, shouts dictatorially, leaning on his fork, "Arre, moo . . . . lo."

This is the old Moorish "noria," or well, and is universally used in the interior for the irrigation of lands and huertas. It may be thus described. The well is a large stone cistern; the pole, above spoken of as resting on the top of the mule's collar, is attached to a huge, lumbering, wooden wheel, reaching down into the waters of the cistern; on this wheel

are fastened (usually simply with common esparto-grass cord) some thirty or forty common pitchers, holding, perhaps, two quarts apiece (are not these "the pitcher broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern," of Eccles. xii. 6?); each one of these, as the wheel slowly revolves, catches up a small amount of water, and each, as it comes to the surface of the well and slowly rolls round in its turn, is, for a moment, necessarily with its mouth downwards, and discharges its water into a wooden trough, so placed as to catch much of the liquid stream from each little pitcher discharging in its turn.

The trough carries the water into one, two, or three large stone reservoirs, each about two or three feet deep—seldom more in those that I have seen—the sides of which are formed of slabs of stone, sloping gently inwards. The water from these reservoirs is, as often as needful, suffered to run into a stone trough that encircles the garden, and in which, at regular intervals, are holes leading into the natural trenches in the earth of the garden, each trench encircling a bed of vegetables or flowers. This irrigation goes on well nigh every day, and the fresh, damp scent of the huerta, when you enter it from the crackling olive-groves or the dusty road, is truly refreshing and delightful.

Nor are the sloping stone sides of these reservoirs without their use. They are apportioned into separate spaces, and are hired by the washerwomen of the neighbouring town for a halfpenny an hour, for a stand for washing their clothes. All the washing of the interior is done in this way. The clothes are washed in the usual fashion, with soft-soap, and dipped again and again into the reservoir, and

rubbed, with no gentle hand, on the sloping stone sides of the reservoirs.

The Spanish "lavandera" never rubs the clothes with her hand: she does it entirely on these stones.

It is a picturesque and striking sight in the evening to enter one of these huertas, the large reservoirs of which are a favourite of the washerwomen. You pass through a belt of grey olives, and suddenly come upon the old "noria," and upon a row of some forty of these busy people, all chattering, talking, and singing at their work, and dressed in every variety of costume, and in the gaudiest colours imaginable—a short, bright yellow serge petticoat, with a deep scarlet border, being one of the favourites. But colour—in their dress, their shops, their sweetmeats—is a passion with the gay, ephemeral Andaluzes. I asked a poor man, who was eating his morsel of bread, with coloured lard, why he did not buy white lard? "Because it is more pretty coloured."

The value of irrigated land in Spain is ten or twelve times the value of land unirrigated. A great part of Spain is treeless and riverless, and the only annual crops are the barley, or "sevada," broad beans, or "habas," and the universal "garbanzos," all of which, of course, come on but once a year. There being neither shade nor water, nothing but these would grow and come to perfection.

On the irrigated grounds, however, the melons and succulent vegetables, so absolutely needful to sustain the very life in the hotter months, grow freely; and a good gardener will get as many as four good crops off his land in one year. Be it remembered, it is a semi-tropical climate, and the fierce heat succeeding the spring and late autumn to the equally fierce rains, the

plants grow and come to perfection as quickly as in a hot-house. Indeed, if you walk out in summer on a day when the sun has come out after a sudden downpour, the earth absolutely steams with the damp heat rising. So great is the known value of every sort of irrigation, from the homely "noria" to the Moorish irrigation works of Valencia and the surrounding country, that in some of the ancient decrees of Spain land is granted "with the free use of the waterworks of the Saracens."

And now let us pass through these grey-leaved olive groves that belt it in, and enter a typical huerta of the interior. Close to the stone gateway (I describe a garden which I constantly visit) is a little wooden cross set up against a wall. It is very flimsy, but none are sacrilegious enough to take it away or pull it down. It marks the scene of a murder five years ago, and you can just decipher the name of the murdered man upon it. Before your eyes, as you enter (it is early in February), lie four spreading plots of green, each, however, of a different hue, covering a large area of ground, for these huertas are often very large. One is a plot of "papas," or potatoes, now high above the ground, and in full leaf. Here and there you may even see one of the purple flowers half-hidden by the rich green leaves. The potato is not popular with the Spanish poor, and does not form at all a staple article of food; still it is coming slowly into use among them. It is possibly a vegetable of too solid and bilious a character for these sunny skies and parching airs. Talking to a Spanish gentleman about the papas lately, and observing to him that much of our English bone and muscle took its origin from the potato diet, he said,—"The

prison authorities at ——" (naming a neighbouring town) "have put the prisoners on papas two days a week. Poor wretches! worse and worse, from garbanzos to papas, what *will* they come to!" The plot of papas is made pretty — how tasteful the Spaniards always are!—by turfs of early-sown sevada (barley), growing in regular rows amongst the potatoes. This is only used for the horses' and mules' "green meat," and is not suffered to get to maturity.

The next plot, the sober glaucus-green of which contrasts well with the rich bright green of the papas, is of "cardos." *Cardo* is a generic name in Spain for thistles of all sorts and kinds, but the cardo of the garden—called indiscriminately, *Cardo de comer*, or *Cardo dulce*, by the Spanish peasant, *Cardo hortense* by the botanist or scientific gardener—is a sort of artichoke, in leaf much like the common English artichoke. Its graceful, spreading, drooping leaves make it one of the most elegant vegetables of the Spanish garden. The stalk is eaten towards the root; cut into small pieces and boiled in milk, it is much used at all tables.

Contrasting with the rich green of the papas and the grey leaf of the cardo, is the deep green and dark purple of the "verengenas," or egg-plant (the *Solanum melongena*, I believe, of the botanist). The leaf is dark-green, and the stalk and fruit purple. The fruit is of the shape and size of a hen's egg, and is a common article of food, boiled or fried with beans, among the poor. They will even eat it raw, with a bit of bread and lard, and tell you it is "muy rico," although a more insipid morsel I never ate.

The fourth contrast is a far-spreading bed of crisp, blanched, endives, or "escarolas" (*Cichorium*

endivia), the faded green and yellow and white leaves of which contrast prettily enough with the darker plots. Throughout the winter endives are a constant guest at the tables of all classes. They are considered in Spain as "a medicine for the blood at spring-time," and the poor have the greatest faith in the medicinal qualities of the endive. They are bleached simply by being covered with the earth for a few days; and you will daily see the gardener, with his short, heavy hoe (azada) heaping the earth over a few of his treasures. The azada is not above two feet long in the handle, and the ironwork is very clumsy, as are all the gardening and agricultural implements of the interior. The Spaniard will not listen to reason on these points. You will see a row of thirty men hoeing wheat with these short, heavy hoes, causing them to stoop most painfully; and if you suggest a longer handle, they will say, "Bien; but when I am tired I can smoke a cigarette."

Sometimes in these gardens the colours will really be beautifully arranged, and the gardener points with pride to this his handiwork. Indeed, all the Spaniards have a great deal of taste in their arrangement of colour, both in dress and in gardens.

Straight across the middle of the wide garden runs a little avenue of the graceful oleander-trees, their pods full of wool now bursting open. Their drooping boughs meet twenty feet overhead, and lend a grateful shade even from the winter's sun, which is beginning to make itself felt.

Trees are scattered in clumps or straggling rows all over the ground. Here is a little avenue of pomegranates, their delicate, bare sprays bearing here and there half a pomegranate that has remained

unplucked and burst its leathery rind upon the tree, and now shows its rich crimson flesh. The pomegranates are also medicinal. Coming in first at the close of the summer heats, they are supposed by the Spanish poor to strengthen one to resist the calentura. Their name is "granada." The skins grow as hard as wood, and preserve the rich crimson flesh until March. At this time they are carried about, and sold four for a farthing. They are exactly like the dry poppy-heads used by the English peasantry in the Midland Counties to make "poppy-tea" to soothe a restless baby; but when first gathered the granadas are of a rich red and yellow colour, and when some have burst on the tree, ere they are plucked and all are ripe, I know no brighter tree than this. The fruit is, in taste, sweet, luscious, and somewhat sickly, but it leaves an acid bitter taste in the palate after being eaten.

Here, too, are the almond-trees (almendras) in full wealth of blossoms. The trees, indeed, bare of foliage, are smothered in flowers like our peach-blossom, and the sweet smell and hum of bees remind one of an English lime avenue, and of the old lines—

> "Ere the bees had ceased to murmur
> In the sombrage of the lime."

In the huertas near Seville and Cordova, the orange-trees, standing in little clumps, or in regular avenues, or trained along the grey walls, form the most beautiful and striking feature of the garden, especially at this season of the year, when the fruit shines like balls of gold among the glossy dark-green leaves.

All around the walls grow the pitas, or aloes (*Agave Americana*), with their bold, towering, snow-white

leaves; the prickly pear, the sweet, but well-nigh flavourless and sickly fruit of which, about the size and shape of a small hen's egg, and covered with prickles fine as thistle-down, but most irritating when they get beneath the skin of your hand, is in season in August, September, and October; the chumba, or chumbo, a sort of diminutive prickly pear to all appearance (in many of these instances I quote the *popular* name in use among the peasantry and gardeners); the pelotilla de diablo, or "Devil's balls," a small prickly shrub, with bright purple flower, and covered with small bright yellow balls, like pistol bullets for size and hardness, and utterly useless; the marisma, a small wild plant, with tiny glaucus and brown leaves, often used in some parts of Spain to make a hedge round a plot of garden ground; the taraji, with its tiny creeping thread-like sprays; the flor del principe, or red geranium, even now bright with blossoms, and growing in clumps five feet high on every bit of waste ground; the flor de l'espada, or sword-plant, with its white lily leaf, and long, graceful, crimson blossoms hanging withered from the stem; clumps of stunted adelfa (oleander), the *Nerium oleander* of the botanist; the uñas de soro (hawk's claw), a small pointed leaf, about an inch high, growing in profuse abundance; the Malva rosa, a name given to the shrubby scented geranium; heliotrope; reeds; cambrones, or buckthorns (*Rhamnus catharticus*), growing in a rough untidy hedgerow; these, with clumps of romero and alhucema (rosemary and lavender), make up the "confused element" in the Spanish garden. The lavender is still in bloom!

Rosales (rose-bushes), a bushy evergreen plant, like the English box, and flor del principe, form the borders

to many of the beds, which are thus, summer and winter, prettily and brightly edged.

All the land, you will see, or nearly all, is intersected with little trenches, some six inches deep, for irrigation; and along the sides of every trench grow rows of dravanos, a very large radish, eaten raw, fully as large as an English carrot of ordinary size; cerbolias (winter onions), the very chief ingredient in the savoury stews, soups, salads, and gravies of the country during winter; apio, or celery, of which is made one of the most aromantic liqueurs of Spain, bearing the same name, and said to be a marvellous tonic and strengthener of the digestive organs; and hundreds of tiny spring lettuce plants, just rising above the ground.

Here and there are rows of tomates, the love-apples of the Spaniard, now drooping and leafless. The fruit, if eaten by the lover and the loved at the same time, is supposed to stimulate affection by the unlettered Spanish peasantry. There ought to be no lack of mutual love, for throughout the summer—from July, indeed, until Christmas—tomates, stewed, fried in oil, boiled with sweet herbs or *au naturelle*, or raw, are eaten by the million, and, indeed, form almost the staple of their food. I have remarked this about the tomate, that when, in the exceeding heat of summer, all solid food is distasteful, or when you have been walked off your stomach—to use an old pedestrian's phrase—and cannot take any solid, you can eat even tough meat, or a slice of bread, with stewed tomates: they give a certain tone to the stomach.

Here, too, you will see withered pimiento plants of every sort and kind; they are, in shape, like capsicums, and are of two kinds—the larger, which is a

spiral pod, quite hollow, about five inches long, flavourless, save a slight bitter, leathery, and tough, used universally for fries, and even raw from August, when they come in green, to Christmas; and the smaller, or pungent kind, used for flavouring stews, &c.

The enormous heaps of the larger kind (*Pimiento dulce*), green, yellow, and flame-coloured, form the most noticeable feature among the autumn fruit-stalls of the Plaza in the interior; they are piled up in heaps, two, three, and four feet high, and for a few cuartos (farthings) you may buy a lapful. What their excellence is, I know not; but they are said, even by Spanish doctors, to be "extremely good for the health." These are preserved in syrup for the winter and spring, and are eaten with dessert; but they are of a sickly flavour, if they have any flavour at all!

The smaller kind (*Pimiento picante*), the shrubby capsicum, or "bird-pepper," is well known in England, and used for imparting pungency to various articles of food. These are but sparingly used. The pungency of the seed is intense, but they are supposed by the Spaniards, who, with reason, deem "the fruits of the earth in due season" to be medicines for the body at the several seasons of their maturity, to "give a winter appetite," coming, as they do, towards the close of the summer or autumn.

As to flowers, you will see, in the Spanish winter garden, about December, the carnation (clavel) and clove-pink, the dahlia, the flor del invierno, or chrysanthemum, the aleli, or wall-flower, in full bloom; while the narcissus, hyacinth, lily, lemon-geranium, copete, or tuft-flower (a kind of marigold); flor de la serra, a pretty creeper; convolvulus; campanilla, or bell-flower (a kind of epiglottis); malva blanca (white

mallow); malva de olor, or fragrant mallow; chicharo de olor (sweet pea); mimosa, capuchina (nasturtium); uña de leon, or lion's nail, a small plant with an orange blossom, in its shape and tawny colour like a diminutive lion's nail, often flowering throughout the winter; yerba becerra (snap-dragon), called by the peasantry, I know not why, *sapo*, a toad; malacarra, a plant bearing in early spring a small flower of a very pale, beautiful blue; alfilera (so called from *alfiler*, a pin), bearing on every little spike a light yellow flower; siempreviva, *i. e.*, ever-alive, a small kind of wall-flower; and a hundred others, all are showing bright and fair, well above ground, and promising many a sweet and various-coloured nosegay for April and May, and indeed much earlier.

One or two of the most beautiful flowers have been omitted from this list: the graceful trompeta, an exotic shrub, growing some eight or ten feet high, with spreading foliage, and, when in bloom, spangled all over with trumpet-shaped flowers, soft as velvet to the touch, pure white, and looking quite like wax flowers, if it be any flattery to the Almighty's handiwork to compare it to that of men! This plant, which is a great favourite in the patios of private houses and public hospitals, came, I believe, from Las Philippinas. Then there is the madreselva, or honeysuckle of Old England, in full blossom, supplying some grace to the trellis-work, with its leafless vine, the hiedra, or dark-leaved ivy, climbing by its side; the myrto; the bocamiella—literally, honey-mouth—a pure white flower, of which I do not know the proper name, giving a most delicate scent; the hibisco, or Syrian mallow *(Hibiscus Syriacus)*; the dama de noche, or queen of night, a shrub which yields its perfume only

beneath the influence of the dews of night, whence its name; and the suspiros—these last, I think, if my memory serves me in good stead, are the mimulus of the English garden. Let me add that the last-named four flowers are amongst the greatest favourites here: the bocamiella, the hibisco, the dama de noche, and the suspiros.

A word about the two last-named plants. With regard to the dama de noche: in the bright sun, when all the other flowers of the garden pour out their richest perfume on the air, the dama de noche closes its petals and gives no scent. It is an untidy, straggling-looking shrub, too, with a leaf something like that of the English laurustinus, and, when one sees it by day, one is tempted to despise it; its flowers are closed, its scent is not. One passes down the self-same path, by the self-same shrub, when the dews of night are falling fast; every flower has "gone to bed" with the setting sun—has ceased to smile or scent the air; but the pale flowers of "la dama de noche" are wide open, and are giving their sweetness to the dewy night air. I have ever thought the dama de noche the very type and symbol of the friend or the brother *known by adversity;* of the man who is not half so fascinating as the crowd of his fellows—the man who, perhaps rather vulgar, rather uncouth, even ugly or disagreeable, yet in the *time of adversity* proves himself the true man, and, *if that time never comes,* passes by you in the street, the party, or sits with you at the fireside, year after year, and perhaps passes to his grave unvalued and unknown!

Who would deem Isaac Jarman a "storm-warrior" who saw him smoking his short cutty on Ramsgate Pier?

The "suspiro" is a little flower, delicate as a convolvulus, and, like it, closing its petals at night. The noticeable features in speaking of this plant are, that the same plant bears flowers of three different colours—light crimson, crimson and yellow streaked, and yellow; and that the Spanish ladies take the flowers off the plant and string them upon a straw, and then carry them about—they look *very* gay and pretty—until evening. Oftentimes a Spanish lady will pluck a quantity, impale them, and offer her friend this quaint bouquet, in the months of August and September, when they are in flower.

There are other trees, too, than those I have mentioned, overshadowing the huerta; the many sorts of pinos (pine trees)—pino real, or royal pine—pino rodeno, or clustering or circlet pine—pino majoletto, something like our "arbor vitæ"; the bastard tobacco, a straggling, graceless shrub; the cypress; the medlar (not common); the walnut-tree; the "palmera" (rare here, but common in Valencia, Granada), its graceful foliage rising from its conical-shaped, above-ground stem, almost like a bulb; the grape-vines twining, now dead and withered, over their trellis-work of stone and iron; the beautiful pimiento, or pepper-tree, combining the grace of the weeping-willow with the beauty of the acacia foliage; the acacia; here and there, though rarely, a pear, or plum, or apple tree; the licorice-tree, bearing the "oroyuz" of the Spanish peasant—the well-known Spanish licorice" of England's coughing and sore-throated population, called "glycyrrhiza," a name much akin to, although more unpronounceable than "licorice." The *twigs* of this tree are sold in every Plaza of the interior as soon as the cold weather sets in, and every poor Spanish

mother (especially in La Mancha) whose child has a "tuss" or cough (Latin, *tussis*) buys a farthing's-worth, and makes a decoction for her child. Now and again a lime-tree, with its wealth of pale, chrome-yellow fruit, and perhaps a stray ilex, or wild olive, make up the shade of the huerta of the interior.

They are, like most of the trees in the interior, stunted, but far from graceless.

Other vegetables, too, "fill up the corners": little plots of turnips, which are dug and eaten only from Christmas to March, and are, in shape, like a carrot, from the loose soil in which they grow, and which they can penetrate; carrots; remolacha, or beetroot, not at all a favourite; acelga (*Beta vulgaris*), or "white beet"; and parsley, with coliflores (cauliflowers) and col, or plain old English cabbage, are grown and eaten, but not with any great "gusto," on the part of the Spaniard of the interior.

The *black flower* of a species of turnip is also eaten at Christmas; it is supposed to be, like our "turnip-tops," a herb full of a wholesome bitter.

Before we take our leave of the huerta, I must crave leave, for fear of being thought an ignoramus, to introduce you to the herb garden, and to the lodge of the gardener.

By the way, I have omitted one plant, the dandelion (*diente de léon*), which the Spanish gardener cherishes and reveres; he sends a few leaves to the Plaza with his endive or lettuce, and all the Spaniards hold it to be a specific for liver complaints and lowness of spirits. "Is he so dejected? Let him eat salad of diente de léon and endive." "Will she not return his love, poor boy? he looks so pale, and his hands are growing so thin. Let them both, at the same hour, eat tomates."

So say the Spanish "old wives" of the interior; and, in the first case, I fancy it is not an "old wives' fable."

Wonderful is the faith of the Spaniard of the interior in "simples," and his simple faith often shows a childish, and therefore a deep providence of his God. "Why," says he, "did God put such and such a plant that heals sore throats by the river-side? Simply because in that place sore throats will be; and He who sends the sore throat sends by its side the remedy."

He will have it, that you never need have recourse to foreign drugs; that the All-Wise has planted, in each locality, on mountain side, by stagnant mere, by flowing river, or in marshy plain, the very plants which can heal and cure the diseases of that special locality.

"Why go to Peru for bark? We have a better bitter here. Why take minerals for liver when the dandelion and endive grow hard by?" So will the educated aud uneducated Spaniard often speak! I must frankly confess that, from a few months' study of English botany, I have come to exactly the same conclusion as the Spanish peasantry, namely, that the All-Wise has planted in each locality the plants which will cure the diseases of that locality.

I have experimentally tested my theory, and the experiments have more and more confirmed me in my belief, and given me a deeper respect for the science of old herbalists, and a simpler trust in the providence and love of the All-Wise.

The answer to my theory, I am well aware, will be this:—"Yes, but in England, and other highly-civilized countries, we contract, from travelling in

foreign climes, and from leading a high-pressure, artificial, and unnatural life, unnatural diseases."

That is so; and the same ship that brings the traveller home from Peru can bring with it the bark to heal his foreign disease. But if, as in the good old days (as is the case with *the Spaniards* of the interior now), we travelled but once a year, and then *slowly*, had no excitement of telegraphic messages and daily papers, I believe we should find, by the brink of the river on which our cottage stood, the specific of our home disease!

And now, here are *some* of the simples, some of the herbs, all about the garden, in little clumps, cherished with real care. Many and many a poor, careworn woman, who cannot afford the "two pesetas" for the visit of a doctor, comes here—how often have I seen it—at early morn, with her sick child, *and asks the gardener to prescribe*, and he does so. And the two cuartos (farthings) are paid, instead of two pesetas; and the same amount of good, I fancy, is done to the child. At any rate, Nature and the wisdom of God have as much to do with "the cure."

First, here are clumps of "mejorana," sweet marjoram, the *Origanum majorana* of the botanist: the leaves, boiled down, and made into tea, form a capital cordial, which is put into a drop of aguardiente, and will most surely cure hiccough and flatulence.

Here is a plant, trailing along the ground, in appearance and leaf just like a wood-strawberry; it is called by the gardener "ojo de cinquo puntas" (*i. e.*, eylet of five points); and the leaf, boiled down, is supposed to be one of the best *febrifuges* in Spain. I can find no botanical name by which to identify this plant; but I once, I believe, in an attack of fever, took it,

and the advantage I derived was marvellous. The prescription of the Spanish doctor merely said, "Febrifugii," but I believe what he gave me was the "ojo de cinquo puntas."

This is largely had recourse to by the poor, when the "calentura," that foe of the Spaniard in autumn and spring, regularly lurking in the wild campo, or by the sluggish stream, seizes him in its deadly grip.

Then there is the "flamenquilla," or yellow marigold, of the use of which I know nothing, but that it *is* used medicinally.

Then there is "pesote," a red herb, evergreen; it is boiled down into tea, and used for every sort of colic and stomach-ache, among children especially, but also among adults.

There are also green and red sage (sabia), the name being derived from the Spanish verb "saber," *to be wise;* following, therefore, the same etymology as the English words "sage," and "sage" = wise man; the "incensa," a tiny herb, with little glaucus-green, thread-thin sprigs, said by the Spanish poor to be one of the best-known cures for rheumatic pains. They boil it down, then steep wet rags in the decoction, and apply them to the parts affected.

Then there is the "ruda," or rue (*Ruda cabruna*), the bitter succulent little leaves of which are pounded or bruised and put into the ear of any one suffering from ear-ache, and are considered a sure and speedy cure. The "pita sabia," or aloe-leaved sage, is used *au naturelle* for poultices, and, as is the case with our house-leek in England, is very healing; it grows chiefly in pots, and is like a diminutive aloe, but has serrated edges. The value attached to the curative properties of this plant is something marvellous.

But I will digress no more upon "simples," hoping to give them the consideration which they deserve in another page.

There are, even now, one or two trees or plants, frequent among us, which I have forgotten to mention: the "membrilla," or quince tree, the delicious cheese of which (like our damson-cheese), called "carne de membrillo" (flesh of quince), is carried round from house to house at Christmas, for sale, and without a store of which no Spanish house-wife would face Noche-buena (Christmas-Eve); the Indian corn, or maize, which grows to an enormous height here; the arbutus tree, the pink berries of which, called "madronios," are highly esteemed as a soporific, and are given by mothers to their children to lull them to sleep, just as a Midland County mother in England would give her child "poppy-tea," or a drop of "Godfrey's cordial" (like the poor flowers of the suspiro, the berries are impaled on straws, three or four of which are sold for one farthing) — and the little plantations of mint, "menta."

So much for the Spanish "huerta," so far as its *natural* produce goes. *Very simple*, as you will have seen, is the poor Spaniard in his medicines. A Spanish peasant told me the other day that "there were two specifics worthy of heaven." The one was, a farthing's-worth of powdered magnesia put into the juice of an orange, to cure feverish symptoms; the other, to cure biliousness, was the juice of two lemons squeezed into a cup of *café noir* and drunk before breakfast. "And these two," said he, "are *the best of the best medicines!*"

Sarsaparilla, given to all the children in the hot

months as a "refresco," is the only other Spanish simple that occurs to my mind.

Beyond their own beaten path, too, the Spaniards are very ignorant. A few months since a railway-station near my home was planted with shrubs supposed to keep off *calenturas*, or fevers, by their mere presence, or, if the leaf was boiled in water, to cure them. I visited the low-lying station and looked at the young trees; I asked the porters the name. "No se," was the answer of one and all; "but they are, at any rate, calentura-trees."

Let me be pardoned if I, like the Spaniards, very ignorant, have made some slight blunders in the names of the various plants, and sometimes given the botanical name in Spanish, sometimes in Latin.

For quiet, peaceful thoughts, commend me to a garden; or a fishing-boat rocking out upon the grey sea of our south coast of England; or to talk with a child. A well-known preacher has said that "the smell of a spring flower, or the question of an innocent child," often opens and blesses the heart. Certainly, the smell of an English cowslip or primrose would, out here, bring back many thoughts of bright and happy days and green fields.

A short time since I went into the huerta above described, for a stroll round it in the grey of evening. There is, in all these huertas, a little "lodge," or two-roomed house, for the gardener; it consists of two rooms on the ground-floor, dark, and the floor simply pitched with common pitching-stones. Beds (such as they are!), dogs, cats, and rugs lie all over the floor; chairs there are hardly any. Passing up the huerta, I asked to be allowed to work a bit with the gardener's short hoe. I said, "Ah, I should work harder than

you do, and get through more work." "Bueno," was his touching and pathetic answer; "but I don't get the same food and wine that you do."

His little child, poor fellow, was dying of calentura, and when I said how deeply I felt with him, "Well," said he, "is it not best to go young? you do escape such a lot of sorrow." Was not his philosophy, stoical as it was, very fine? "Whom the gods love, die young."

One of this man's little children, at this time, plucked me a bunch of winter flowers, and gave them to me with the words, "Have you no flowers in England, Captain of Soldiers, that you come out to our huerta?"

In each of these huertas stands a tiny stone lodge. Is not this the "lodge in the garden of cucumbers" of Isaiah i.? I have often seen these tiny "lodges" surrounded by melons, to the growth of which, in late summer and autumn, the gardens are partly devoted.

I would venture to call attention to the succulent and juicy character of all the fruits and vegetables of Spain; the hard apple of England and the pear are hardly known.

And let me advise any one anxious to learn the names of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, as I was when I first came to Spain, not to ask an English-speaking guide to accompany him as an "aide," or he will surely destroy all the romance of the garden scenery.

When I first came to Spain, and attempted to botanize, I took with me as guide a Spaniard who knew a little English. All went smoothly enough until the end of my researches in the garden, when a rather

pretty flower was brought me by the gardener's child. A little idea of beauty floated peacefully in my brain. I handed it to the guide: "Pumpkin-flower, by the Lord," said he; "some of our pumpkins have a skin like ebony, and weigh from 60 to 200 lb.!"

Alas! my dream was ended! We had descended to weights and measures, and—"pumpkins." My dream was over!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WORDS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED IN SPANISH WILDS.

DURING my sojourn in the Spanish interior, few things have struck me more forcibly than the constant illustration of the words of Holy Scripture in the language, scenery, customs, &c., of the country.

Let us take a day's walk into the campo (open country) and observe this for ourselves. I shall be much surprised if you, gentle reader, do not acknowledge at the end of our excursion that you have shared my interest.

Here, ere we leave the town, comes the long string of mule-carts, shaking over the unpaved streets, and you will notice that hardly a single mule has any bit in its mouth. How, then, are they restrained? If you look more closely, you will see that each one has a small curved band of iron over the lower part of his nose, just resting on the nostrils, to which the two ropes (the only reins known in the interior) are attached. This, surely, is the true clue to the meaning of the phrase, "I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips" (2 Kings xix. 28), which, in other days, often has puzzled me. Should it not be, I speak with all deference to Hebrew Scholars, "I will put my hook *on* thy nose." In the case of an ill-tempered, or runaway mule, both the hook and the bit will be used.

This custom is not confined to the interior. If you take notice of the carriage and pair of noblemen and gentlemen in such a town, for instance, as Cadiz, you will see that the majority of the horses have only the steel or iron band across the nostrils.

"Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores," said the Divine Teacher of him who was "laid at the rich man's gate." Just before you is the casa of one of the "benignos," or "limosneros" of the town. In his porch, at his door, sits, and lies, and stands a sorrowing crowd of suppliants; some of them his old labourers, some chance visitors, many lame, who have been carried hither, or maimed, or suffering from scrofulous sores that have eaten away a part of the nose or eye. Soon the servant or mistress will come, with a little paper bag filled with coppers, and distribute them with moistening eye and lavish hand. But now there is only one attendant, a huge red dog, the typo of the interior, who looks like a cross between greyhound and mastiff, and he is licking the hands and feet of some of his old friends.

A few doors from this house is the unpretending, curtained entrance to the church; and you pass in, to kneel for one moment in its dark, quiet, incense-scented aisles, on the humble rush matting where the "devout women" are kneeling in prayer.

As you enter, a beggar, who sits daily at this "gate of the temple," pushes aside the heavy curtain, and says, with the customary whine, "Una limosna, señor, por Dios," that is, "An alms, sir, for the love of God." Were there not two men in Holy Writ of whom, also, as they entered into the "Beautiful Gate" of their temple, a beggar "asked an alms"?

If you give him a trifle, he will say "The Lord

reward thee," reminding one of the words, "The Lord reward him according to his works," or "God give you and your wife health for ever." If you do not intend to give, do not say no, that offends the Spanish temperament, but say "Perdone usted por Dios, amigo," "Pardon me, for God's sake, friend," reminding one of the words of gentle remonstrance, "Friend, I do thee no wrong."

In this porch (I am now relating only what has befallen myself) you may see, as I myself saw but the other day, the counter-type of the "certain poor widow, who threw into the treasury two mites, which make a farthing." This was what I saw. It was at a church on the outskirts of the town of Jerez. There was a dark little vestibule to the church, only separated from the noisy street by a heavy curtain. Inside that vestibule were two or three alms-boxes; over one the inscription, "Para los miños espositos" (the foundlings); over another, "Divina pastora," which means, I presume, the Virgin; over a third, "Para el culto Divino" (for public worship in churches). Inside the church, exposed to the gaze of the worshippers, were alms-boxes for the same purpose. Thus, a giver obviously had his choice of "doing his alms before men," or "not letting his left hand know what his right hand did." As I stood for a moment in this little vestibule, only lit by one tiny wax taper burning before the altar of the Virgin in the wall, in came a sailor lad, about twenty years of age. He just peeped into the church, on whose "estera," or carpet of esparto grass, many were kneeling; then drew back, as if shrinking from their gaze. He looked at the titles of the three alms-boxes; then selected that "For Divine Worship," and dropped

in some small copper coins, his "widow's mite"; knelt for one moment in the dark vestibule before the altar, and passed out into the street unobserved. I was told that his action was probably a thank-offering for preservation from shipwreck.

Inside the church, too, you will notice that only a few who attend the Misa will take a prominent place; the majority will be found in the side aisles, away from the chief altar, hardly seen in the "dim religious light" of the church, and the Spaniards have some saying about this, which is founded on Our Lord's words,—"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and, when thou hast shut the door, pray." As we pass outside the town walls we come to the several patches of ground, each with a boundary line of stones around it, and now deep in barley or wheat straw. Across and around lads are driving the "wooden instruments" (1 Chron. xxi. 23), drawn by donkeys, to thrash the corn, and huge oxen are treading it out; but you will see, in every case, that the ox is "sin bozal"—*i. e.*, the "unmuzzled ox" (Deut. xxv. 4). These oxen, in size, fat, and weight, are enormous. At night, when their work is done, they will be seen standing at the edge of the floors, and eating the rich provision littered around them, quite surprising you by their bulk and sleekness.

It was a right royal present that Ornan the Jebusite offered to David,—"The oxen for burnt-offerings, and the threshing instruments for wood, and the wheat for the meat-offering; I give it all."

These "threshing instruments" are, in appearance, like a wooden frame-work, with wooden spikes like those of an English harrow. I know not how to describe them better.

There is another Scriptural expression, "The King of Syria had destroyed them, and had made them like the dust by threshing" (2 Kings xiii. 7). Surely this word "dust" should be chaff. The Spanish straw is powdered by the threshing, and is like chaff, but even smaller. It is the only provender for the Andalucian horse, and, with a handful of barley (which takes the place of oats), is his "feed" for each day. The imagery here, then, if my theory is correct, is that of the chaff, which is not only broken up, but is so light as to be driven by the wind.

When once the crops are gathered in, the campo is left to itself, and nowhere will you see more plainly the fulfilment of the primæval curse than here in Spain. Field upon field is covered with a dense crop of thistles, looking quite spectral and skeleton-like. They are all withered, without one trace of green, and look almost like a crop of some sort, so thick do they stand, and so tall are they. Some are nine, ten, and even twelve feet high.

Other plants grace the Campo, but all of the same hard, prickly sort. Such are the small-leaved holly, which grows in the interstices of rock and stone, with its tiny, half-brown, half-green, prickly leaf, called by the peasantry of La Mancha "chaparra," a word answering to our "bramble-bush"; the "abrojo," or small, prickly thistle; and the cardo. The thistle, however, alluded to above as covering wide tracts of country, is called "pincho" in the desolate steppes of La Mancha. It is of two kinds—"blanco" and "lanudo" (woolly).

These hard leaves, apparently without juice or sap, cover the campo, and I never ride across it without

thinking of the truth of the words, " Thorns also and thistles shall the earth being forth " (Gen. iii. 18).

A walk in the interior of Spain is one of the best commentaries conceivable in that marvellous chapter in the Bible, the eighth of Deuteronomy.

It would be, were there more of the " fountains and depths " therein spoken, a " good land," with its rich ferruginous red soil, and its heat that forces vegetation on with tropical power.

In the eighth verse it is said of the Promised Land that it is " a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey "; or better, " a land of olive-tree of oil."

Early in January, every ruddy, dusty slope, that you have long trodden with weary feet, thinking it could never be productive, puts on its robe of rich, deep green—not the light, vernal green of English corn-fields, but a darker and richer green; and when you examine the crop, you will find that a part is wheat, but the greater part by far is barley and broad beans, the sevada and habas of the country, the two staple commodities for man and beast. Here, every poor man, every beggar, has his beast; if he can live, the beast can live, for both eat plenty of the barley and the beans. In every garden stand two or three old fig-trees, under whose leafy foliage is the old Moorish " noria," or well, being slowly turned by an aged mule to irrigate the garden; and in June every poor man will have his handful of brevas, large black figs, full of saccharine matter, and considered most nourishing. They are, in the interior of Spain, of very great size; but the finest are to be seen in the fruit market at Lisbon, one of the most picturesque and gaudy scenes in the world, and well worthy—I

know no sight more worthy—of the pencil of Frith or Phillip; the fruit in such profusion, and of such luscious hues, the costumes so varied, the races of those who come to sell, judging by their dress and features, so manifold.

Englishmen think oftentimes that there is no nourishment in fruit. If they could only come out here and see the thousands upon thousands who have nothing, day after day, but fruit and bread, they would say with the poor Spaniard, "Bread is good; but with fruit it is palatable and supporting."

When one wanders along the streets of the interior in October, one sees the criadas, or servants, of the great houses carrying, two and two, huge (to use an English phrase) clothes-baskets piled with enormous pomegranates. Over the walls, too, and in the gardens —aye, more, in groves exactly like our English orchards—the pomegranate-trees hang and flourish: their rich fruit, with its bright yellow rind, if not picked in time, bursts open, showing the rich deep crimson-lake colour of its flesh. Thousands of the poor live on pomegranates (we call them "granadas" here) and bread; and the juice, luscious, sweet, and yet leaving an appetizing bitter on the palate, is considered a valuable tonic by the Spanish "medicos," and also ranks high among the uncultured and uneducated, yet clever, old women of the Campo.

And as to the "olive-tree of oil" and the "honey" in the interior, your every-day walk is through groves of olive-trees. You walk from one township to another, you pass old Moorish wells, and grey crumbling walls, and gardens of melons, and gourds, and aromatic herbs; but these you soon pass from, and you find yourself, to use a Spanish expression, "among the

olives." The olive, the grey-leaved, the nutritious olive, is a short, stunted, glaucus-leaved tree, about fifteen or twenty feet high, with many stems. For miles and miles in the interior every slope of rich, red soil, covered with a loose coarse grass, is simply crowned with these dusky, stunted little trees. Most unobtrusive, they yet give life, and employment, and sustenance to thousands.

I had to walk one Sunday a journey of three miles, and my path was "through the olives." It was a lovely evening in January, the bright spring sun—for January in Spain is spring quite as much as our English March or April—was flooding with yellow light every hill-top and olive-crested slope. The olive-groves are called sometimes in Scripture "olive-yards," and the plantations of vines "vineyards"; and people narrow their ideas, and think of an English yard, and the dimensions of an English garden. But the "yard" is this—one or two square miles of hill and dale, covered with olive-trees, each planted about fourteen yards from the other, and enclosed in a high and solid, but crumbling and broken stone wall, with a door here and there. In the midst of these olives—you can hardly call them olive-groves, for that implies shelter and a forest-glade, and the stunted olives give absolutely no shade at all, or very little, to the passing traveller—stands the lonely, forlorn stone house of the olive-dresser. It is a small square house, built of massive stones, with a flat roof; two stone pillars stand in the front of the one door, with a trellice-work of rotten wood over them; leaning against the wall of the house, over this trellice-work, creeps and hangs the vine, all dead and sapless now, but, seen in summer, simply one mass

of green leaves and clusters of veritable grapes of Eshcol! In these homes of the olive-dresser are only two windows, both barred with iron, and without glass, as is the case in all the poorer houses of the interior.

This is the olive-dresser's home; and constantly you will see the master of the estate riding round "his olives," on his mettled Andalucian steed, and then, after marking one or two worthless trees, he will ride up to the door, and say, "Such and such an olive has no berries, 'Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?'" These words, once in the mouth of our Divine Master, are common in the mouth of the Spaniard of the present day. He has no mercy. Looking down from his horse, at the end of his rare visit, he will say to the olive-dresser, "Cut it down"; and the poor dresser will say,—because, surely, he has watched and tended the tree, and feels an interest in it, and hopes for it, and believes in it,—"Master, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it, and if it bear fruit, well, and if not, after that"—but not till after that—"thou shalt cut it down."

It takes twenty years to make an olive-tree fully fruitful; it takes more than twenty years, surely, to make a man fully fruitful!

Is not the parallel complete, beautiful, and striking?

In the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy it is written: "A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass" (*i. e.* copper).

Lift up your eyes, and look at the prospect before and behind you! In the background, looking like fleecy, but well-defined snowy clouds, are the mountains of the Sierra that overlooks Granada; their white, snow-covered sides and peaks absolutely run and melt

into the deep-blue evening sky! Beautiful they are!—no sight more beautiful than a range of distant snow-capped hills (a real Sierra Neveda) seen under the sun of a winter day in Spain. But we, you and I, are in a working world; and in front of us rise some fifteen or twenty high brick or stone chimneys: these are the chimneys of the mines, of the mineral mines, lying right under and along the Sierra Morena!

Lead and silver, in small quantities with the lead, are found in profuse abundance in the Sierra Morena and also copper and iron—not in the valleys, but in the hills; indeed, in some places, as at Belmès, a township of this Sierra, the copper and iron and coal mines, although little worked, are, perhaps, some of the richest in the world.

The quicksilver-mines of Almanden, a town on the boundary-line between Andalucia and Estremadura, giving employment throughout the winter to some three or four thousand men; the copper-mines* of

* The following graphic description of the copper-mines of Rio Tinto is from the pen of a modern writer:—"The village is about a mile from the mines; the immediate approach is like a minor infernal region, the road being made of burnt ashes and escoriæ, and the walls of the houses being composed of lava-like dross. The inhabitants, haggard miners, creep about, fit denizens of such a place. . . . . The view is striking from the hill; below lies the village, with its tinged river (Rio Tinto), a green coppery stream, which winds under a bank of firs, *la mesa de los pinos*, and through a cistus-clad valley. To the left rises the ragged copper-hill, wrapt in sulphureous wreaths of smoke, from the bowels of which the river flows out. . . . . The stout miners who drive the iron wedges into the rock before blasting, work almost naked in a temperature of 80° Fahrenheit, their few clothes drenched with perspiration. The scene is gloomy, the air close and poisonous. Here and there figures, with lamps on their breasts, flit about, and disappear. . . . . The copper is found in an iron pyrite, and yields about 5 per cent."

Rio Tinto, in Andalucia; the coal-mines of Arnao, a village in Leon; the iron-mines of Abando, near Bilbao,—these, with their teeming, well-paid populations and wealthy owners, if once visited, will give some idea of the truth of the Scriptural expression, "A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig copper," as denoting a people wealthy, well employed, and powerful.

In the barren, brown, dreary steppes of the province of La Mancha (probably so called from the Arabic Manxa, dry land), may be seen the plague of locusts. "When it was morning, the east wind brought the locusts. And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt . . . very grievous were they. . . . For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field." Exod. x: 13, 14, 15.

To this day that scene is acted out in La Mancha and Estremadura. The east wind (called "levante" in parts of Spain, and dreaded for its unhealthiness) brings the locusts; like a dark cloud they sweep over the land, sparing no herb save the tomato. The poor Manchegan peasant will feed his pigs with them, but I believe will not eat them himself. Sometimes the soldiers are called in to wage war against and burn the swept-up heaps of the locusts.

Sometimes one of these swarms of locusts will settle on the plains of Andalucia that border on La Mancha, and eat all the herbs of the field, leaving a desolate wilderness in their train, as another wind sweeps them away.

Sometimes, too, they will come after the hail, the fall of which is sometimes a really serious matter: it sounds like the pattering of a shower of bullets upon the earth.

If you should enter some lordly house and ask for food, the patriarchal scene of Genesis xviii. 7. will be acted over again. No beef is killed, and no mutton can be hung for a single night during the greater part of the year; kids and fowls, however, are at hand, and a Spanish servant will go to the little flock of goats browsing hard by on the prickly aromatic herbs, and bring two kids under his arms, or a live fowl. In your presence he will feel whether it be tender or no, and then slay and cook it without more ado. "Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf tender and good, and gave it unto a young man; and he hasted to dress it." Here, too, is the flock, not driven, as in England, before the herdsman, but led by him. The several sheep or goats (for sheep and goats are here) know their master, and are known of him. And see two flocks of goats meet, and, lo! each flock follows its own herdsman, and "a stranger will they not follow." Here, too, comes a string of mules and horses, and round the neck of each leader is hung a bell (Zech. xiv. 20), and often an inscription on the collar by which it hangs. Here, too, is the maiden, her pitcher poised upon her head, going to fetch water from the purest spring. See how gracefully she carries it, her silver earrings tinkling as she goes. The constant form of address heard among the middle and lower classes, again, is "hombre" (man), "muger" (woman), implying no disrespect, reminding one forcibly of our blessed Lord's words, —"Woman, what have I to do with thee?"

Or St. Peter's,—"Man, I know not what thou sayest."

Riding across the Campo, you will come to many gulleys, some dry, some with a little water trickling from stone to stone; and wherever these gulleys are, their course is marked by a fringe of trees and a carpet of rich green, looking like a little Paradise amid the desert of sand and thistles. Looking on such a scene, I have often felt the full beauty and graphic truth of that simile in the Bible,—"He shall be like a tree planted by the water-side"; and one understands the full force of the imagery of the inspired but unhappy seer in the Book of Numbers,—"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side . . . and as cedar-trees beside the waters!"

The eagles flocking to the carcase; the hunted stag panting for the water-brooks; the young child and his mother riding on the ass, and father, staff in hand, following hard behind, journeying by night for some distant town; the heavens at mid-day "as brass"; the long lines of oxen drawing the plough; the oft-heard request, "Give me, I pray thee, a drop of water to drink, for I am thirsty"; the rose-pink oleanders (those lilies of the field) sleeping along the marshy brink of every stream; the wine-carrier with his huge leathern pigskin of wine; the gitano with his small bottle of pigskin for his journey; the treasure hid in the garden; the kiss (St. Luke vii. 45) so constantly given to your hand by any poor man whom you have served or helped; the sea falling on the rock or among the thorns,—all these sights and sounds the wanderer in Spain will daily see and hear.

But we must hurry home, every single stranger, rich or poor, saluting us with "Vaya usted con Dios" as we pass along. The sun, like a golden ball, is just sinking beneath the horizon, and in one quarter of an hour the pall of the evening will have fallen upon us. Truly "the night cometh," cometh in a moment, making walking or working impossible; the night "when no man can work."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STRING OF SPANISH ANECDOTES.

My English friends have a somewhat exaggerated notion of the wit and the clever proverbs of Spain. They have often asked me to send them home a "string of anecdotes, and of proverbs common among us out here."

This is always a hard task, because "a string of anecdotes and proverbs" is a something that has no bottom to it unless the anecdotes partake of the marvellous and the proverbs be singularly clever.

However, I will brave criticism, and jot down a few particulars from my journal, which may, at least, serve to give English friends some idea of Spanish life and character. And I will do so the more readily, because more serious themes are so shortly to be entered upon in this work.

As to proverbs, I have not only heard but experienced some very true and shrewd ones. A few days since I was supping in the house of a friend. My chair was against the wall, and our kind host, hostess, and party were sitting in front of me, round the table. Contrary to my wont, I had (unhappily) told to one of the party what was voted a clever story some days before. Asked to repeat it, I refused; pressed still more, I refused again. My host rose, with carving-knife brandished. Instantly his daughter understood him, and readily quoted a well-known

Spanish proverb, "Entre la espada y la pared" (*Anglicè*, "For a man between the sword and the wall there is no refusal"). Of course I had to repeat in bad Spanish my bad story.

In Spain, as Spain now is, the proverb is one of frequent application. It is also a very old and trite one, used specially among the lower classes in cases of pecuniary need. I am not aware of any proverb in England so refined. We say, "The man was hard-up," or "up a tree"; the lowest Spaniard, when his friend has to sell off, will say, "Pobre, entre la espada y la pared, qué?"

A short time since, at the call of duty, I had to journey six miles by night, revolver in breast, ready cocked, in one of the most unsafe and badly-made roads of the interior. The journey was made in a springless mule-cart, with a kicking and obstinate mule. Several times we were shaken out of our seats; but in the journeys of the interior that is nothing at all. At last, however, down we went, and up again, like a tiny boat crossing one of the long swells of a south coast bar. I was thrown from my seat so roughly, that the finger I had twined in one of the iron rings of the cart was badly sprained (to this day I cannot make much use of it), and I was on my back in the cart. I said to the driver, "Señor, how long is this surf to continue?"—"Muy bien," was his quiet answer, as he smoked his shattered cigarillo (for he too had suffered), "a mule-cart journey is like life, all ups and downs; and, like life, we must bear it, and laugh it out." The proverb "A mule-journey is like life," was, I found, one common among the muleteers of the interior. I give one more Spanish saying, for I cannot call it proverb. A friend

of mine fell in the road—fell heavily. Since he was not stabbed or shot, and no one could be blamed, several came to his assistance. One, in lifting him up, said,—"Si no lo cojo, se cae;" *i.e.*, "If he had not been lame, he would have fallen"—an equivalent to our English saying, that "Drunken men are never run over," I suppose. The proverbs and sayings in the interior are so rough, and oftentimes so indecent, that I dismiss them for the present.

The Spaniards are much more unprincipled, but much more full of heart, than Englishmen. Hear two or three instances.

The other day I was staying in a seaport and barrack town. I was smoking my cigarillo up and down the sea-front, where the barracks are situated, and leaning over the sea-wall, listening to the mew of the sea-gulls, and the monotonous, but ever wild and beautiful, washing of the sea-waves against the bastions. The night was dark, the walk unlighted. Suddenly I heard the loud, almost hysterical weeping of some unhappy woman, and turning round, I saw a black figure flit across the road, and throw herself down against the sea-wall. "She could not have seen me," thought I, "so it is no *ruse* to get money; besides, it is very late; she must be in trouble." I went up to her, and asked her to stay her weeping for a moment, and let me try and help her.

Her story was very simple. Her husband was a private soldier, married before he was twenty-five, (which is against the Spanish law, as every man till twenty-five is supposed to be at the disposal of his country, his first wife!) and was ill in "El Hospital del Rey" (the Royal Hospital). She had nothing for herself, or for the babe in her arms, a tiny child, not

two months old. I pressed a few coppers into her hand; they were instantly restored to me. I asked why? She said, "Your coppers won't make my husband well." At last the poor, homeless, suffering creature took the money at my entreaty, and I got her up from her cold bed, and forced her to go and seek a lodging for herself and her babe.

Alas! this sound of woman's weeping is very common in Spain! A woman here shows her feelings, whether poor or rich, just as in England a woman, whether poor or rich, stifles her feelings. Constantly, when their begging has failed, or they have been robbed, or turned out upon the streets, one hears at night the suppressed sobs, or the loud, hysterical weeping of some unhappy sister. I must say here that, not once or twice, but constantly, when I have offered these poor suffering mothers money, they have absolutely refused to touch it, and let it fall upon the pavement.

One more instance of Spanish heart. I spoke to a Spanish boatman once about a suffering fellow-creature whom he knew, a woman who was what we should call in England "taking on" about the loss of her mother. I asked him to calm her and help her. "Ah, Señor," said he, "what's the good, her grief is very natural (muy natural), and what is according to Nature must be right."

Yet one more instance of Spanish heart. I speak only of what I have seen. An English sailor came on shore; he had plenty of cash, he met with Spaniards, treated them all round, and was lying in the street dead-drunk himself. The Spaniards came back, took his purse out of his pocket, carried him to his home or bed, and in the morning restored him his

purse. "Poor fellow!" said one of the Spanish sailors to me; "poor lad! he is an Englishman, and it is muy natural for him to drink! They all drink, they say, because it gives them strength. I think, and tell them, they drink because they like it." I could not help thinking of the old story of the negro,—"Massa no drinkee for dry, massa drinkee for drunk."

There is another sight in Spain, one of daily occurrence, that betokens heart in the people. Go to the towns of the interior, rough as they are,—go to Malaga, go to Cadiz,—and you will see this sight: a lot of poor beggars around the doors of the private houses, and the mistress herself coming down fifty steps to relieve them. She comes down, she pulls a little paper parcel out of her pocket (poor though she herself may be), and she gives each suffering brother or sister a little (poco-poco). Constantly, while you are buying a cigar or necktie, the shopman leaves the counter to put a farthing, his little offering, "por la Caridad," into the hands of some whining beggar at his door. Of old, "begging-tickets" (*i.e.*, permission to get your livelihood by begging) were issued by the Government to the poor; sometimes even to their own wounded or discharged soldiers! now I am told (but I do not know) that this practice is discontinued.

As to laws and justice, the poor Spaniards look up to the English greatly. My poor boatman, a few days since, lent his boat to two of his own countrymen to shoot wild-fowl towards the north of the Guadalquivir. A squall and unlooked-for tidal-rising came on. The men got the boat to the shore, and, frightened, jumped on land without making her fast. The boat was carried out into the current, and she

landed five miles lower down, grievously broken. "Well," said I, "no odds to you; they'll pay you." —"Will they?" said the poor fellow, "not a stiver. I cannot force them, and they haven't got much corazon or conscientia. Let me be at Liverpool for poor man's justice; we don't get it in Spain!"

I believe this is true; you must bribe the judge to get justice. Still, we must be fair. In Spanish trials, civil as well as criminal, no matter how long they last, the Government pays a barrister to defend the accused. As I have before said, and I think not without reason, the Spanish laws are the best in the known world; but they are never carried out. A short while back one of my friends was engaged in a lawsuit. His adversary carried the suit from one court to another. At last the suit was given against my friend; he was to pay £200. "I can't, and won't pay it," he said (he had been living in Spain for thirty years). At last the officials came down to him and said, "Well, what *can* you pay?"— "Twenty pounds," said he.—"Muy bien," said the officials; and with a £20 payment he escaped.

The Spaniards have plenty of kind-heartedness, but they are prone to cowardice, and blasphemy too. Possibly those two go together.

A common saying here is, or rather was, when E. Castelar was in full favour, "Castelar is the Christ of 1873!" One trembles to write such words—one would not, were they not daily said.

Another Spanish blasphemy is this—it is a very low one. A man, to defy those who quarrel with him, says, "I trample upon ten such as you." The Spanish word for ten is "diez"; and for God, "Dios." So the speaker, if blasphemously inclined, pronounces the

word Dios, and thus says, "I trample upon God." This is not at all uncommon.

Spaniards are sometimes not courageous. A few days back two men quarrelled in the street. One drew his knife, the other rushed down the street. Every one of us thought a murder was going to be committed. But not at all. Suddenly the pursued man stopped, threw up his stick, and said to his pursuer,—"Where the —— are you coming to?" The hero with the knife turned tail and bolted.

One or two more instances of Spanish character. A man was, a short time ago, close to my house, tempted to abstract money from the accounts of his employers. His conscience smote him; he could not bear it; he went to the priest, and said,—"I have taken this; please restore it." This the priest did, and the man's conscience was, doubtless, eased. Alas! poor fellow, the money had been missed; the amount of defalcation was known; he was found out—though the priest did not betray him—and dismissed. He said, however, "Better wander with an empty stomach than a full heart."

I was walking, a short time ago, with a Spanish sailor—I see many of them—and he said to me, "How well your land is governed." I rejoined, "You, too, are well governed under Castelar."

It was all over with me. "What?" said he, "you dare to talk about well governed by —— Castelar! First, he promised to throw the Church overboard, and he has not done it. Next, he promised nothing but an army of Voluntarios, and he hasn't kept his promise. And, thirdly, since Emilio is not a true man, we shall soon see another revolution, and Pi y Margall and the Cantonal system come in. As to the

revolution in Spain, I shan't live to see the end of that."

I wonder if there is any consecutiveness in what I am writing? I fear not. Nevertheless, I still write on.

Here are two or three good anecdotes.

I was paying a little account when I first entered this country, and I said to the poor servant, offering two pieces of money, "Which is the right one?" She looked keenly at me, half-smilingly, and then said, pointing to the larger piece, "If you ask me which is the right one, *this* is the right one—for me."

A little Spanish girl had a good sound whipping administered to her by her governess. She was twelve years of age! After the whipping, the child drew herself up, and said,—"Do you know whom you have whipped? Why, my grandmother was married at twelve years of age!"

Two Spanish lads, each about nine or ten years, were fighting for the possession of an arm-chair in a friend's house. At last the younger had to give in. The elder seated himself demurely in the hardly-won chair. The other boy came up with a serious face; "Charlie," he said, "don't, I pray you, sit in that chair, for it is full of bugs!" The big boy jumped up. Instantly the little one (the vanquished) took the seat. "What," said the other, "I thought you said it was full of bugs!"—"Yes," was the rejoinder, "but they are bugs that don't hurt me."

The Spanish peasant when "off duty" has absolutely nothing to do. He will sit for hours smoking his cigarillos in the courtyard, and doing and thinking of nothing. I said to one old man this summer, who was smoking his cigarillo in my courtyard, "What think you of my dog for killing five chickens

this morning." He smoked on, and gave no answer. I went out for a walk, and came back in about two hours. He was still sitting smoking there, on the self-same stone. As I entered the yard, he said, "I have formed my opinion." To what he alluded I could not think. But he explained the difficulty. Shaking his bald head gravely, he said, "Un perro, mucho, mucho malo," *i.e.* vulgar Spanish for "a very, very bad dog."

The dog and his delinquencies had been brooding in the poor fellow's brain the whole time, and nothing else!

CHAPTER XXX.

TWO SPANISH EPITAPHS.

Ay ! há passado en juventud lozana,
Cual hoja tierna que arrebata el viento :
El árbol puede florecer mañana ;
Ella no puede recobrar su aliento.
Tan solo alcanza la piedad Christiana
A mitigar el grave sentimiento,
Ofreciéndola allá en la eterna cumbre
Más vida, más amor, más pura lumbre.

From the Spanish of Narciso Campillo.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

To-morrow shall the spray with flowers be shining,
Whose last fair blossom earthward floats to-day :
Yet, though the flowret of our years declining
Hath fall'n, none other blooms upon its spray !
We do not murmur, we are not forsaken
Of comfort : mid our tears one hope burns bright,
She who, o'erflowing with life and love, was taken,
Hath found the fullness of all love and light !

EPITAPH ON THE GRAVE OF AN INFANT.

I.

Weep not for those who, like this babe, have passed
Untir'd and early to a blest repose :
Along *their* road, Life had no time to cast
Those shadows that oft deepen to its close.

II.

But weep (if weep thou wilt) for those who claim
Thy pity more : those joyless sons who fail
To bless or be blest, winning deathless name :
Whose life, when o'er, is but an idle tale !

III.

How many, ah ! how many an one might say,
Were from his trifling lips the truth beguiled,
"Better for me, had I too passed away
(I had, at least, passed simple) as this child !"

CHAPTER XXXI.

A WEEK'S SHOOTING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GALICIA.

AFTER a residence of several months in Madrid, I decided on making a shooting excursion somewhere, and as I was quite abroad as to where to go, I took the only and most natural course, *i. e.* I inquired amongst my friends.

Among a multitude of advisers, I adopted the suggestion of one who had lived in Spain about thirty years, and this was to go to Brañuelas, in the province of Galicia; and as, at the same time, he offered me letters of introduction to some of the principal cazadores (sportsmen) of the place, I considered I had fair grounds for following his advice.

Accordingly I packed up my traps, and started northward, on as bitterly cold a night in March as it has ever been my luck to set out on a journey. The route to Brañuelas is in itself worthy of the journey; for, first, as you enter the Guadarama mountains, you pass well within sight of the famous gridiron of St. Laurence, or, in other words, the Escorial. Luckily, too, the moon was about full that night, and consequently I got a good view of it. The route through the Guadaramas is also very fine, the mountains being covered with snow, and shadowed over by tall, ghastly-looking pines. Once through these, however, and Avila passed, the journey became

more uninteresting, as the flat rich plains of the two Castiles, the great corn-producing provinces of Spain, were not calculated to excite enthusiasm in the breast of an ordinary traveller. We reached Leon soon after ten o'clock, and there I remained a few days. This, although now in a state of lamentable decay, impressed me as the grandest old town I had ever seen. A great friend of mine, an eminent Spanish architect, was, at the time, employed in restoring the well-known cathedral, and in his company and that of his young English wife I passed some of the pleasantest days I have ever spent—days that I would willingly have prolonged, but that I was loath to lose time at the then advanced period of the shooting-season.

I was joined at Leon by Don Manuel Diaz, Cura of the village of Yacos, one of the cazadores to whom I had a letter of introduction, and one of the best shots of the neighbourhood. In his company, I proceeded to Brañuelas, which I may here observe is, or was, the terminus of the North-West Railway to the coast, and the station where diligences met the train to pick up passengers for La Coruña.

In the station there existed a fonda kept by a French couple, to whose care I was especially recommended by their chief, the manager of the line, and here I decided on taking up my head-quarters.

The time of year I had chosen for my trip was, in some respects, unfortunate, as, besides the increased wildness of all kinds of game, my clerical fellow-sportsmen were a good deal occupied in their Lenten duties. Owing to this last circumstance, for the first few days I was left to my own resources, and could do nothing but wander about the hills alone with my gun and a solemn old Spanish pointer, and employ my time as

best I was able, in shooting what I could, and learning what I could of the ways and living of the natives.

The village of Brañuelas, containing, I suppose, some two hundred inhabitants, consists entirely of cottages constructed on the most primitive plan. These are all of one story, made of mud, with a simple hole in the roof to form the chimney. The Cura's house differed in no respect from its neighbours; and although he was, I suppose, the man with the largest fixed income about the place, yet, as his stipend of £20 a year had not been paid since the Revolution of 1868, he was, at the time I made his acquaintance, in rather narrow circumstances. His dress was even then far from ostentatious; and, as he was in the habit of tearing off pieces of his coat to serve as wadding, I am afraid, unless matters have since mended with him, his raiment will by now be of the scantiest proportions. He seemed thoroughly happy and contented with his lot, however; and one day, when I asked him if he would like to be made a bishop, he answered that he would not exchange his free life of priest and sportsman for the restrained honours of episcopal dignity.

I passed a good time, as Americans say, mooning about these first few days, and had fair sport with partridges (red-legs), and a good deal of provocation with any quantity of snipe, which, with my No. 7 shot, were not as knock-downable as I could have wished. Nevertheless, I managed—partly, I am fain to confess, owing to their excessive tameness and confidence in man—to bag sufficient to convince my Spanish friends of their excellence on the table, a fact of which they were sadly ignorant; indeed, they

never shoot at snipe, not considering them worth the ammunition; and, perhaps, as they shoot to live, and as powder and shot are both scarce and very dear in that part, they have some grounds for their forbearance.

The country round Brañuelas is very wild, and reminded me of the Scotch moors; the more so as the hills were covered with what, to my unbotanical eyes, appeared to be a species of heather.

Over these hills a person may wander for miles without meeting any one, except a shepherd, charged with the care of flocks of sheep or goats belonging to various owners, whose chief or only wealth they represent. The life of these shepherds is an odd one; they go out with their charges, and, perhaps, a pair of rough, savage dogs, taking with them a portion of coarse bread, sufficient to last a week or ten days; and till this ration is finished, they are seen no more, but live and sleep with their flocks on the open hills, sometimes with one or two companions, and sometimes entirely alone. It must be a desolate life theirs, without other intercourse with their fellows than the chance meeting with a cazador, or their brief stays in the villages, when they return for fresh supplies.

In one of my walks I came across the Campo Santo, and will mention a circumstance which struck me at the time as a novelty, and which I have never seen since.

The cemetery consisted of a walled piece of ground, say half an acre in extent; and although the inhabitants of the village are few, and the mortality small, still, in the course of years and nature, it is evident that so circumscribed a space must necessarily become crowded after a time. This, indeed, happens;

but for the evil the clerical authorities have provided the following remedy, which is, to make the burial-ground an essentially temporary resting-place, and when it becomes inconveniently full, to remove the oldest inhabitant (possession in this case giving no title) to an open porch beside the church, in order to make way for his successor; and in this porch you may see skulls and bones of every description lying mixed up together, exposed alike to the weather and to the gaze of their (the bones') church-going descendants.

From the solemn to the ridiculous,—I must first mention one incident that occurred in one of my walks with the priest of the place, and then I will go on with our sport further ahead.

One afternoon, as we were coming home, a hare started up in front of my friend, who blazed away at it as soon as he could persuade his rusty old flint-gun to go off. (I suppose by the time he fired the hare was two hundred yards off.) He missed it, as might not unnaturally have been expected, and having done so, started off running as hard as he could in pursuit, and vanished out of sight. When he returned, which he did after a few minutes, he explained to me that this greyhound-like proceeding was not due to the confidence he had in overtaking the hare, but merely to the excitement of the moment. This is an instance of zeal I have never seen surpassed.

A few days after the occurrence of the incident just referred to, we organized our party for the caza mayor, and started for the higher Sierra, about four or five leagues from Brañuelas. This party was made up of six guns, Don Manuel Diaz, the Cura of Brañuelas, an Astorgan innkeeper, a professional cazador, a certain priest called Don Pablo, and myself. We were accom-

panied by half-a-dozen countrymen, who were to serve as beaters, and about the same number of dogs, of noted qualities and uncertain pedigrees.

We set off as soon as it was light—Don Pablo and the Astorgan riding animals which I was told were ponies, but which looked like rats, the rest of us walking. I had been offered a similar mount; but although a cross-country man in my day, I preferred to take the chance of my own legs in scaling up and sliding down the steep hills, rather than undergo the same processes on the back of one of the weedy quadrupeds in question — in justice to which, however, I must acknowledge that they fully justified the confidence of their masters, and never so much as made a false step. The rest of our cavalcade comprised an old mule, which carried our ammunition and blankets.

The pueblo where we intended to put up was called "Boca del Infierno," which we reached about mid-day, and, sending our traps on to the fonda, we started, after a hearty luncheon and smoke on the hill-side, to reconnoitre the ground, and stretch our legs, as it were, after our morning's walk. At about six o'clock we returned to the fonda, all of us ready for supper and rest. Here, as the word fonda, and still more its English equivalent "inn," is more than likely to mislead the unwary, I had, perhaps, better describe our resting-place in full.

It was a mud house of some pretension, insomuch as it was two stories high; the first of which was formed by two rooms, the largest being for the cows, and the smaller for the family. Indeed, this last played a very important part in the domestic arrangements of the house, for it served at once as sleeping-

room for the father and mother, their several sons and daughters of different ages (one a baby), as a poultry-house for the cocks and hens, as a sleeping-place for the goats, as a lodging-room for travellers, as general sitting-room, and as kitchen. The second story consisted of one room, reached by means of a ladder from outside, and which served as a store-room and spare bed-room.

Our choice being comparatively limited, our arrangements were soon made, and it was decided that Don Manuel, Don Pablo, and the Astorgan should occupy the room above, while I was to sleep on a wooden bench on one side of the fire in the room of many purposes below, an opposite bench being destined for the Cura of Brañuelas and the cazador.

Our sleeping-places being thus provided for, our next thought was that of supper, of which I here append a detailed bill of fare.

The first dish was served in a large round earthenware pan, and consisted of large pieces of bread cut up, over which was poured a kind of soup, hot and good, and to this we all helped ourselves with wooden spoons. This was followed by deer's liver, potatoes, and home-made sausages. I don't know whether this fare was really as excellent as I then thought it, or whether our keen appreciation of it was due in part to the fine air we breathed, and the exercise we had taken. I can only say that I enjoyed it more than many a conventional dinner I have partaken of before or since.

As soon as supper was over, we climbed down the ladder, and made our way to the fire below, to mingle the smoke of our tobacco with that of the smouldering logs. I need hardly say that the chimney was of the

usual construction, viz., a mere hole in the roof,—which contrivance seemed to have very little effect on the smoke, as the room was nearly full of it.

We had neither candles nor any other light, save that of the fire or a lighted piece of stick, which a younger son of the house occasionally lit, and held up for our satisfaction.

It was a novelty, however, to sit in that shadowy light with the dogs crowding round the fire, and we had altogether rather a pleasant smoke as we sat and talked of sport and sporting. We went to our respective sleeping-places early, and passed the night, at least I can answer for myself, in as sound a sleep as need be wished for, undisturbed either by the crowing of the cock, which roosted over my head, or by the squalling of the baby.

The next morning we were up soon after daybreak, and our breakfast, of new milk, bread-and-butter, washed down by aguardiente, despatched, we set out for the business of the day.

The *modus operandi* of shooting in those sierras is that of a succession of drives. The guns are posted about halfway up the mountain side, sheltered by some piece of projecting rock, or concealed by the high heather(?); while the dogs and men beat the valley below, shouting and blowing horns (of course, I refer to the men), to start the game, which, when on foot, almost always makes upward. Experienced cazadores are able to judge the places most likely for game to pass, and at these the guns are posted.

In the first drive, the Cura of Brañuelas, who zealously accompanied the beaters, stumbled almost right upon a wild sow and her brood of young ones; but, as (common mishap) his gun refused to go off,

the interesting family escaped unharmed. Presently the dogs began to give tongue, and, after a few minutes of expectation, I saw two corzos (a kind of small deer rather resembling the roebuck) make up the mountain in a direction which I thought ought to bring them within range of Don Pablo's ambush; nor was I mistaken, as the report of a gun soon assured me, but which was followed by no visible result, but that of making the frightened deer spring away with their splendidly free, bounding movement, rather quicker than before.

When one valley has been driven, the same process is gone through in another; and in the second one, Don Pablo distinguished himself by knocking over a fine buck, and I by missing another one.

During the last drive of the day, I got a good shot at a doe, which went away, my friends declared, unhurt. As I thought differently, however, the dogs were laid on the scent, and a beater despatched to follow. To my entire satisfaction, it turned out that my judgment had been correct, for, as we were having our after-supper smoke, the man returned carrying on his shoulders the then dead doe. I may acknowledge that we were tired when we got home that night, and glad to go to bed; and Don Pablo, on finishing his orations, which all the priests strictly performed both night and morning, exclaimed, "There, I have done," in such a tone of evident satisfaction, that we none of us could help laughing.

On the following day I got my first, and, alas! last sight of wild boar, which were, for some reason or other, very scarce, though we saw plenty of signs of them. It was towards evening, when, posted in a particularly rugged spot, I heard the dogs give

tongue, and, after a few minutes, saw two fine old boars gallop up a stony path. I blazed away at the nearest, but whether he was out of shot (as I hope), or whether I missed him, the result was the same—*nil.*

At that moment, as I had often done before, I bitterly regretted that I had not provided myself with a rifle, as many were the tempting chances I lost at deer, which most provokingly passed me out of range of my double-barrel, loaded with large shot, of the size which would, I suppose, correspond to buck-shot.

One day, Don Manuel got a very long shot at a wolf, which he missed. And this reminds me that it may, perhaps, be interesting to remark that among the wolves which abound in those mountains, there existed, at the time of my stay in them, a celebrated man-eating one, which had killed a woman and one or two children, and for whose death the authorities had offered a reward of £20.

Among the game we didn't see, I may mention the large red-deer, which are frequently seen at an earlier period of the year, and bears, seen only occasionally.

A short time before my arrival at Brañuelas, a young railway *employé*, going out gunning for the first time, came across one of the latter, and (probably the first time he had fired off a gun) killed it. Any way, whether through luck or skill, it was a good beginning, and a fortunate one for him, as a bear is of considerable value, both for its skin and meat.

We stayed five days at Boca del Infierno, during which time our bag amounted to seventeen corzos, a few partridges, and one hare. Perhaps as a total this may sound insignificant to those accustomed to read

the returns of killed in some large battue, but to these I must explain, firstly, that our party should have been at least double in number, as it is impossible to make an effective drive with only six guns; secondly, that we were, at any rate, a month too late in the year; and, thirdly, that none of us were armed in an effective manner, for, with the exception of Don Manuel and myself, the others were only provided with old flint-guns of the most antique pattern, which you might safely back to burst or miss fire oftener than to go off. Still, even with these weapons, some of the cazadores of the district were wonderfully good shots; and, indeed, there is a story of a celebrated marksman, who, when wishing to attract the attention of a distant friend, was in the habit of firing a shot through his cap, *à la* William Tell, which, I am told, had generally the desired effect of making him turn round. As I never saw this feat performed myself, I, consequently, do not vouch for its entire accuracy, but merely give the tale as it was told to me.

For my part, I was thoroughly satisfied with our excursion, and wouldn't have exchanged our sport for a succession of the largest battues.

The scenery of these mountains—whose name, if I ever knew it, I now forget—was splendid. People who have seen both, have since told me that these are very like those of Switzerland; and I can quite believe them. The variety of scenery is surprising. In places the mountains are extremely rugged, and covered with snow; in others they are covered with broom and heather (?), with plantations of dwarf oaks scattered about; while such of the valleys as are not covered with the same (*i. e.*, heather and oak), are with the greenest grass, and through nearly all of

these run streams of the clearest water, supplied by waterfalls, which flow from the mountains at every turn.

These streams abound with fish, especially trout, and make me grieve over the defect in my education which had not made me a fisherman. The trout are caught in large quantities—a good many, I am sorry to say, in nets; and of their excellence I here make my grateful record.

I can imagine nothing more calculated to give an idea of wild freedom than to be posted in one of these sierras—a sense of grand loneliness which I thoroughly enjoyed.

At the end of five days, as I have said, we returned to Brañuelas, in order to allow my clerical friends to perform their Sunday duties. The proceeds of sport were equally divided amongst us, and either sold, smoked, or, as in my case, distributed amongst our friends.

During my stay in Brañuelas we made several excursions of this kind; but as on paper a description of these would necessarily be monotonous, though ever varied in themselves, a sketch of our first and best expedition may fairly suffice as a specimen of them all.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

ALTHOUGH bull-fighting may be, and in fact is, a hackneyed subject to write about, still, as it is in the present day an essentially Spanish institution (excepting its more or less weak imitations in the South American republics), perhaps a book about Spain and its customs would hardly be complete without some reference to what is, evenin its decline, the national sport of the country.

Bull-fights may be divided into two classes—viz., regular and irregular; and, to begin at the beginning, I will commence with the first.

In these only bulls of the best breeds are selected, which are not eligible under five years old, the men engaged being the best that can be obtained—in fact, the stars of the profession.

The bulls for the Corridas de Toros (regular bull-fights) are bred with great care for this special purpose, the most celebrated herds being those of the Dukes of Osuna and Seraguas, and of Don Antonio Miura; and very handsome is this fine breed of cattle, deep-chested, straight-backed animals, which, standing on clean, slender legs, look almost as much like racing as a Derby favourite. Their fine, thorough-bred head, surmounted by fine, tapering, upright horns, is well put on to a graceful neck, and differs considerably from the heavy, massive front of an English bull; indeed,

the beautiful head borne by these cattle more resembles that of a stag, to which animal they may also be compared in their wonderful activity and jumping powers. The colours usually predominant are fawn, more or less light, with dark muzzles and ears; dark dun, relieved by lighter shades in places; black and red; occasionally an admixture of white will be found, but this is rare, and is probably due to some foreign cross. In size and weight, I suppose, the Spanish bulls used for the ring differ but little from the Ayrshires.

When a number of bulls are "wanted," they are generally driven to the place where the corrida is to take place, and sometimes to the nearest bull-ring, where they are put into covered vans and sent on by railway. The act of getting them into the ring, or rather into the yard adjoining it, is called the "encierro," and is performed in the following manner. When within a short distance of the town, a halt is made in some secluded spot, and the approach of night waited for. At about eleven or twelve o'clock trained oxen, with large bells hung round their necks, are driven out to meet the bulls, which, being accustomed from their youth upwards to regard the tinkling of these bells as a symbol of leadership, immediately cluster round them. The herd is then put in motion, the bell-oxen lead at a trot, the bulls follow, and the mounted herdsmen, armed with long goads, bring up the rear. As soon as the well-known bull-ring comes in sight, the oxen break from a trot into a gallop, the men shout, and in a wild rush of trampling hoofs bulls and oxen disappear into the coral (yard) through the large, widely-open door, which immediately closes on them once they are inside.

Such is the encierro, if all goes favourably; but it often enough happens that when close to the ring the bulls take fright at something, turn round, and gallop back into the open country, and the cabestros, or bell-oxen, have then again to be driven out to collect their scattered followers. When this rout has once taken place, it is frequently followed by a succession of similar mishaps, and instances have been known when the announced bull-fight has been postponed, owing to the impossibility of housing the bulls the night before. The evening when an encierro is to take place in Madrid—and in writing of "regular bull-fights" I refer to that town—a strong, movable wooden paling, five feet high, is placed round the plaza, so as to cut it off, as far as possible, from the streets which of late years have grown into existence around it, and behind which, if only provided with a little patience, one can watch the driving in with tolerable security.

Adjoining the corral is the toril, a large covered space, divided into loose boxes, as one may call them, with a passage down the middle, at each end of which there is a door, one opening on to the corral, and the other on to the ring; and the object of the "apartado," or separation of the bulls, which takes place on the day of the corrida at about one o'clock, is to get each bull into one of these boxes, so that he may be let loose into the arena as he may be required.

Having provided oneself with the necessary ticket of admission for seeing this effected, one is admitted to a gallery or bridge which runs across the corral, and from which the bulls below may be surveyed in safety. When the intervening door between the corral and the toril is opened, the cabestros again take the lead by

turning into the passage, followed by one, two, or more bulls, as the case may be, which the herdsmen from above, with their long goads, direct into the boxes, closing the door, which is worked from the top, as soon as a bull is inside what may appropriately be termed the condemned cell, and so on till the required number, commonly six, are all housed in their respective places.

The Plaza de Toros in Madrid is, I believe, the largest in Spain. It is a circular building, just outside the Puerta de Alcala, and is calculated to hold some 12,000 persons. The entrances are several, and lead into a gloomy passage, from which the spectators mount to their different localities. In the centre of the building is the ring, surrounded by a wooden barricade between five and six feet high, in which there are narrow apertures, wide enough to admit the body of a man, but not sufficiently so to enable a bull to pass through. Round this paling runs a passage about six feet in width; and beyond this, and about level with the height of the barricade, rise rows of stone seats, one above the other. Level with the top range of these there is a covered gallery, filled with chairs and benches. Above are the boxes, the grandest and largest of which is that formerly belonging to the royal family, while next in importance is that of the president of the Corrida. The lower row of stone seats, which is, of course, nearest to the ring, is generally engaged for the season by "aficionados," owners of bulls, and that bull-fighting community which, comparing small things to great, I can, perhaps, best describe by liking to racing-men of the second class in England. Ladies, who still attend these performances, are always to be seen

in the boxes, it not being considered *comme il faut* for women of the higher classes to appear elsewhere.

The aspect of a bull-ring, on a fine Sunday or feast-day, in Madrid is certainly unique. The seats are nearly all occupied, and by every variety and class of men, not excepting women, who are generally numerous, and who seem to have a peculiar pleasure in bringing their children, and especially their babies, to see the sight. Sellers of nuts, sellers of water, sellers of cakes, and every other imaginable merchandise almost, wander about before the commencement of the performance and during its interludes, shouting out the excellence and price of their goods in a manner which, added to the general row and clashing of the band, is almost deafening. I think it may safely be asserted that a Plaza de Toros during the corrida is the noisiest place in the discovered world.

In the summer months, during which only the regular bull-fights take place, the performance begins about five o'clock, at which hour the president, generally the governor of the town, or some distinguished personage, invited to act as such out of compliment, takes his seat, a signal is given, a door is thrown open, and the bull-fighters emerge in procession, and advance to the presidential box to make their salutations before beginning the serious business of the corrida.

The procession is formed thus:—Firstly, come the two mounted aguaciles (who may be called masters of the ceremony), dressed in old Spanish fashion, in black velvet, peaked hats, and flowing plumes. Following these come the picadores, or mounted spearmen, dressed in a short jacket, long leather trousers, thickly padded to beyond the knee, and wearing a very low-crowned, very wide-brimmed hat. They are armed with a long,

heavy spear or lance of tough wood, with a sharp iron point at the end, which varies in length, according to the age of the bulls and the season of the year.

Next in order come the matadores (swordsmen), accompanied by their cuadrilla, whose very brilliant dress consists of a short silk jacket of any bright colour, with heavy shoulder-knots, and very richly embroidered, of a gaudy faja (sash) round the waist, coloured pumps, silk stockings, and low shoes, with buckles; round their shoulders is thrown a splendid capa of bright silk, their heads being covered with a huge chignon fastened on to the small pigtail, by which a bull-fighter in undress may always be distinguished, and which is surmounted by a round hat.

The rear of the procession is brought up by one or more teams of fine mules, whose mission it is to drag out the killed bull and such horses as may fall victims to him.

As soon as the customary salute has been given to the president, the aguaciles gallop out of the ring, the members of the cuadrilla deposit their fine capas with friends in the lower row of seats, assume their working ones, tattered in a hundred fights, and group themselves about, while such of the picadores as are to take part in the performance (some always being kept in reserve) also take up their respective stations, two being placed close to the entrance of the toril.

As the men are thus arranging themselves, one of the aguaciles again gallops across the ring, and goes through the form of asking the president for the key of the toril, which is flung down to him. Another blast of the trumpet then causes the door to be thrown open, and the bull dashes out.

The chief actors in the opening act of the perform-

ance are the picadores, the cuadrilla's functions at this period being limited to attracting the bull up to these, and in "playing" him with their capas. Sometimes the bull charges direct at the horse, and sometimes pauses an instant before he does so; but in either case the result is usually the same, that is, the total overthrow of both horse and rider. It is true that the picador tries to plant his lance in the bull's shoulders, and so force him back; but the great strength of the latter rarely fails to break through this defence, and the unfortunate horse is often tossed clean up in the air, sometimes falling back on his rider. Nearly all the picador's falls are severe ones; and when on the ground, he is alike exposed to the kicks and struggles of the wounded horse and to the attack of the bull. Moreover, as his legs are so heavily padded, even if he falls clear, he can no more raise himself than an upturned turtle, but has to wait for the assistance of the cuadrilla, who hasten to relieve him, and who take off the bull's attention with their capas. Once on his feet, if he has sustained no damage, and his horse is neither killed nor too severely disabled, he clambers back into his clumsy high-peaked saddle, all ready for a fresh tilt. As long as the horse can go or stand at all, no fresh one is provided in his place, and the really disagreeable feature of a bull-fight is to see him, often frightfully gored, being spurred again and again up to the bull, till some happier and more effectual thrust puts an end to his pains. I may here remark, that the horses provided for this entertainment (the most wretched screws obtainable, suffering from every kind of affliction to which the equine race is liable) are supplied by a contractor, whose interest it is, of course, to preserve as many as possible for a future occasion.

The excellence of the bull is gauged by the number of times he will charge the horses, for at last he fights shy of the punishing lance, and not without reason, as may be judged from the streams of blood which flow down his shoulders, after several of these encounters. I have constantly seen one bull kill six or more horses, and have heard of one that killed as many as seventeen.

When the first act has, in the president's opinion, lasted long enough, the trumpet announces its termination, and the commencement of the second. The picadores then retire from the ring, and the banderilleros (certain of the cuadrilla), armed with banderillas, or short wooden darts, barbed with iron, and covered with coloured paper, or ribbons, come to the front. The purpose of the banderilleros is to stick their darts into the bull's neck; and to do so, they advance towards him, holding one in each hand; then, as he charges, they put them in, slipping themselves on one side to avoid his horns. The banderillas, if well placed, should hang evenly one on each side; with good men, this operation is generally very neatly performed, and apparently with great ease; but to be successful, the bull must charge well, for it is evident that it is only the impetus at which he goes that carries him beyond the man as he steps aside.

When several pairs of banderillas have been placed, the signal again utters its warning, and the matador, or espada, who is the real hero of the day, always excepting the bull, marches up to the president's box, to go through the ceremony of asking permission to kill the bull. This being, as a matter of course, granted, he throws aside his hat, exchanges his capa for a thick red cloth, one end of which is rolled on to a stick, and proceeds on his mission of execution.

Surrounded by his cuadrilla, who are unceasing in their efforts to keep the bull moving, he begins by giving him a few passes with his flag (by which I, perhaps, lamely translate the word *muleta*), in order to try his character and temper, and also to get him into a right position; for it must be understood that it is not a question of stabbing the bull anywhere and anyhow, but that only one place is admissible for the deadly thrust, *i. e.*, just between the shoulders, at the point of connexion between the neck and the spine. When the bull presents himself in what is considered a suitable attitude, the matador springs forward; and if he drives home, and the direction is true, the sword is buried up to its hilt, and the bull either falls dead, or staggers a few paces, and then does so. Sometimes the blade, ill-aimed, only penetrates a short way into the fleshy part of the shoulder, and sticks there; at other times, it strikes against the bone, and rebounds out again.

This final, or would-be final, thrust, is the most dangerous part of the corrida; for if it fails, or is only partially successful, the bull's charge takes the man at a disadvantage, before he can recover from his assault and make use of his flag. Here, however, his cuadrilla afford every assistance, and are ever ready with their capas, and direct the charge against themselves.

It can always be known when the bull is mortally wounded, by the blood spouting from his mouth. Often, when badly hurt, and worn out by repeated stabs, he lays down, and then one of the cuadrilla steals cautiously behind him, and drives a short kind of dagger or prick into his brain, which effectually finishes the business.

The great object of all concerned in the closing

scene is to keep the bull ever moving; for if he once recovers his self-possession, he becomes sly, and, taking up his position in one chosen spot, firmly remains there, and watches his opponents, neither charging them nor paying any attention to the blandishments of the capas.

A free-charging bull is always to be preferred; for, as I have remarked before in reference to the banderilleros, with practice it is easy enough to step on one side and let him pass on; but if the bull remains on the defensive, it either becomes very difficult to kill him by legitimate means or altogether impossible.

When all attempts to move an obstinate bull have failed, and the patience of the spectators has become exhausted, a general cry is raised for the media-luna (half-moon), which is a long pole, ending in a sharp, flat, crescent-shaped iron, with which instrument the unfortunate animal is hamstrung from the rear, and which causes him to fall helpless to the ground, where he is despatched by the pick driven into his brain.

This barbarous and ignominious end is, fortunately, of rare occurrence in a "regular" corrida, as a well-bred bull generally charges gamely to the bitter end. As soon as he is killed, the band of music strikes up a merry tune, and the mules come in to drag out the slain.

The dead horses lie outside the ring sometimes till the next day, but the bull is conveyed to the butchering establishment close by, where he is speedily skinned, cut up, and sold cheap to the poorer classes.

There is a certain prejudice against the meat of a bull thus killed; but I can only say that I once tasted it, and could find no difference between it and that of an animal more regularly slaughtered. Perhaps,

however, I may have been especially favoured in my first trial, and may have just hit on the lucky exception to the rule.

Irregular bull-fights (corridas de novillas, or toretes) are essentially irregular, and may take place at any season; the performers may be amateurs, gipsies, butchers, would-be bull-fighters, or real professionals of an inferior class. The bulls (cows are sometimes used) may be of any kind and of any age, from two months up to two or three years. The performance of these corridas, on which the aficionado looks down with just contempt, is precisely similar to that of a regular bull-fight, except that in them a horse is but rarely killed, as these juveniles have generally a wholsesome respect for the sharp, barbed lance of the picador. As, however, these young bulls have naturally less dash and pluck than their maturer brethren, the media-luna is oftener brought into play in their case than in the more serious performances. Often enough, too, the banderillas are charged with crackers, which, when put in, explode, and frighten and burn the novillo severely.

Altogether, these corridas are more inhuman than the big ones; and the men employed in them are, on the whole, more exposed to accidents—firstly, from their inferior abilities; and, secondly, from the rashness they display towards a youngster, and which even a good man would be sorry to try on with a veteran.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THOUGHTS UPON BULL-FIGHTING.

In writing this chapter I am fully conscious that the subject—the bull-fight—has been treated of again and again by different authors far better able than I to convey in words a fair picture of such scenes, and to rouse up in the reader, to some extent, the intense excitement that cannot fail to be felt on such occasions. A bull-fight is a contest between brute force and trained skill, endurance, and courage, and it is needless to say that the latter always conquers; and it seems strange that serious accidents do not oftener occur, when we take into consideration the fury and strength of the bull.

But although this subject has been almost worn out, and worn out by abler pens than mine, I do not think that in writing a book intended to represent the Spanish lower classes as they are at the present time, that that book would seem complete without some notice being taken of the bull-fight. This performance is so thoroughly Spanish, it is so clung to by people of all classes in this country, that there seems no chance of its being done away with until the whole characteristics of the Spanish nation change. The poor miner or vine-dresser will save for weeks, often denying himself almost the necessities of life, in order to spend the few reals thus got together at the ticket-office of the bull-ring. He is wonderfully eager in going to

the proof of the horses, and in examining the bulls, which are always on view until twelve o'clock on the day of the fight. He can generally tell, when the bull enters the ring, to which of the several classes of bulls he belongs, and he is ever on the alert to applaud the skilful performance of the toreros, or the courage and quickness of the bull. Any bad stroke or pass of the performers, or any want of courage in the bull, he will hiss and execrate as only a Spaniard can. He will scream to the bad matador that he was taught by a butcher, and he will call the timid bull ox, and cow, and a thousand other names.

The fact that bull-fighting is such a national sport, and exercises, as I think, such a great influence on the people, is my reason for touching this subject, and I shall, therefore, only relate what may be seen in any town of importance in Spain, without attempting to give a detailed or highly-coloured account.

Perhaps it will be better, in order that what is to follow may be better understood, to repeat a few words with respect to the bull-ring itself.

This Plaza de Toros, or bull-ring, is a circular enclosure, varying from some fifty to eighty yards in diameter, and is arranged tier above tier, in exactly the same way as the ancient amphitheatres. Along the top runs a covered promenade, unprovided with seats, which is the cheapest part of the building. There are generally more or less palcos, or boxes, for the better classes, and one is always set apart for the president. All round the bottom, between the wooden barrier and the first row of seats, runs the callejon de la barrera, literally, the little street of the barrier, into which the bull-fighters jump for refuge in case of being closely pursued by the bull. There

are also, at set distances all round the ring, places of refuge, composed of boards placed in front of the barrier, for the bull-fighter to make use of when he is unable to jump over the barrier. These boards are put so close to the barrier that the bull cannot pass, although the man can. There are two principal doors into the ring. One of them is the door leading to the stables, called La puerta del arrastrero (the door of the dragging), so called on account of its being the door through which the dead bulls and dead horses are dragged out of the ring. The other door is called La puerta del toril, which is the door of the den where the bull is confined. There are two or three other doors which open into the passage round the ring, but these are only used when the bull jumps the barrier, and has to be driven into the ring again. The door to the stables opens into the ring exactly opposite to the president's box, and from this door the bull-fighters march out in procession across the ring to salute the president. The stables are large, and should always contain more than twenty horses that have been proved the day before. The bull-fighters' dressing-room is near the stables, and there is always in attendance a priest to administer the sacrament in case of a severe accident, a doctor, and a bleeder. In this room, also, there is generally a little shrine, with a figure of the Virgin.

About a week or more before a bull-fight is to take place, huge bills are posted up, giving the names or nicknames of the bull-fighters who are going to perform, the number of bulls, their age, name, brand, colour, order of fighting, name and address of the breeder, &c. Spaniards can generally tell pretty well what sort of fight it will be, by these details, before

the fight, and often what peculiarities the bulls are likely to possess, for the names of the different breeders, and their pretensions to popular favour, are much better known throughout Spain than those of horse-breeders in England.

The proof of horses takes place the day before that fixed for the fight, and is open to the public. Of course, good horses are not offered for the bull-ring, but are generally old and worn-out hacks, almost past work; but still they must possess certain points, and to make sure of this the proving takes place. A horse, to be used in the bull-ring, must not be less than fourteen hands high, he must be able to withstand the shock of the spear meeting the bull, he must be obedient to the rein, either going backwards or forwards as the rider may direct. To test the horse for the shock, the rider mounts, and, taking his spear, places one end upon the ground, with all his force he bears upon it. If the horse moves on one side, he will not be accepted. It will be understood how particular the picadors, or men who have to ride these horses, are about the fitness of the horses, when it is taken into consideration that according to the quality of the horse the greater or less danger of the men depends.

The bulls themselves are on view up to twelve o'clock the day of the fight, and many are the hundreds who go to look at them. The first thing that is looked at and commented upon are his horns; and there is more difference than would be at first supposed in the horns of a bull. The next thing are his legs, which should be fine and short; his neck should be thick and well set, his coat should shine, and he should not be fat, but still less lean. When

the bulls are on view, it is most strictly prohibited to tease them with walking-sticks or handkerchiefs. If the bulls are bred by a well-known breeder, and if the bull-fighters are considered good, the coming Corrida de Toros, as it is called, will be the talk of the town for weeks before it takes place, and the respective merits of the different toros and the different toreros will be canvassed with an eagerness and interest by all classes of people, men, women, and children, hardly credible.

In years gone by it was the custom of every one to go to the bull-fight in the national costume; but, unfortunately for the effect of the crowd, that has all passed away, and one now sees, instead of the bright-coloured sash, short jacket, and pork-pie velvet hat of the men, the frock-coat buttoned up across the breast, and the upright hat; and, what is worse, the women of the better classes have, many of them, put away the graceful mantilla, and wear the hideous bonnet or hat. When women have arrived at the bonnet-and-hat state of civilization, they ought to give up bull-fights along with the mantilla. We must look to the lower classes for the picturesque. They have not given up their bright handkerchiefs, their short jackets de majo, or their scarlet sashes, and with them around us we shall be just the same to-day as we should have been fifty years ago. Let us suppose it to be some Sunday afternoon or feast-day, and let us join the gay throng that is threading its way through the narrow streets towards the bull-ring. Whilst walking along with this crowd, I hear that one bull has had a very handsome rosette given to him. This was perfectly unintelligible at the time, but I found out what it meant afterwards. Arrived at the

ticket-office, let us crush up to the little window, and ask for so many entradas de sombra—entries for the shade. The bull-ring is divided into two great divisions, "sol" and "sombra" (sun and shade), the latter, of course, being the most expensive. Let us go up the stairs and take our seats in one of the tiers of stone seats. We have half-an-hour to look about before the performance commences, and the half-hour is taken up by the people round in passing remarks, not always complimentary, upon the audience. Every one seems in a good temper, and very sharp becomes the repartee; for in a bull-ring perfect liberty of expression is always allowed.

Many and many are the good-humoured jokes shouted across the ring to our scorching friends in the sun, who sit quite calmly, if not coolly, under their red, blue, yellow, or green umbrella, smoking cigarillos, and fanning themselves with huge paper fans, bought in the ring for a few farthings. The cry of the men selling "el helado" (ices), "panales y agua" (a sort of sweetmeat that is dissolved in the water), nuts of different sorts, &c., rises every now and again over the hum of thousands of voices. "Quien quiere agu----a? Agua fresca y panale----s. El hela'----o." These cries, and many others, mingle with the ring of merry laughter, and one does not seem to be conscious that probably the thermometer stands here in the shade at about 98°. The blue shadow divides the ring about in half, and the effect, as may be imagined, is very brilliant. On our side of the ring everything is subdued, but across the line the umbrellas, and bright handkerchiefs, and sashes seem brighter than they really are. The water-cart is going round and round the ring laying the dust,

and some of the assistants are examining the ground, removing the stones, and filling up with sand any holes or unevenness there may be. As the water-cart finishes its last round, and as the attendants leave the ring, all eyes are turned anxiously to the Palco de la Presidencia; but, as yet, nothing is seen but the huge bill hanging down over the front of the box. It wants about five minutes to the time, and every now and then the head of one of the toreros, ready dressed, may be seen looking over the door "del arrastrero" opposite. Presently the band strikes up, and the president, probably the governor of the district, makes his appearance, accompanied by other gentlemen, amidst the roars of the people. The shouts of five thousand people heard all together can hardly be called a cheer. The president bows to the crowd, barehead, and takes his seat; the bugle blows, and the door opposite opens, and a man, dressed in a black costume, mounted on a fine horse, comes out, and gallops across the ring, and, checking his horse in front of the president, asks for the keys of the toril; these are thrown down to him, and, if he should catch them in his hat, great is the delight of the crowd. The keys got possession of, away gallops this man; and, no sooner is he out of the ring, than the bull-fighters sally forth in procession. First comes the chief espada (swordsman), carrying his scarlet cloak and sword; next come the other espadas, two and two, each having cloaks of different colours thrown over their shoulders; then follow the banderilleros and chulos; the picadors come next, mounted, wearing great wide-brimmed hats, and carrying poles about ten feet long, armed with a short iron point; and, last of all, come the gay-looking and ornamented mules,

harnessed to the ropes and hooks which remove the dead beasts from the ring. This procession walks slowly across the ring until it stops in front of the president's box, where all take off their hats, lifting them high in the air as they salute the authorities. This procession, the ring, the throng of eager and now silent people, and the bright sky over head, cannot fail to remind one of the procession of the Roman gladiators as they saluted the president of the amphitheatre with the cry, "Morituri te salutant." The procession breaks up; the picadors gallop away to the side of the ring opposite the toril; the chulos and second espadas shake their cloaks out, and gather them up over their arms; the banderilleros and chief espada take up position inside the passage, and all eyes are turned upon the door of the toril.

> "Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
> The den expands, and Expectation mute
> Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
> Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
> And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
> The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
> Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
> His first attack, wide waving to and fro
> His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow."

I now understand what was meant by the rosette, for there it is stuck on to his shoulder. One of the chulos shakes his cloak to attract his attention, he wants no coaxing, but, with tail in the air, springs after the nimble torero, who, however, is too quick for him, and, with a sharp turn and a pass of his cloak, leaves the foaming beast to pursue his course. He does not pause, but, seeing a horseman ready prepared, springs with one great bound towards the

horse. Cheers rend the air, for although the bull met the lance of the picador with terrible violence, the quick turn of the horse and the dexterous prick that the bull receives in the neck turns him away without having touched horse or rider. A little stream of blood is seen to trickle from the neck of the bull as he rushes at a chulo, who has to take refuge by an easy vault over the barrier. The next picador is not so successful, for missing by half a second the wheeling of his horse, the bull's horns are buried in the poor beast's entrails, and both he and the rider are literally lifted off the ground and hurled backwards. This time the cheers are for the bull, for the people are quite impartial. The chulos and second espadas are at hand, and, with their cloaks, entice the bull to another part of the ring, whilst the poor picador is helped up from under his dying horse, and limps off to procure another. The picadors cannot help themselves when thrown, on account of their trousers being lined with iron, as a precaution against the horns of the bull. Sometimes one bull will kill more than twenty horses, and, such is his strength, that I myself have seen a man and a horse literally tossed, and that by what is called a *novillo*, or bull of four years old. The novillo I speak of killed ten horses, and twenty-eight others were killed by the remaining three which fought that afternoon. When the bull seems shy of entering to the spears, the president orders the bugle to blow, which is a sign for the picadors to retire, and for the banderilleros to perform. These men, about four in number, enter the ring quite alone, armed only with a little barbed dart about two feet long, ornamented with paper. Each of the banderilleros carries two of these, one in each

hand, and, approaching the bull, stands with outstretched arms enticing him to make a rush. If the bull be a good one, he will not have to wait. In comes the infuriated beast, and the man stands quite motionless, until one fancies that he must be gored; but, no, with the quickness of lightning, both the little darts are plunged into the fatty part of the beast's neck, one on each side; and, whilst the great beast is plunging and foaming in the ring, the banderillero has gone to fetch another pair of banderillas. If the "suerte," as the mode of placing the darts is called, be of the kind I have mentioned, it is sure to bring down a roar of applause. There are other modes of putting in banderillas, of which, perhaps, the most common is to run across the direction in which the bull is going, and place the darts without stopping. Should any one of the bull-fighters find it necessary to take to his heels, he is shouted at by the crowd without mercy, and any personal peculiarity he may possess is made the ground for hundreds of jests. "Be quick, you with the large feet."—"Take care, long nose!" &c.

When it is thought by the authorities that the bull has had enough of it, the bugle sounds for the matador, or killer, to come out. Everybody goes out of the ring, and the matador, who is the hero of the occasion, in all his gorgeousness of costume, with the muleta, or scarlet cloak, and sword in one hand, steps out into the ring, and, with an air of great importance, walks up to the front of the president, and, taking off his hat, and lifting his hand on high, he begs permission to kill the bull. This being accorded, he flings his hat upon the ground, and, accompanied by the second espada, he goes towards the bull, wherever

he may be. Covering the sword with his muleta, he approaches the bull, who rushes blindly towards the scarlet cloak. Again and again he charges, but the matador does not move more than a yard or two. One must watch closely to see the blow given, for at a favourable opportunity a little streak of light is seen to flash like lightning, and if the blow has been well aimed, the bull sinks down on his knees before his conqueror, who has not changed his position, but stands calm and unmoved amidst the deafening shouts of the people. The audience have gone mad; they are standing up, screeching, stamping, and yelling. Hats, cigars, and money are thrown into the ring in a perfect shower; handkerchiefs and umbrellas are waved, and the great crowd heave with excitement. The matador calmly walks back to the front of the president's box, makes his bow, and then he and his assistants pick up the hats, which still continue to fall, and throw them back into the crowd; the money and cigars he keeps for himself. I should not like it to be supposed that it takes so much as this to put the audience into an intense state of excitement; for a blow such as I have described is of rare occurrence, at any rate anywhere out of Seville or Madrid. In order to kill a bull and bring him on his knees with one blow, and without moving, is a feat which cannot be accomplished by anybody short of a very first-rate man and an unerring aim. But be the man as good as he may, if the bull is false, and does not enter straight, this sort of blow is rendered perfectly impossible. It is considered very good work if the bull is so pierced that he cannot keep on his legs, but lays down, where he is killed by means of the puntilla, a short iron instrument, which is driven into the spine

just where the head joins the neck. But it is quite impossible to lay down any general rule as to what is good killing and what is bad, for so much depends upon the sort of bull that is to be dealt with and his mode of attack. When the bull is dead, six mules, with very ornamental harness, are hooked on to the horns of the bull, which is dragged out of the ring whilst the band plays. The dead horses are afterwards removed in the same way, and the bugle sounds for the next bull to be let out; and the same thing, with little variation, is gone through again.

The Spaniards received this sport from the Moors, among whom it was celebrated with great splendour; and such is still the rage for the performance, that children are often seen mimicking it in their play.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE AUTHENTIC RULES OF THE BULL-RING.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

The Manager.—The manager will have to announce in the hand-bills the number of bulls which have to run in each fight; the name and neighbourhood of the breeder or master of the grazing-place; the names, ages, colour, brand, and circumstances relating to all the bulls, in the order in which they have to fight. The names, nicknames, and office of each one of the cuadrilla, both on foot and mounted.

There shall not be offered for sale a greater number of places and entradas* than can conveniently be located in the ring. From one and another shall be cut off a number of places equal to the number of the guard of soldiers. Half-an-hour before the commencement of the performance the ground of the ring shall be arranged, without pools of water, holes, or stones.

The ring ought to be opened to the public the evening before and the day of the performance until twelve o'clock in the day, unless the bad surface prevents the privilege, at the discretion of the authorities. The ring will be attended by a sufficient number of assistants, dressed in a decent and uniform manner.

* An entrada is a ticket of entrance to the top tier in the bull-ring, without seats.

Three of them will be placed for service of the banderilla,* considering the ring to be divided into three equal parts, in each of which there will be three assistants. Of these, one will have the duty of assisting the picador who may fall within his department, helping up the horse, putting the man's foot in the stirrup or spear, and aiding the picadors in any way that may seem necessary, but without running behind the horses beating them. The other two assistants will have in their department six baskets, constantly full of sand, to cover up and dry immediately any blood there may be in the ring. They will have also another empty basket, to pick up in it the entrails or filthiness of the horses, wherever they may be, without dragging them along the ground. They have also the duty of collecting, with promptitude, the horses and bulls, and of helping to hook them on, so that the mules may drag them out.

Two days before each performance there will be procured by the authorities forty-eight pairs of banda-rillas naturales, twenty pairs de fuego,† sixteen spears, and two half-moons.‡

In the infirmary there shall be five beds prepared. A medicine chest, and a doctor and bleeder, shall be in attendance.

Horses.—Twenty-four hours before each fight the proving of the horses should be made. In this act

* A small sharp dart, ornamented with paper, which is dexterously stuck into the bull when in full career.

† These are darts which are used in the case of a bull being dull, and are provided with gunpowder, which explodes in the bull's flesh. They are rarely used.

‡ This is a knife in the shape of a half-moon, on a long handle, which is used to hamstring the bull, in case he cannot be killed in the orthodox manner.

the authorities ought to be present, or a person of some such capacity, accompanied by a person of knowledge and intelligence. The proving ought to be public, so that the spectators may judge of the operations in which they are going to take part. The horses which are presented to be proved should be quite fourteen hands high. They must be soft-mouthed, and obey the right and left rein, going back or forward, and allowing spurs without being afraid, kicking, &c. They must be agile, and of sufficient strength, especially on the right side, to resist the rush of the bull.

The proof having been made of each horse, and having been admitted by the picadors, they shall be taken to the stable, from which they shall only be brought for the performance. The horses that have not been admitted shall be taken out of the ring, and it shall not be allowed for them to enter it again.

If, after the proving, in six hours before the performance any horse shall be found useless, it shall be submitted to a new trial, and it shall abide by that result.

Every horse approved of shall be marked or branded in such manner that another cannot be substituted for it. For every horse who, during the performance, shall not answer to the proofs made upon it the day before, a heavy fine shall be put upon the picadors conjointly with the contractor. The number of horses which should remain approved for each fight should not be below twenty; but obliging the contractor to have the performance well stocked in such a manner that at the conclusion of the fight there may always be ten horses over, be what it may the mortality which has occurred. At the entrance

of the door to the stable there shall be constantly six horses saddled and bridled. The horses badly hurt, which remain dying in the arena, should be killed with the puntilla,* in order to avoid the horrible spectacle which they present.

The appendages, saddles, and stirrups should be in good order, and well placed, to the satisfaction and measurement of the picador who has to use them, and under the eye of the authorities' agent, who must prevent saddles, &c., being changed without express order for the same.

Picadors.—The picadors ought to observe in the fight a most rigorous turn, beginning the attack with the eldest. The picadors ought to compel the bull, but without following or vexing him. The picadors are obliged to seek the bull as far as the third part of the ring when he takes up his position in the centre. Placed in action to receive, they should never prick the bull in the gristle of the nose. The same picador may not place two blows following, and much less renew the attack without freeing himself from the blow preceding. Whilst a picador is making his attack another may not interfere. No picador may dismount for another, or change horses with him. All blows not placed in the fatty part of the neck will be considered against law, and a fine should be placed upon the picador who dislocates the shoulder of a bull.

The picadors ought never to place the pole near to the hole or wound which the bull may have received in consequence of any blows received before, lest in placing a blow close in taking the spear out they introduce it in the same place, making it very tender,

* An iron instrument, which is driven into the spine of the dying animal where the neck joins the head.

so much so that the bull becomes soft, and flies from the punishment without giving play, to the prejudice of the public and the breeders.

The picador should not disappear from the ring longer than is necessary to mount. The picadors in reserve ought to be always at the door to the stable, ready to mount as soon as it may be necessary, except the first reserve, who should always be mounted in that place. In the same place, behind the second door to the stables, there should always be as many assistants as there are picadors in the ring, holding each one a horse, prepared at every point to go out.

When there are three picadors in the ring, if one falls, and has to go in for another horse, the two who remain shall go on performing without the necessity of the first reserve coming out; but if of the two remaining one should fall, his horse remaining incapable of serving, and the first who went for another horse has not come out, then the reserve ought to come out, so that the ring may be considered served always, that out of three picadors there may always be two in the ring.

For the care of each picador there should not be more than one espada* and two banderilleros. The former shall be at two yards from the horse, and the latter more than eight; both being quite covered by the horse, so that the bull may not be distracted.

The picadors shall place themselves in order of age, the first being the youngest and the last the eldest,

* Literally a sword, but also used to denote the killer of the bull, who is the chief man of the cuadrilla. The duty of these men, who carry cloaks, is to draw off the bull, in case horse and rider should be thrown.

which order shall not be broken, excepting in the case of any being dismounted and having taken a new horse.

Banderillas.—The banderilleros shall strike according to age, but they shall lose place every time that a false stroke is made. When an espada wishes to put banderillas, he should never use ordinary pairs, but double, nor at the greater or half turn, but in front. It shall not be allowed to use banderillas de fuego without express orders from the authorities. All banderillas not put into the fleshy part of the neck shall be considered badly put, and any one purposely placing them in any other place should be punished.

The performance of banderillas should conclude at the moment that the trumpet for killing sounds, and only one pair of banderillas shall be placed, if the banderillero has gone out to the bull, at the sound of the bugle. Only in extreme cases shall any banderilla be placed from the barrier in the bull who will not enter to the cloaks from the boards where he may take up his stand; but in no case shall the bull be hurt with the small spear. When the banderillero has put the first pair, he shall go on putting them whenever he may have a chance, without consideration of his companion.

*Chulillos.**—The bull-fighters should suffer with patience any expressions that the public direct to them, without returning words that may offend, or direct offensive looks. This party should not, during the performance of the picadors, be dispersed over the plaza.

When the bull comes out of the den, this party shall draw the bull in the direction of the horses, so

* These are men who play the bull with coloured cloaks, and take his attention away from the matadors, picadors, and banderilleros, when in any danger.

that he may not be distracted and tire himself by giving two or three turns in the plaza, and not enter to the poles,* thereby bringing discredit on the breeder and giving offence to the public.

It should not be permitted for these fighters to cut off the bulls, to break their legs, or give them blows with the cloak. They should not quit the legs of the bulls whilst they are being pricked, nor should they do anything with them except at the order of the espadas. Every one of them should possess lightness and valour, and a perfect knowledge of the rules of his art.

Matadors.†—From the moment that the president makes the sign for the cuadrilla to come out, and they have entered the ring, the first espada, as chief of them, will remain in charge and responsible for the direction which he may give to the performance, and for anything that may occur in the ring, without prejudicing the compliment which is paid to the authorities, giving them the power of regulating the duration, &c., of each part.

During the performance with the spear there will be an espada at the stirrup of each picador, but he may never present his cloak to the bull until he arrives at the horse, or until the engagement between them may be concluded. It shall not be permitted that any person shall be at the right of the toril.‡ Neither shall it be permitted, whilst the pricking of the bulls is taking place, to challenge the bulls with a cloak, turn them off, or call to them.

* This word, in the Spanish, *vara*, means literally a pole, or long spear. The weapon really used is a pole about ten feet long, with a short iron point, about an inch and a half long.

† Literally "killers."

‡ The name given to the place where the bulls are kept. This is also called chiquero.

The matador ought to go alone to seek the bull, in whatever place he may be remaining; at a certain distance, the second espada and two banderilleros, to execute any orders that may be necessary. The matador should never launch out at the bull until he has placed himself for the blow, and in the ground which he is going to occupy. The matador shall always kill from the front, and with nobleness, and have his feet quite inactive; to perform the passes of the breast in very small space, to receive shortly and firmly, and to fly from making the stabs under cover of the passes of the banderillas, are things very dishonourable in a matador.

The best stab, according to the Seville school, is the volapié * for bulls who do not obey, or who obey little, the scarlet cloak. This school gives only half-passes, and for this reason it is called the "vast school." The stab of most merit, according to the school of the Porto, is face to face, with the feet inactive, summoning the bull, and receiving him. This is the most noble, most decent, and most meritorious stab, because it entails greater exposure on the matador.

The killing shall be according to the notices and order of each espada, without being permitted to change turns, or resign, or disorder the bull's hair, except it is found necessary to do so.

The media-luna shall not be employed except in the most extreme cases; but, from the moment of its being demanded, the matador shall retire.

Fiel de Plaza.—In every ring there should be a person known as intelligent in bulls and bull-fights, which person will perform the duty of fiel de plaza (clerk of the ring). His duties will be—1st.

* Half-running.

As soon as the company announces the view of the bulls, he will pass by the place where they may be, and make an inspection, taking the name, pounds, ages, colour, brand, and condition of all the bulls, and also any defects that they may have in their horns or sight. 2nd. As a consequence of this inspection, he shall give a document to the authorities, assuring them that the bulls are, or are not, the same as those announced, and that they have, or have not, the conditions of "ring bulls." 3rd. To assist with the authorities in the proof of horses, taking a note of the height, brand, colour, age, and other particulars of each horse that is approved, and to examine the saddles. 4th. To assist in shutting up the bulls, in order that he may certify that in that act no hurt has been caused, taking away the keys of the toril, and delivering them to the authorities. 5th. To accompany the authorities in presiding, so that they may take counsel in as many cases as are deemed fit.

The duty of fiel de plaza ought to be paid, but he also shall be punished in case of an abuse of the confidence entrusted to him.

The President.—Before beginning the performance, and at the moment that the president orders the ring to be cleared, the curators of the barrier, without pausing or looks of any kind, ought to turn out all that have no business in that place, so that there shall remain only a number of necessary assistants, who ought not to be more than some twenty-one persons, including policemen and dependents. The authorities will be accompanied by the judge of the ring, of whom they will take advice in any difficulty that may occur. They should not permit anybody to go down into the passage or inside the barrier until

after the death of the last bull. The people in that place distract the bull, and occasion accidents when the bull jumps over. They shall not permit any bull-fighter to have any conversation, and much less dispute, with the public; neither shall they permit the assistants of the ring to group themselves together in one place, but, on the contrary, that every one of them shall occupy his own place. The performance of the picadors shall continue as long as the bull enters to the poles, but taking care always that the banderilleros perform before the bull is exhausted.

As a general rule, they should not consent that any person not belonging to the cuadrilla shall take part in the performance. When any person wishes to ask this favour, he should go up to the box of the president, accompanied by the espada, and there make his desire known, accompanying it with any reasons he may have for the same, the espada certifying as to the capacity of the would-be performer. In the case of the president acceding to his request, he should go down to the ring, and ask in public the favour that has already been conceded to him.

There shall be no banderillas de fuego used to any bull who has taken three pricks in the performance, but these shall not be considered as such which may have been taken by the bull roused up or running away.

Modes of using the Cloak.—The principal modes of using the cloak are the following:—A la veronica or de frente (from the front) á la navarra; de tigerilla or á la chatre; al costado (from the side); de frente por detras (the front from behind).

Modes of using Banderillas.—The modes of using banderillas are of five kinds. A cuarto (from the quarter); á media vuelta (or the half-turn); á topa

carnero (sheep's blow); al sesgo (slope); á la carrera, or trascuerno (in full career, or behind the horns); and al recorte.

Passes of the Scarlet Cloak.—These are of two kinds: —Pase regular and pase del pecho (pass of the breast).

Modes of Killing.—The mode of killing may be done in several ways. Recibiendo (receiving); á vuelta pies (or the foot's turn); á la carrera (in full career); á media vuelta (half-turn); and á paso de banderilla (the pass of the banderilla).

Kinds of Bulls.—Bulls differ in boyantes, revoltosos, que se ciñen, que ganan terreno, de sentido, and abantos. Boyantes, or claros, are those which, being brave, will at the same time follow the lure and close. Revoltosos, or celosos, do not differ from the former, except being braver, and in having a greater desire to pick up things.

Que se ciñen are those which, although they come well to the lure, they do so throwing themselves a great deal upon the player. Que ganan terreno are those which during the performance do not cease walking about. De sentido are those which, disregarding the lure, close with the object. Abantos are the cowardly and timid, which run away from the lure and even from the player.

There are other bulls, which are call ed burri-ciegos and they are of three classes: some that see much very near and little further away; others that see little near and much far off; and others that see little both far and near.

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